JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 43

2000 AD PROGS **1485 - 1519**
JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE **245 - 252**
YEARS: **2128 - 2129**

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John Smith
Simon Spurrier

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JUDGE DREDD: THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 43

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Letters: Tom Frame & Annie Parkhouse
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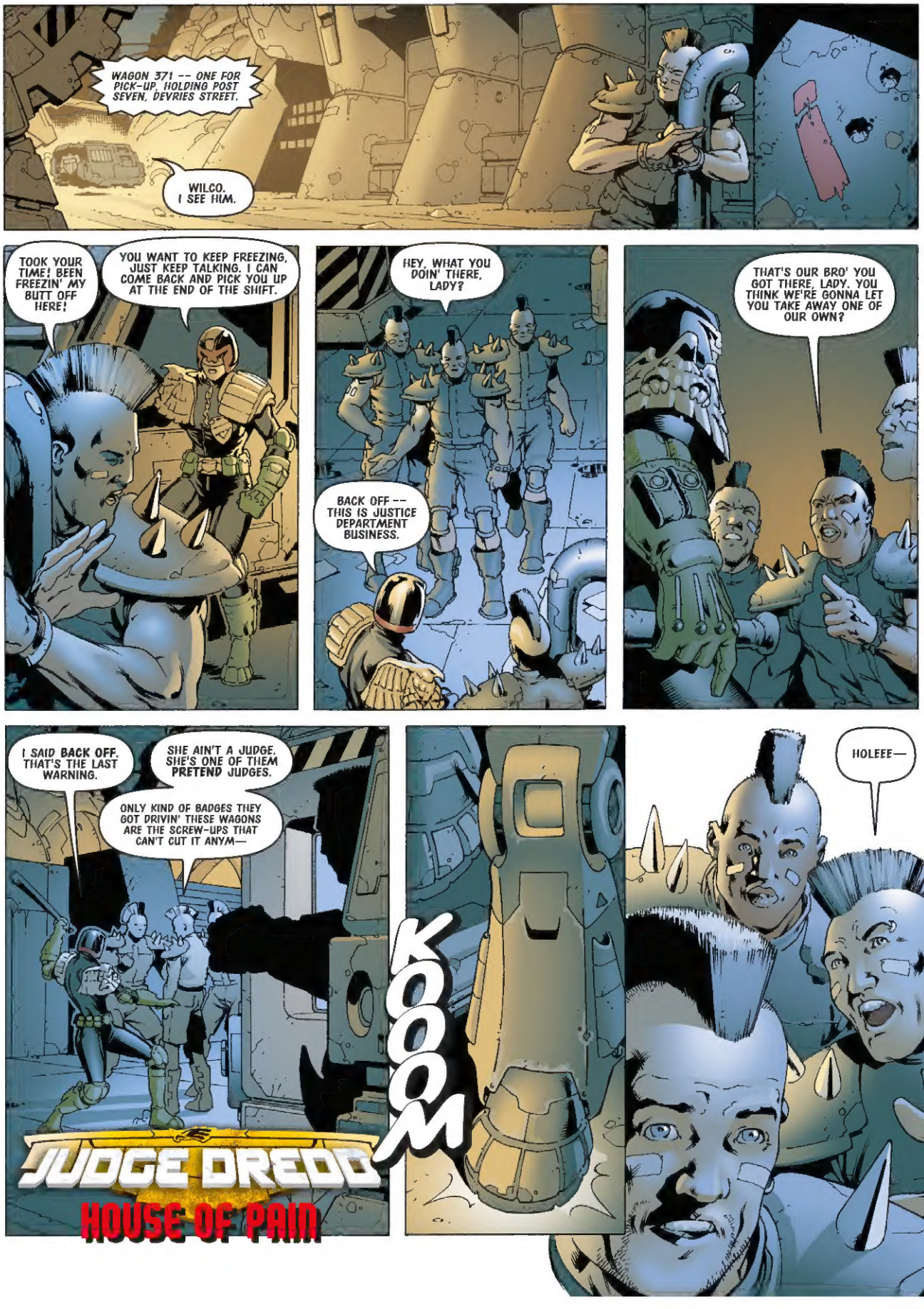

WAGON 371 -- ONE FOR PICK-UP, HOLDING POST SEVEN, DEVRIES STREET.
WILCO. I SEE HIM.
TOOK YOUR TIME! BEEN FREEZIN' MY BUTT OFF HERE!
YOU WANT TO KEEP FREEZING, JUST KEEP TALKING. I CAN COME BACK AND PICK YOU UP AT THE END OF THE SHIFT.
HEY, WHAT YOU DOIN' THERE, LADY?
BACK OFF -- THIS IS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT BUSINESS.
THAT'S OUR BRO' YOU GOT THERE, LADY. YOU THINK WE'RE GONNA LET YOU TAKE AWAY ONE OF OUR OWN?
I SAID BACK OFF. THAT'S THE LAST WARNING.
SHE AIN'T A JUDGE. SHE'S ONE OF THEM PRETEND JUDGES.
ONLY KIND OF BADGES THEY GOT DRIVIN' THESE WAGONS ARE THE SCREW-UPS THAT CAN'T CUT IT ANYM—
KOOM
HOLEEE—
JUDGE DREDD
HOUSE OF PAIN

WE GOT A PROBLEM HERE?

WHAT THE HELL. IT'S BEEN A SLOW NIGHT SO FAR ANYWAY.

ffffftttt

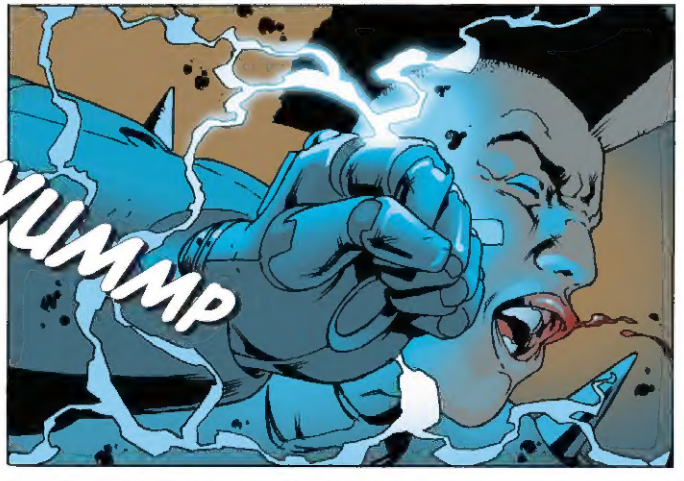
GORDON RENNIE

ART
IAN RICHARDSON & PJ HOLDEN

COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE & EVA DE LA CRUZ

LETTERS
TOM FRAME & ANNIE PARKHOUSE

FNAKK


YUMMP

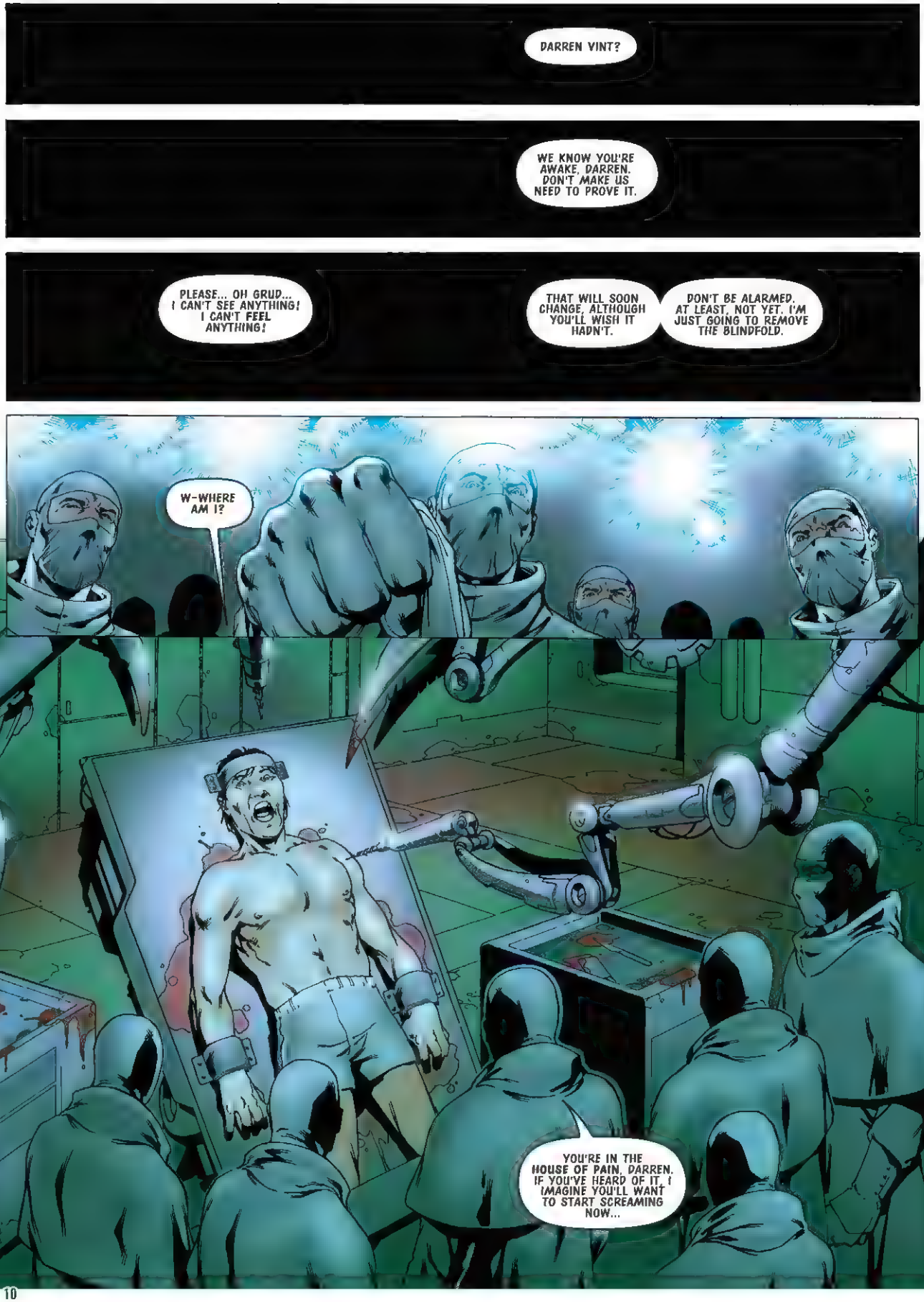
TRANQ.

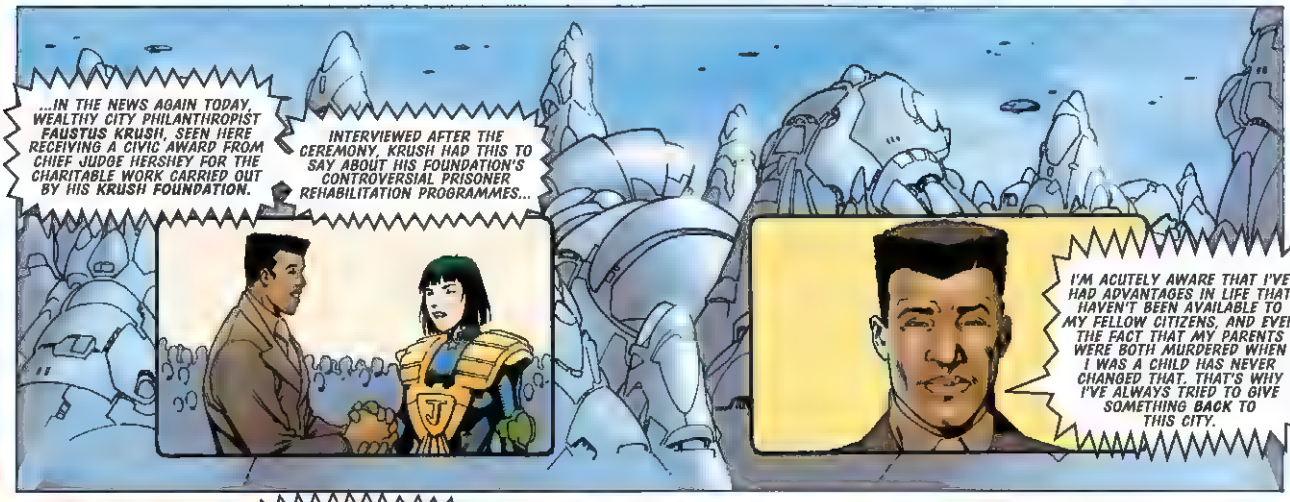
YOU ADD UP THE SENTENCES, ALICE. JUST MAKE SURE YOU KNOCK THREE MONTHS OFF THE TOTAL FOR EACH OF 'EM.
THREE MONTHS? WHAT FOR?

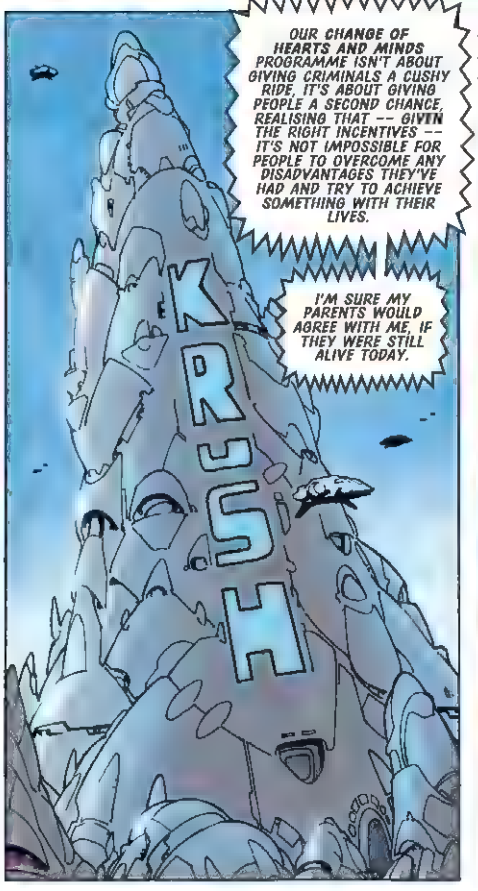
THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES WHEN THEY SAW ME. GOTTA BE WORTH THREE MONTHS REMISSION, EASY.

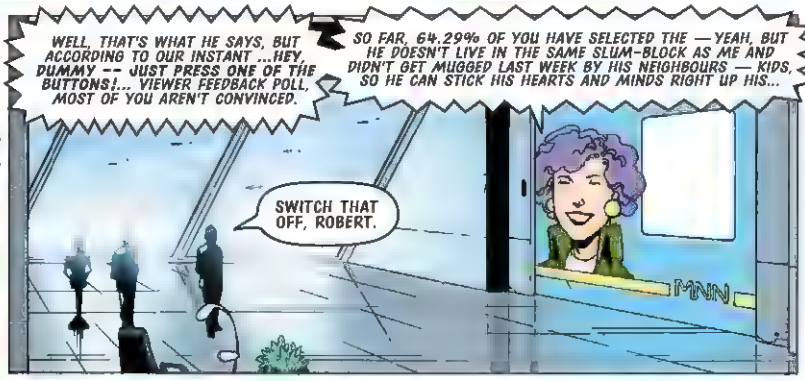
GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK ON THE STREETS, GUTHRIE.
GOOD TO BE BACK, CHIEF...
...IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO CALL IT.
I DID WHAT I COULD TO GET YOU BACK INTO STREET DIVISION, BUT CENTRAL SAID OTHERWISE.
YEAH. NO STREET JUDGES WITH OBVIOUS BIONICS. CAN'T HAVE THE CITS WORRYING THEY'RE BEING POLICED BY AN ARMY OF INHUMAN FREAKS.
CATCH-WAGON DUTY DOWN HERE ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT, WHERE I WON'T FRIGHTEN THE REGULAR CITS -- THAT'S THE CLOSEST THEY LET ME GET TO BEING A SLAB JOCK AGAIN.
SO WHAT BRINGS YOU DOWN HERE?
RUNNING DOWN A PAROLE VIOLATOR. CREEP'S MISSED TWO MANDATORY CHECK-INS WITH THE LOCAL SECTOR HOUSE.
ADMIN DIV'S GOT YOU RUNNING THEIR ERRANDS NOW, CHIEF?
HEARD YOU WERE WORKING THIS SECTOR. THOUGHT I MIGHT RUN INTO YOU.
LIKE I SAID, GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK, GUTHRIE.
DARREN VINT, D.O.B. 4/11/89. LAST KNOWN ADDRESS -- FLOP 274, ROMMY'S EAZI-FLOP, 657 KOTT STREET. CRIMINAL RECORD AS FOLLOWS...

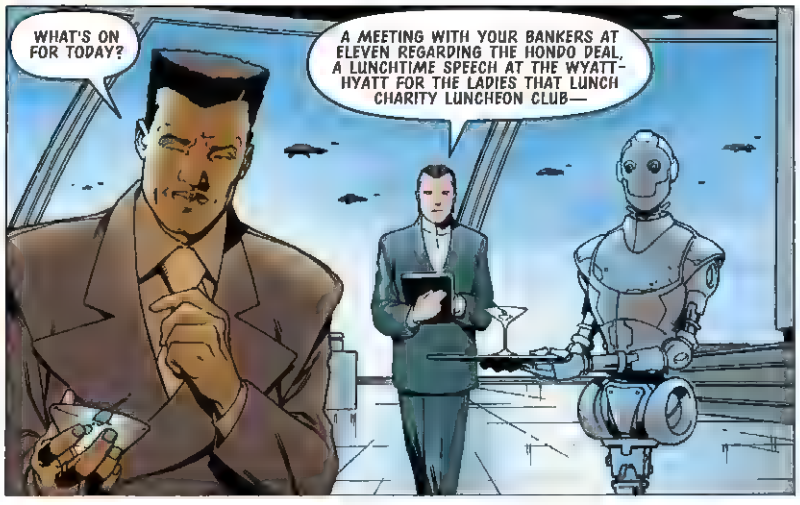
...RELEASED 16/2/14. OFFENDS AGAIN, 9/5/16– – FIVE YEARS, VIOLENT ASSAULT. BITES OFF AND EATS ANOTHER PRISONER'S EAR-- SENTENCE EXTENDED BY ANOTHER EIGHT YEARS, 29/6/21.
EVERYTHING I'VE HEARD SO FAR SAYS LIFELONG PSYCHOPATH. AND THEY STILL LET THIS FREAK OUT EARLY?
SUBJECT SELECTED FOR CHANGE OF HEART AND MINDS PROGRAMME AND RESPONDS WELL TO THERAPY. HIS RELEASE SUPPORTED BY PROGRAMME SPONSORS, THE KRUSH FOUNDATION.
274
BLEEDING HEART RICH CREEPS WITH GUILTY CONSCIENCES. SHOULD HAVE GUESSED.
ANY TRACE OF HIM?
HARD TO SAY. NOT WITHOUT FORENSICS...

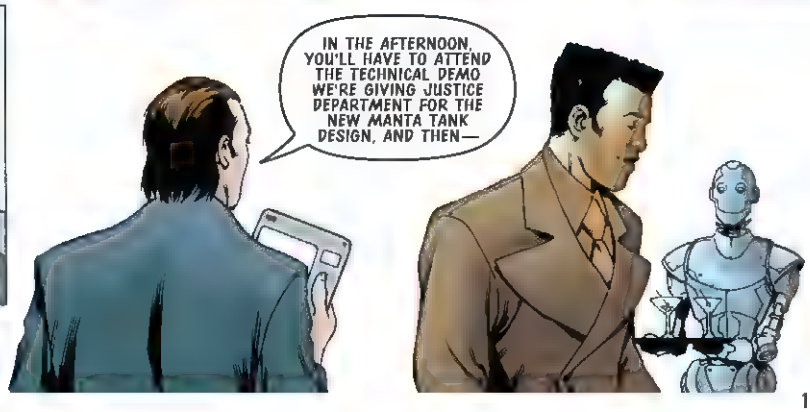

DARREN VINT?
WE KNOW YOU'RE AWAKE, DARREN. DON'T MAKE US NEED TO PROVE IT.
PLEASE... OH GRUD... I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING! I CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING!
THAT WILL SOON CHANGE, ALTHOUGH YOU'LL WISH IT HADN'T.
DON'T BE ALARMED. AT LEAST, NOT YET. I'M JUST GOING TO REMOVE THE BLINDFOLD.
W-WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE IN THE HOUSE OF PAIN, DARREN. IF YOU'VE HEARD OF IT, I IMAGINE YOU'LL WANT TO START SCREAMING NOW...


...IN THE NEWS AGAIN TODAY, WEALTHY CITY PHILANTHROPIST FAUSTUS KRUSH, SEEN HERE RECEIVING A CIVIC AWARD FROM CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY FOR THE CHARITABLE WORK CARRIED OUT BY HIS KRUSH FOUNDATION.
INTERVIEWED AFTER THE CEREMONY, KRUSH HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT HIS FOUNDATION'S CONTROVERSIAL PRISONER REHABILITATION PROGRAMMES...
I'M ACUTELY AWARE THAT I'VE HAD ADVANTAGES IN LIFE THAT HAVEN'T BEEN AVAILABLE TO MY FELLOW CITIZENS, AND EVEN THE FACT THAT MY PARENTS WERE BOTH MURDERED WHEN I WAS A CHILD HAS NEVER CHANGED THAT. THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO GIVE SOMETHING BACK TO THIS CITY.


OUR CHANGE OF HEARTS AND MINDS PROGRAMME ISN'T ABOUT GIVING CRIMINALS A CUSHY RIDE, IT'S ABOUT GIVING PEOPLE A SECOND CHANCE, REALISING THAT -- GIVEN THE RIGHT INCENTIVES -- IT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE FOR PEOPLE TO OVERCOME ANY DISADVANTAGES THEY'VE HAD AND TRY TO ACHIEVE SOMETHING WITH THEIR LIVES.
I'M SURE MY PARENTS WOULD AGREE WITH ME, IF THEY WERE STILL ALIVE TODAY.
KRUSH


WELL, THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS, BUT ACCORDING TO OUR INSTANT ...HEY, DUMMY -- JUST PRESS ONE OF THE BUTTONS!... VIEWER FEEDBACK POLL, MOST OF YOU AREN'T CONVINCED.
SO FAR, 64.29% OF YOU HAVE SELECTED THE --YEAH, BUT HE DOESN'T LIVE IN THE SAME SLUM-BLOCK AS ME AND DIDN'T GET MUGGED LAST WEEK BY HIS NEIGHBOURS -- KIDS, SO HE CAN STICK HIS HEARTS AND MINDS RIGHT UP HIS...
SWITCH THAT OFF, ROBERT.


WHAT'S ON FOR TODAY?
A MEETING WITH YOUR BANKERS AT ELEVEN REGARDING THE HONDO DEAL, A LUNCHTIME SPEECH AT THE WYATT-HYATT FOR THE LADIES THAT LUNCH CHARITY LUNCHEON CLUB—

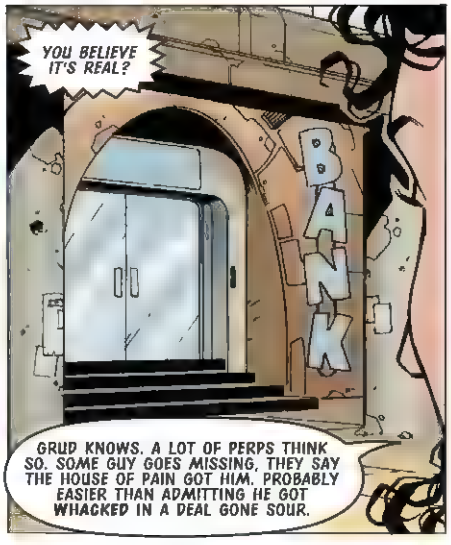

IN THE AFTERNOON, YOU'LL HAVE TO ATTEND THE TECHNICAL DEMO WE'RE GIVING JUSTICE DEPARTMENT FOR THE NEW MANTA TANK DESIGN, AND THEN—

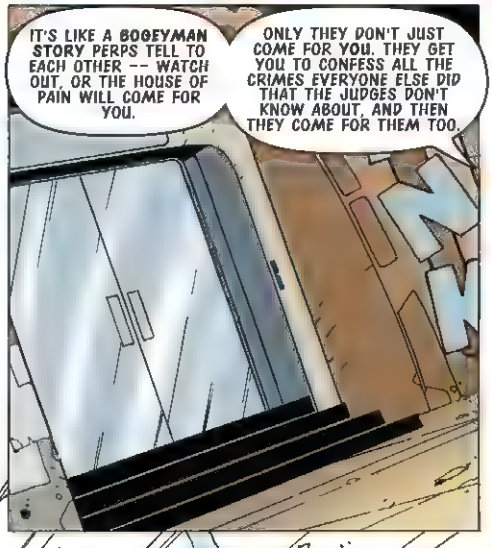
—OR OF COURSE WE COULD JUST LET ONE OF YOUR ANDROID DUPLICATES TAKE CARE OF THE DAILY RUNNING OF YOUR THIRTY BILLION CREDIT BUSINESS EMPIRE AGAIN.
WHATEVER YOU THINK IS BEST, ROBERT. YOU KNOW THAT.
MUST DASH. URGENT PERSONAL MATTERS TO BE TAKEN CARE OF. I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND.
YES, SIR.
FIND ANYTHING?
POHMY'S
BLOOD TRACES BELONGING TO THE MISSING PERP. OBVIOUS SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE. FORENSICS ARE STILL CHECKING FOR ANYTHING ELSE, BUT THEY'RE NOT HOPEFUL.

AND THESE CREEPS?
THOUGHT I'D KNOCK ON A FEW DOORS WHILE THE TEKS GOT BUSY. NEVER HURTS TO REMIND THE LOCALS WE'RE AROUND.
THIS ONE SAYS HE SAW "A BUNCH OF GUYS IN MASKS CARRYING STUN-STICKS" GOING INTO THE MISSING SUSPECT'S ROOM. DIDN'T THINK IT WAS WORTH REPORTING.
ALWAYS GOOD TO MEET ANOTHER PUBLIC-SPIRITED CIT.
HEY! I GET INVOLVED, AND MAYBE THOSE SAME GUYS ARE GONNA COME BACK FOR ME, YEAH? DIDN'T SEE ANY JUDGES COMIN' TO SAVE THE OTHER GUY!
SOUNDS LIKE I GOT A LIVE ONE HERE.
YOU KNOW WHAT REGS SAY ABOUT AUTHORISED USE OF FORCE DURING ISO-BLOCK TRANSIT, TO PROTECT THE SAFETY OF OTHER TRANSPORTEES?
YOUR PERP, YOUR CALL.
FZZZK
YAAAGH!
SO WHERE WERE WE? OH YEAH, GUYS IN MASKS AND VANISHING SCUMBAGS...

MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
NOT SURE, CHIEF. I REMEMBER SOME STORIES GOING ROUND THE STREETS, BACK WHEN I WAS WORKING UNDERCOVER UP IN THE PIT.
COULD BE SOMETHING, COULD BE NOTHING, AND I'M PROBABLY NOT THE BEST PERSON TO ASK...
...BUT HAVE YOU EVER HEARD RUMOURS ABOUT A PLACE CALLED THE HOUSE OF PAIN?
HOLLISTER -- DREDD.
CONTROL TELL YOU I'M ON STAKEOUT DUTY, DREDD?
I NEED INFO, HOLLISTER. IT WON'T TAKE LONG.
SALE
EVERYTHING MUST GO
15%OFF
THE HOUSE OF PAIN, RIGHT? YEAH, I'VE HEARD OF IT. EVERYONE ON THE WALLY SQUAD HAS.
JUDGE DREDD
BUT

IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE SOME KIND OF SECRET PRISON. WORSE THAN THE WORST ISO-BLOCK, AND TOTALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO ESCAPE FROM.
A REAL "PERPS CHECK IN, BUT THEY DON'T CHECK OUT AGAIN!" KINDA PLACE.
SA
EVERY
OF


YOU BELIEVE IT'S REAL?
BANK
GRUD KNOWS. A LOT OF PERPS THINK SO. SOME GUY GOES MISSING, THEY SAY THE HOUSE OF PAIN GOT HIM. PROBABLY EASIER THAN ADMITTING HE GOT WHACKED IN A DEAL GONE SOUR.

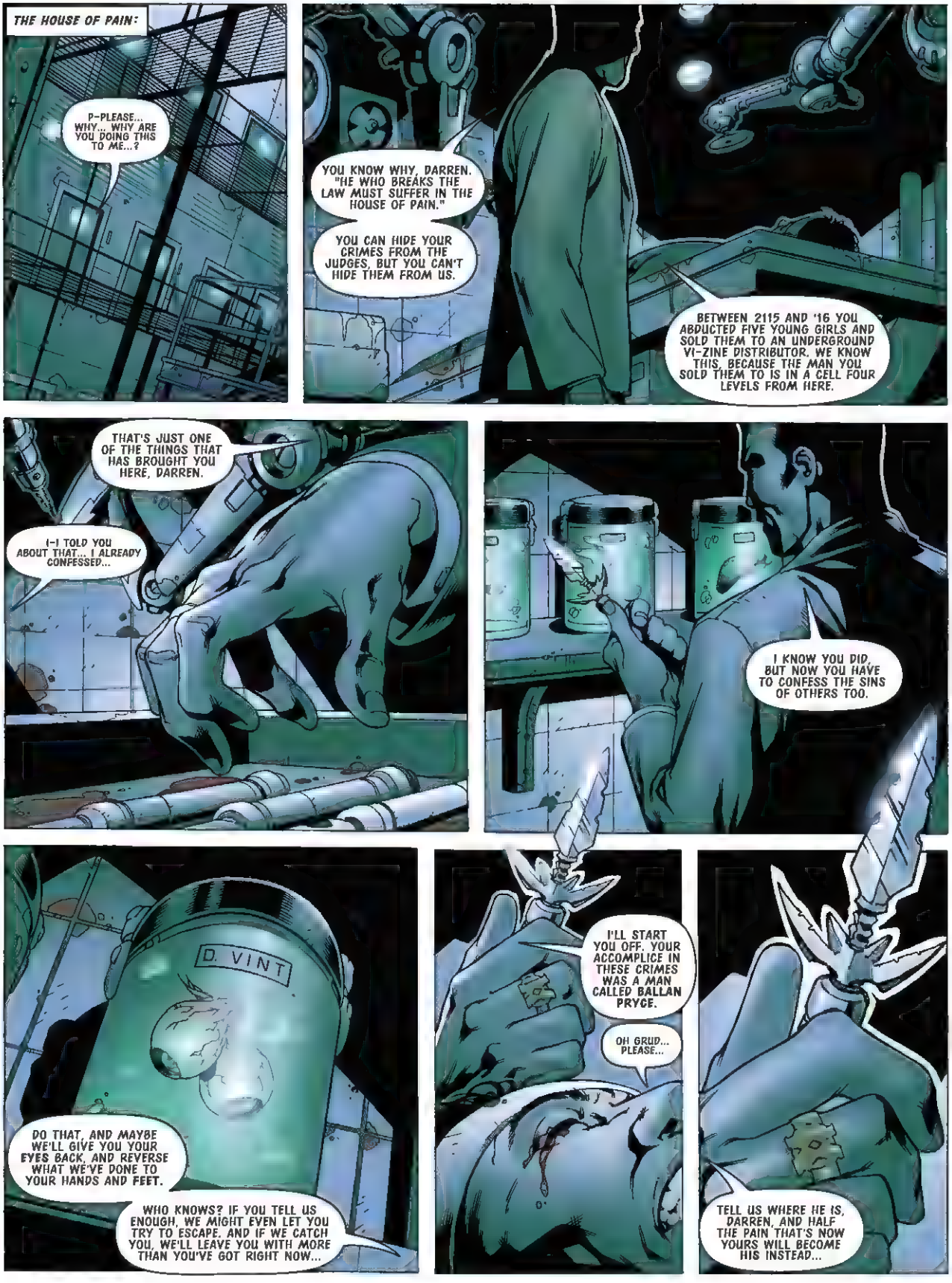

IT'S LIKE A BOOGEYMAN STORY PERPS TELL TO EACH OTHER -- WATCH OUT, OR THE HOUSE OF PAIN WILL COME FOR YOU.
ONLY THEY DON'T JUST COME FOR YOU. THEY GET YOU TO CONFESS ALL THE CRIMES EVERYONE ELSE DID THAT THE JUDGES DON'T KNOW ABOUT, AND THEN THEY COME FOR THEM TOO.

UH, HOLD ON A MINUTE, DREDD—
CONTROL -- HOLLISTER. HEIST IN PROGRESS, BYRON'S BLOOD BANK. UNITS ARE IN ATTENDANCE.

GOING TO HAVE TO WIND IT UP HERE, DREDD. DUTY CALLS.

UNDERSTOOD, HOLLISTER. I NEED ANY WALLY SQUAD BACK-UP, I'LL LET YOU KNOW. DREDD OUT.

UNDERCOVER JUDGES! STAY WHERE YOU ARE!


THE HOUSE OF PAIN:
P-PLEASE... WHY... WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME...?
YOU KNOW WHY, DARREN. "HE WHO BREAKS THE LAW MUST SUFFER IN THE HOUSE OF PAIN."
YOU CAN HIDE YOUR CRIMES FROM THE JUDGES, BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE THEM FROM US.
BETWEEN 2115 AND '16 YOU ABDUCTED FIVE YOUNG GIRLS AND SOLD THEM TO AN UNDERGROUND VI-ZINE DISTRIBUTOR. WE KNOW THIS, BECAUSE THE MAN YOU SOLD THEM TO IS IN A CELL FOUR LEVELS FROM HERE.
THAT'S JUST ONE OF THE THINGS THAT HAS BROUGHT YOU HERE, DARREN.
I-I TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT... I ALREADY CONFESSED...
I KNOW YOU DID. BUT NOW YOU HAVE TO CONFESS THE SINS OF OTHERS TOO.
D. VINT
DO THAT, AND MAYBE WE'LL GIVE YOU YOUR EYES BACK, AND REVERSE WHAT WE'VE DONE TO YOUR HANDS AND FEET.
WHO KNOWS? IF YOU TELL US ENOUGH, WE MIGHT EVEN LET YOU TRY TO ESCAPE. AND IF WE CATCH YOU, WE'LL LEAVE YOU WITH MORE THAN YOU'VE GOT RIGHT NOW...
I'LL START YOU OFF. YOUR ACCOMPLICE IN THESE CRIMES WAS A MAN CALLED BALLAN PRYCE.
OH GRUD... PLEASE...
TELL US WHERE HE IS, DARREN, AND HALF THE PAIN THAT'S NOW YOURS WILL BECOME HIS INSTEAD...

DRRREDDD!
YOU WERE RIGHT, CHIEF. HE DID REMEMBER YOU.
CULEBRA KOBANE. PUT HIM AWAY BACK IN 2117. MY RECOMMENDATION FOR DEATH BY LETHAL INJECTION WAS OVER-RULED.
YEAH. AND SINCE THEN HE'S KILLED TWO JUDGE-WARDENS AND FIVE OTHER INMATES.
WATCH OUT. LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO VENOM-SPIT—
SPATCH
DON'T WORRY. THE MEDS DID SOMETHING TO NEUTRALISE THE ACID IN HIS VENOM GLANDS.

YOU NAME 'EM, WE GOT 'EM. DEPARTMENT'S RUNNING OUT OF CUBE SPACE AGAIN, AND WE HAVE TO CRAM 'EM IN WHEREVER THERE'S ROOM.
WE GOT OVER A HUNDRED HANDLE-WITH-CARE CREEPS IN HERE, AND WE'RE NOT EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE A MAX-SECURITY BLOCK.

WHO'D YOU SAY YOU WERE LOOKING FOR?
RESNICK NYMAN. HE'S LISTED AS A KNOWN CRIMINAL ASSOCIATE OF DARREN VINT AND AN OLD KIDNAP-JOB PARTNER OF VINT'S CALLED BALLAN PRYCE.
VINT'S DISAPPEARED, AND WE'VE GOT NOTHING ON PRYCE'S CURRENT WHEREABOUTS.

IF THESE HOUSE OF PAIN STORIES ARE TRUE, THEN PRYCE MIGHT BE NEXT ON THE LIST.
NYMAN'S THE ONLY LINK WE'VE GOT TO FINDING HIM.
I KNOW THE CREEP. HE'S IN HERE, IN THE GENERAL POPULATION WING...

OH BOY. DID YOU CREEPS PICK THE WRONG DAY TO TRY A JAILBREAK, OR WHAT?

THE HOUSE OF PAIN:
HE TALKED?
HE CONFESSED. THEY ALWAYS DO. YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THAT.
HE OFFERED UP ANOTHER'S PAIN IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS OWN.
BALLAN PRYCE. HIS OLD PARTNER IN CRIME.
FIND HIM AND BRING HIM BACK HERE.
I HAVE TO RETURN TO THE OUTSIDE FOR A WHILE. HAVE SOMEONE CLEAN THAT UP AND PUT IT WITH THE OTHERS.
NIX ON THAT ATTEMPTED JAILBREAK REPORT, CONTROL. NO FURTHER ASSISTANCE NEEDED.
NYMAN? THAT THE NAME OF THE CREEP YOU WERE LOOKING FOR?
HERE HE IS. NO POINT YOU HANGING AROUND. MEDS ARE GOING TO HAVE TO PUT HIS JAW BACK TOGETHER BEFORE HE CAN TALK.
SORRY ABOUT THAT, CHIEF. STILL TRYING TO GET USED TO THE EXTRA POWER IN THESE NEW ARMS.
LET ME KNOW WHAT HE'S GOT TO SAY, AS SOON AS THEY'VE GOT HIM CONSCIOUS.

YOU'RE LATE.
ONE DAY, ROBERT, I SWEAR YOU'RE ACTUALLY NOT GOING TO SOUND SURPRISED WHEN YOU SAY THAT.
I WAS... OTHERWISE ENGAGED. I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND.
REMIND ME AGAIN WHY I'M HERE?
THE PREMIERE OF AN AWARD-WINNING BRIT PLAY. YOU'RE HOSTING THE CHARITY PARTY AFTERWARDS, IN AID OF THE KRUSH FOUNDATION.
SPEECH?
PROGRAMMED INTO THIS. JUST PUT IT IN YOUR EAR AND REPEAT EVERYTHING YOU HEAR.
I'VE ALSO RECORDED A DETAILED SUMMARY OF THE PLAY AND THE VARIOUS PERFORMANCES IN IT, SO IF ANYONE ASKS, YOU CAN PRETEND YOU DIDN'T FALL ASLEEP DURING IT.
THANK YOU, ROBERT. I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD DO WITHOUT YOU.
FAUSTUS! IS THAT THE MILHAUS CLONES WITH YOU?
MR KRUSH! WHAT ABOUT THE RUMOURS ABOUT YOU AND BERLINA RITZER?

—CONFIRMED THE INFO THE NYMAN PERP GAVE UP. PRYCE IS USING THE ALIAS "ZEFF HINDEL". ADDRESS IS REGISTERED AS 3793/28 VALETTA STREET.
CHECK. ALMOST THERE NOW.
HOLD ON. GOT A MED-WAGON PARKED OUTSIDE.
WHAT WE GOT ON A PRIVATE MED-CARE COMPANY -- BEDSIDE MANOR ELDSTER REST HOMES?
ZIP. CENTRAL REGISTRY SAYS IT DOESN'T EXIST.
Bedside Manor
IT'S THE HOUSE OF PAIN! THEY FOUND HIM FIRST!
NEED TO TAKE AT LEAST ONE OF THEM ALIVE—
BDAM BDAM
VADOOOOM

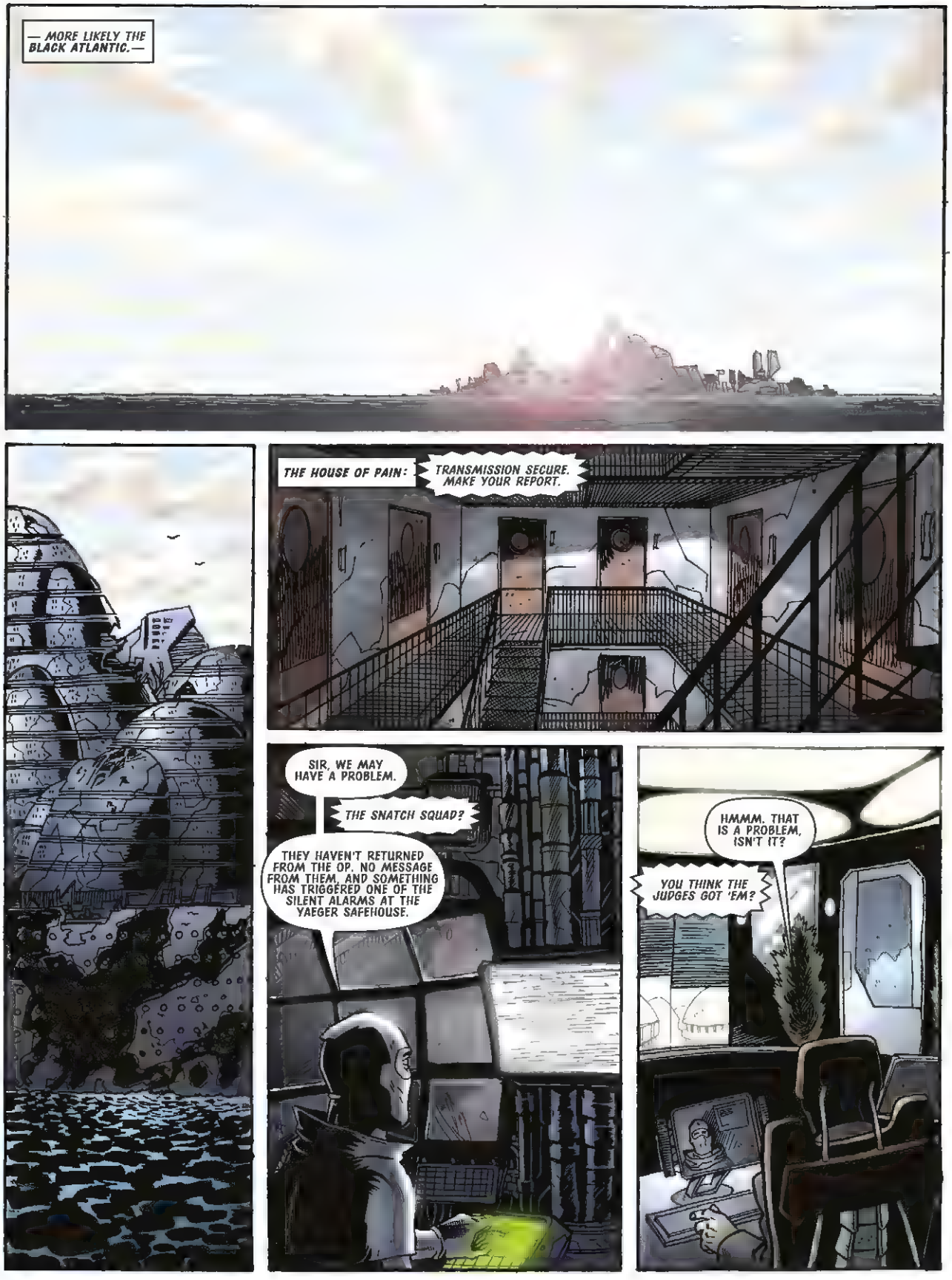
BADOOM!
BADOOM!
BADOOM!
BADOOM!
GRUD-!
IMPLANTED SUICIDE BOXES! WHOEVER'S BEHIND THIS THING PLAYS FOR KEEPS!
H-HELP... HELP ME.
ONE OF THEM STILL ALIVE! I NEED A MED-TEAM AND A BOMB-DISPOSAL TEK SQUAD HERE NOW!
WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO—?
DON'T MOVE. TRY TO REMAIN CALM.
THERE'S AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE INSIDE YOUR CHEST.
I'M GOING TO CUT YOU OPEN AND DISARM IT BEFORE IT GOES OFF...

AAAAHH! OH GRUD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME—?
TOLD YOU BEFORE. KEEP CALM, OR YOU'LL SET OFF THE BOMB INSIDE YOU.
I'M THROUGH INTO THE RIBCAGE NOW. YOU GETTING THIS, CORSON?
WILCO, DREDD. LET'S JUST HOPE YOUR BOMB DEFUSAL SKILLS ARE BETTER THAN YOUR BEDSIDE MANNER...
OKAY, IT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE NEW HONG TONG MODELS, MAYBE FROM THE HAI-CHENG SHOPS.
IMPACT FROM THE OTHER BLASTS MUST HAVE DAMAGED IT. CHANCES ARE, IT'S STILL GOING TO DETONATE ANYWAY.
JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO.
FEEDING SCHEMATICS FOR IT THROUGH TO YOUR VISOR SCREEN NOW. JUST LISTEN TO MY INSTRUCTIONS AND KEEP HIM TALKING. NO TELLING HOW LONG WE'VE GOT.
OH, AND ONE MORE THING, DREDD...
...THESE HONG TONG JOBS ARE USUALLY SET TO DETONATE ON PRE-PROGRAMMED TRIGGER WORDS OR PHRASES.
BEST TO AVOID ANY SPECIFIC QUESTIONS RELATING TO THE INFO HIS EMPLOYER DOESN'T WANT HIM TO REVEAL.
GRUD. EASIER SAID THAN DONE, CORSON—

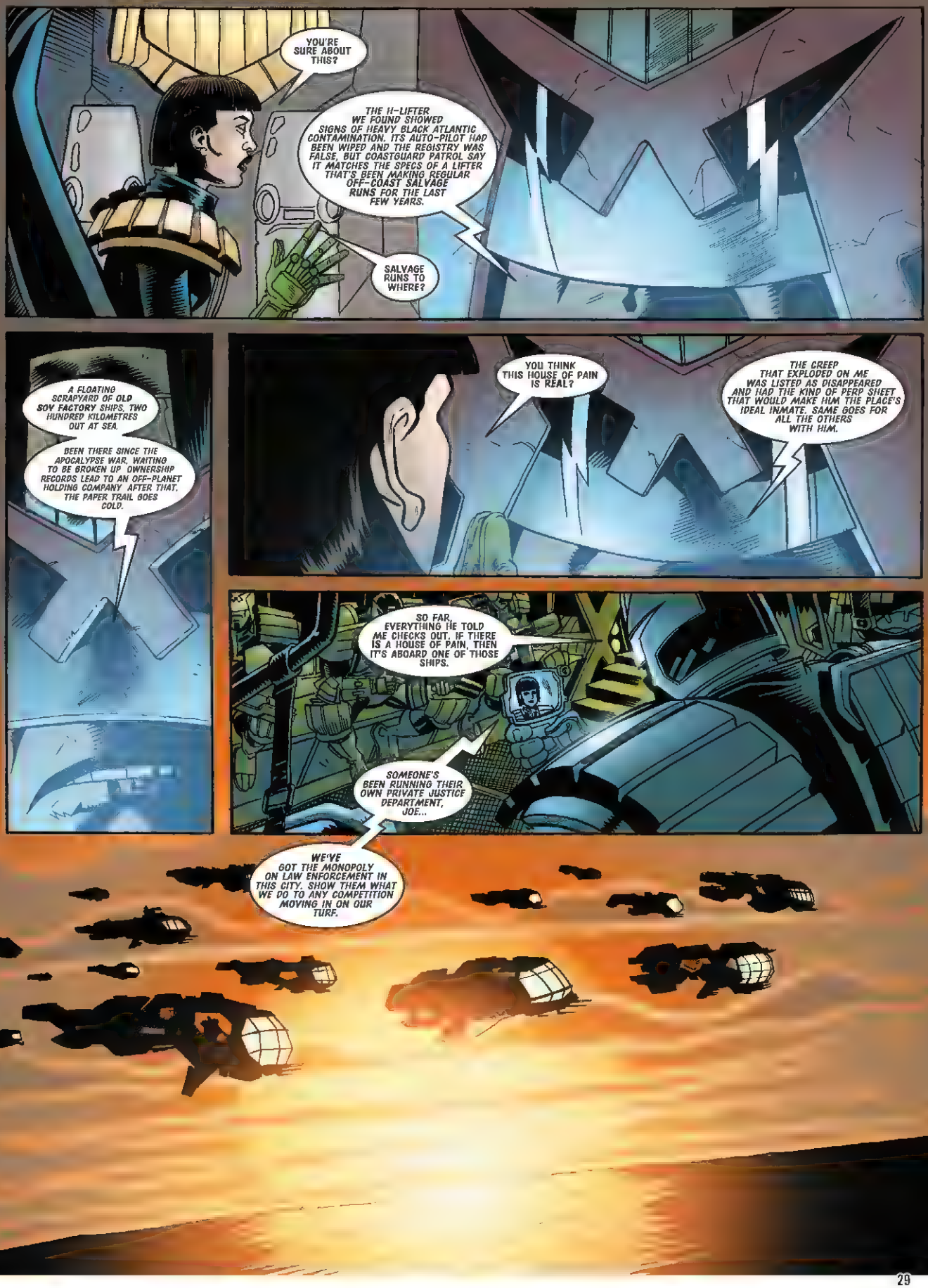
THE PLACE YOU CAME FROM -- DON'T SAY THE NAME. JUST TELL ME HOW YOU GOT INVOLVED.
I-I WAS ONE OF THEM... ONE OF THE GUYS THEY SNATCHED. ALL OF US WERE. TRUSTEES, HE CALLED US.
THAT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU EVER GET OUTTA THAT PLACE... REPENT, LIKE HE WANTS YOU TO, AND GO OVER TO WORK FOR HIM.
NO NAMES. JUST TELL ME ABOUT YOUR EMPLOYER.
HE — HE WEARS A MASK. NONE OF US EVER SAW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE. "THE WARDEN", THAT'S ALL WE EVER KNOW HIM AS.
HE'S RICH, THOUGH, I'LL TELL YOU THAT. G-GOTTA BE, TO AFFORD THE SET-UP HE GOT IN THAT PLACE...
THE PLACE, TELL ME ABOUT IT.
DOING GOOD, DREDD. WE'RE TWO MINUTES AWAY NOW.
I WAS LOCKED UP THERE FOR SIX YEARS, AND BEEN A TRUSTEE FOR TWO MORE, AND I STILL DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE IT IS!
TRYING MY PATIENCE HERE, CREEP.
I SWEAR IT'S TRUE! IT'S SOMEPLACE REMOTE. COULD BE UNDERGROUND, MAYBE, OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH. ONLY WAY IN AND OUT OF IT IS IN A SEALED H-LIFTER. THEN WE GET TO SOME PLACE IN THE CITY AND TRANSFER TO WHATEVER WE'RE USING FOR THE JOB.
SOMETIMES WE USE THE MED-UNIT DISGUISE, BUT WE GOT OTHERS TOO—
AAAAAAHH! OH GRUD, IT'S STARTIN' TO BURN-!

HE'S GOING TO BLOW, DREDD! GET OUT OF THERE!
AS LONG AS HE'S TALKING, I'VE STILL GOT A CASE.
THE TRANSFER POINT, WHERE IS IT?
S-SOME PLACE ON YAEGER TURBWAY— AN OLD TRUCK REPAIR YARD—
PLEASE! YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING! DON'T LET ME DIE!
GRUD-!
beep beep beep beep beep
TH-THAT'S A GOOD SIGN, RIGHT?
beep beep beeeeeee*

CLEAN-UP CREWS AND FORENSICS REQUIRED, VALETTA STREET.
I WANT SEARCH TEAMS TO YAEGER TURBWAY, ASAP. THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A H-LIFTER HIDDEN IN A TRUCK REPAIR YARD. I WANT YOU THERE TOO, CORSON...
...IF THIS CREEP'S BOOBY-TRAPPING HIS OWN EMPLOYEES, THEN IT'S A SURE BET THERE'LL BE A FEW SURPRISES AROUND THAT YARD.
IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE JUDGES TO FIND WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR—
...YOUR H-LIFTER'S IN THERE, DREDD. YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THE BOOBY TRAPS. UNTIL CORSON AND HER TEAM GET HERE, ALL WE'RE ABLE TO DO IS SEND IN THE SNOOPERS.
WHAT DID THEY FIND?
ALREADY PICKING UP SIGNS OF RAD CONTAMINATION AND HEAVY POLLUTANT TRACES ON THE HULL OF THE LIFTER.
THE CURSED EARTH?
NO—


— MORE LIKELY THE BLACK ATLANTIC.—
THE HOUSE OF PAIN:
TRANSMISSION SECURE. MAKE YOUR REPORT.
SIR, WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM.
THE SNATCH SQUAD?
THEY HAVEN'T RETURNED FROM THE OP. NO MESSAGE FROM THEM, AND SOMETHING HAS TRIGGERED ONE OF THE SILENT ALARMS AT THE YAEGER SAFEHOUSE.
HMMM. THAT IS A PROBLEM, ISN'T IT?
YOU THINK THE JUDGES GOT 'EM?

EXPLOSIVE IMPLANTS - INITIATE ALL? Y/N?
POSSIBLY. BUT I HAVE FAITH IN MY MEN. I DOUBT ANY OF THEM WOULD COMPROMISE OUR OPERATION AND BETRAY US TO THE JUDGES.
Y/N?
WHAT YOU WANNA DO ABOUT IT?
GOOD QUESTION.
A VERY GOOD QUESTION.
SIR?
EXPLOSIVE IMPLANTS - INITIATE ALL? Y/N?
REMAIN ON STATION. I'M COMING INTO THE HOUSE TO PERSONALLY SUPERVISE THE SITUATION.
ROBERT...
...I'M SORRY TO BE A BORE, BUT SOMETHING DELICATE'S COME UP, AND THERE'S SIMPLY NO WAY I CAN MAKE THAT PRESENTATION MEETING TODAY.
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO SEND ONE OF THE—
ROBERT...?

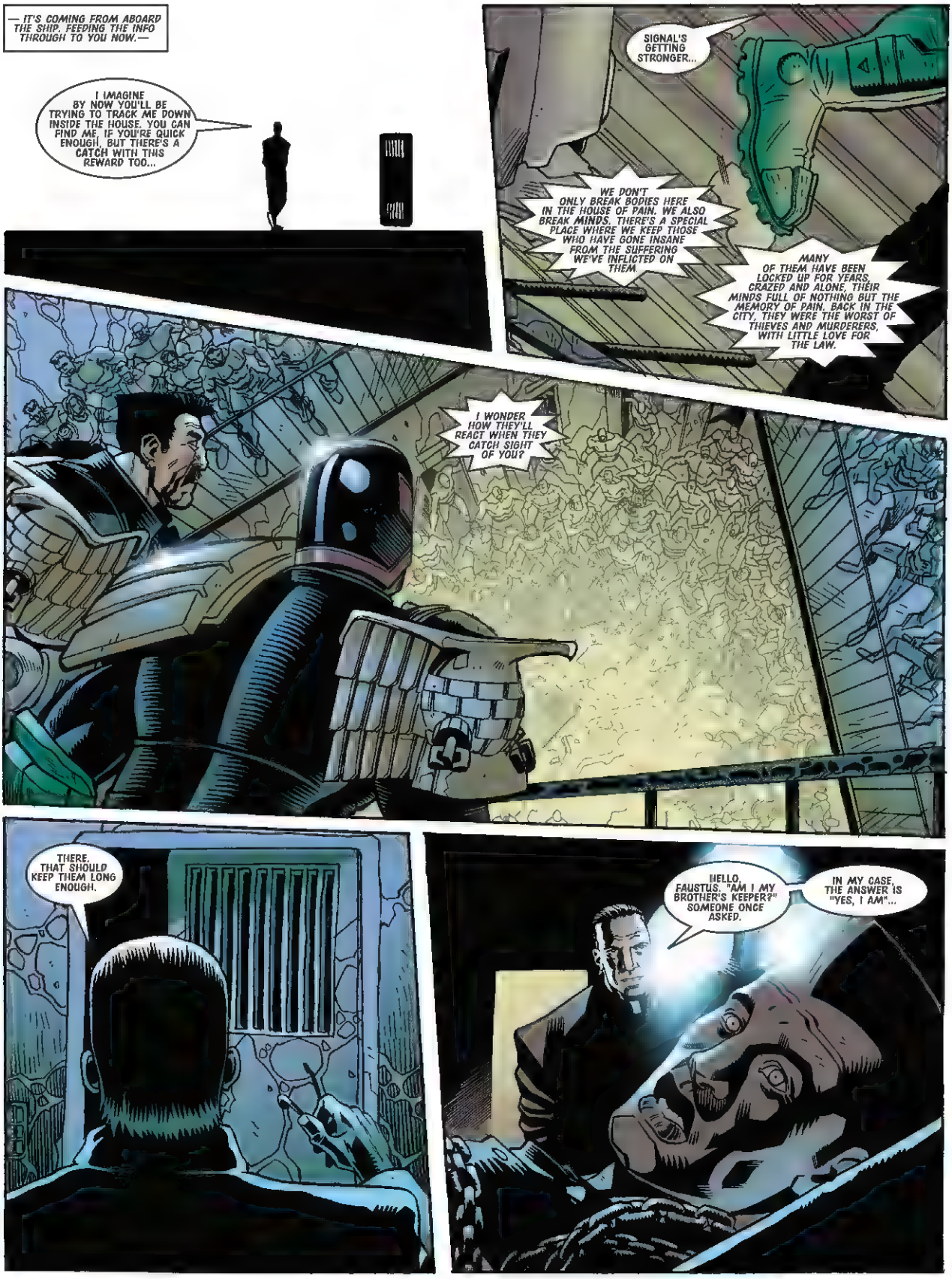

YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THIS?
THE H-LIFTER WE FOUND SHOWED SIGNS OF HEAVY BLACK ATLANTIC CONTAMINATION. ITS AUTO-PILOT HAD BEEN WIPED AND THE REGISTRY WAS FALSE, BUT COASTGUARD PATROL SAY IT MATCHES THE SPECS OF A LIFTER THAT'S BEEN MAKING REGULAR OFF-COAST SALVAGE RUNS FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS.
SALVAGE RUNS TO WHERE?
A FLOATING SCRAPYARD OF OLD SOV FACTORY SHIPS. TWO HUNDRED KILOMETRES OUT AT SEA.
BEEN THERE SINCE THE APOCALYPSE WAR. WAITING TO BE BROKEN UP. OWNERSHIP RECORDS LEAD TO AN OFF-PLANET HOLDING COMPANY AFTER THAT. THE PAPER TRAIL GOES COLD.
YOU THINK THIS HOUSE OF PAIN IS REAL?
THE CREEP THAT EXPLODED ON ME WAS LISTED AS DISAPPEARED AND HAD THE KIND OF PERP SHEET THAT WOULD MAKE HUM THE PLACE'S IDEAL INMATE. SAME GOES FOR ALL THE OTHERS WITH HIM.
SO FAR, EVERYTHING HE TOLD ME CHECKS OUT. IF THERE IS A HOUSE OF PAIN, THEN IT'S ABOARD ONE OF THOSE SHIPS.
SOMEONE'S BEEN RUNNING THEIR OWN PRIVATE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, JOE...
WE'VE GOT THE MONOPOLY ON LAW ENFORCEMENT IN THIS CITY. SHOW THEM WHAT WE DO TO ANY COMPETITION MOVING IN ON OUR TURF.

THERE THEY ARE GRUD! YOU COULD HIDE A DOZEN ISO-BLOCKS IN AMONGST THOSE THINGS!
H-216
CORSON?
SCANNING NOW, DREDD
STRONG ENERGY SOURCE EMISSIONS COMING FROM THAT YELTSIN-CLASS BULK FREIGHTER. COULD BE WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.
HOLD ON. THE ENERGY SIGNALS ARE GETTING STRONGER...
OF COURSE. THOSE MISSILE TURRETS ARE A DEAD GIVEAWAY, TOO.
MISSILE LAUNCH! TAKE EVASIVE ACTION!
23

GUNSHIPS – TAKE OUT THOSE MISSILE TURRETS!
ALL OTHER AERIAL UNITS – LAND AND DEPLOY YOUR SQUADS! FIND A WAY INTO THAT THING!
SEALED OFF. WE'LL NEED LAS-CUTTERS TO GET THROUGH
GOT SOMETHING BETTER THAN THAT

FIGURED THERE WAS A REASON YOU BROUGHT ME ALONG, CHIEF
HERE THEY COME--!
TAKE 'EM OUT!
IT STILL AIN'T THE STREETS, BUT IT SURE BEATS CATCH-WAGON DUTY ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT!
THE SEARCH SOON REVEALS THE FULL EXTENT OF THE HOUSE OF PAIN'S GRIM NATURE --
GRUD--!
SPLIT UP INTO SEARCH TEAMS. I WANT THE CREEP RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS PLACE FOUND.
GUTHRIE - WITH ME
FOUND ANOTHER STIFF. PROBABLY GOING TO NEED A TEK TEAM TO GET HIM OUT OF THERE.

OH THANK GRUD! HELP ME... PLEASE HELP ME!
YOU'LL STAY WHERE YOU ARE, CREEP, UNTIL THE NATURE OF YOUR CRIMES CAN BE ASSESSED.
DREDD - CORSON. I'M DOWN IN THE BILGE. GET READY TO BE SERIOUSLY UNHAPPY.
WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?
THIS PLACE IS WIRED, DREDD. THERE'S ENOUGH HI-EX DOWN HERE TO MAKE THIS TUB THE FIRST SEA-GOING VESSEL INTO ORBIT.
IT'S ACTIVATED, BUT NO TELLING WHEN IT'S SET TO DETONATE.
AH, I SEE YOU'VE FOUND MY LITTLE SURPRISE. DO YOU REALLY THINK YOUR TEK-JUDGES WILL BE ABLE TO DEFUSE IT IN TIME?
WHO IS THIS? IDENTIFY YOURSELF!
I COULD DETONATE IT NOW, YOU KNOW, BUT THAT WOULDN'T BE VERY SPORTING.
WE ARE ON THE SAME SIDE, AFTER ALL. WE BOTH BELIEVE IN THE NEED FOR PUNISHMENT, EVEN IF YOUR METHODS DON'T GO NEARLY FAR ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM
YOU'VE FOUND MY HOUSE. I MADE MISTAKES THAT LED YOU HERE, BUT YOU STILL DESERVE TO BE REWARDED FOR THAT
YOU GETTING THIS, CORSON?
...I'M LEAVING YOU MY HOUSE AND ITS INHABITANTS, DREDD, TO DO WITH AS YOU WANT.
TRACKING IT TO SOURCE, BUT WE'RE KIND OF BUSY HERE, WHAT WITH ALL OF US JUST ABOUT TO BECOME A FINE SEA MIST...
CORSON

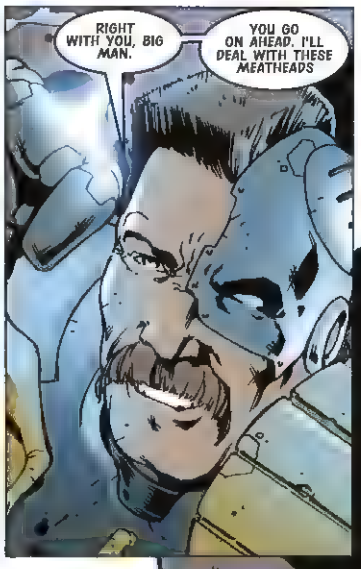

— IT'S COMING FROM ABOARD THE SHIP. FEEDING THE INFO THROUGH TO YOU NOW. —
I IMAGINE BY NOW YOU'LL BE TRYING TO TRACK ME DOWN INSIDE THE HOUSE. YOU CAN FIND ME, IF YOU'RE QUICK ENOUGH, BUT THERE'S A CATCH WITH THIS REWARD TOO...
SIGNAL'S GETTING STRONGER...
WE DON'T ONLY BREAK BODIES HERE IN THE HOUSE OF PAIN. WE ALSO BREAK MINDS. THERE'S A SPECIAL PLACE WHERE WE KEEP THOSE WHO HAVE GONE INSANE FROM THE SUFFERING WE'VE INFLICTED ON THEM.
MANY OF THEM HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP FOR YEARS, CRAZED AND ALONE, THEIR MINDS FULL OF NOTHING BUT THE MEMORY OF PAIN. BACK IN THE CITY, THEY WERE THE WORST OF THIEVES AND MURDERERS, WITH LITTLE LOVE FOR THE LAW.
I WONDER HOW THEY'LL REACT WHEN THEY CATCH SIGHT OF YOU?
THERE. THAT SHOULD KEEP THEM LONG ENOUGH.
HELLO, FAUSTUS. "AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?" SOMEONE ONCE ASKED.
IN MY CASE, THE ANSWER IS "YES, I AM"...

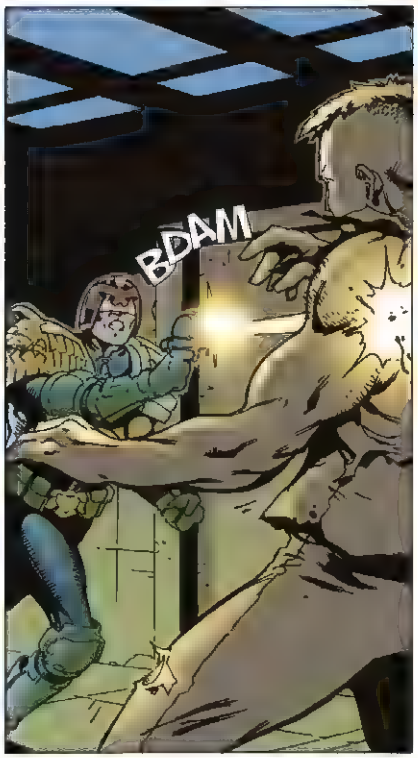
DREDD HAS DISCOVERED THE HOUSE OF PAIN IS OPERATING OUT OF A FLOATING WRECK ON THE BLACK ATLANTIC. NOW HE IS LEADING A STRIKE FORCE TO BRING THE PRISON DOWN--
FEW FAMILIAR FACES HERE I RECOGNISE. HOW ABOUT YOU?
A COUPLE.
THIS CREEP HERE -- "MEATHOOK" MOLKE, HITMAN FOR THE NU-FRENDZ CLAN.
LAST INFO ON HIM WAS THAT HE WAS HIDING OUT SOMEWHERE IN THE TEXAS CITY TERRITORIES.
GUESS NOW WE KNOW BETTER.
WHOKK
GOING TO BE ABLE TO CLEAR UP A LOT OF OUTSTANDING CASES, ONCE WE FIND OUT WHO ELSE THEY GOT IN HERE.

CORSON-- DREDD, YOU MAKING ANY PROGRESS YOUR END?
NOT MUCH, DREDD...

THIS PLACE IS DEFINITELY TICKING NOW. THE TIMER'S PROTECTED BY AN ACTIVATION SIGNAL COMING FROM ELSEWHERE ONBOARD.
WE TRY CUTTING INTO THAT AND THE WHOLE THING BLOWS RIGHT NOW.
THE SAME PLACE THAT CREEP IS TALKING TO US FROM?

THAT WOULD BE MY GUESS TOO.
STAY ON IT, CORSON.
GUTH?


RIGHT WITH YOU, BIG MAN.
YOU GO ON AHEAD. I'LL DEAL WITH THESE MEATHEADS


BDAM

ROBERT? WHAT "BROTHER"? WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
YOUR FATHER HAD A MISTRESS, FAUSTUS. SHE BORE HIM A SON.
WHEN YOUR PARENTS WERE KILLED -- MURDERED, BY COMMON CRIMINALS --YOU WEREN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO LOST A FATHER.

WE... WE CAN'T BE BROTHERS...!
THIS IS THE 22ND CENTURY, FAUSTUS. WE HAVE FACE-CHANGE MACHINES AND DNA ALTERANTS.
GRUD, IT'S INCREDIBLE JUST HOW STUPID YOU ACTUALLY ARE.

FOR GRUD'S SAKE, THIS IS INSANE! I'M AN IMPORTANT MAN! THEY'LL COME LOOKING FOR ME!
NO, THEY WON'T. BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER HAVE DISAPPEARED AT ALL. I'VE BEEN RUNNING THIS COMPANY FOR YEARS ANYWAY, MAINTAINING THE ILLUSION THAT MY SUCCESSES HAVE REALLY BEEN YOURS.
I REALISE NOW THAT THIS FINAL STEP WAS ALWAYS INEVITABLE ONE MORE FACE-CHANGE WON'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE.
YOU SEE THIS? IT'S MY BIRTHRIGHT, NOT YOURS. I KNOW THAT OUR FATHER, HAD HE LIVED, WOULD HAVE WANTED ME TO HAVE INHERITED EVERYTHING.
INSTEAD, YOU GOT IT ALL, FAUSTUS. BECAUSE OF AN ACCIDENT OF BIRTH. BECAUSE OF THE ACT OF A FEW PIECES OF CRIMINAL TRASH.
YOU CAN KEEP THIS ONE, THOUGH. THE FAKE ONE. THAT I'VE HAD TO WEAR ALL THESE YEARS.
SIGNAL'S GETTING STRONGER, CORSON. ALMOST THERE..
COUNTDOWN'S GETTING CLOSER. DON'T LET ME TALKING ABOUT OUR IMPENDING DEATHS SLOW YOU DOWN ANY!
GOODBYE, FAUSTUS. THIEVES AND MURDERERS MADE YOU THE FALSE INHERITOR OF OUR FATHER'S LEGACY. IT SEEMS APT THEN THAT YOU SHOULD END UP AMONGST THEM.
FREEZE-!

GRUD! NO ONE HERE!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING! A TIMER, A RADIO RELAY DEVICE! ANYTHING!
THAT'S A ROJ
WE'VE BEEN PLAYED ALL ALONG. CREEP IN CHARGE WAS NEVER HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE...
LATER--
GONNA NEED MORE H-WAGON TRANSPORTS. THEY'VE JUST FOUND ANOTHER TWO LEVELS OF CELLS, ALL OF THEM OCCUPIED.
THAT MAKES OVER A THOUSAND NOW, AND WE'VE STILL NOT FINISHED SEARCHING THE PLACE.
ANY IDEA WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THEM?
THEY'LL BE TAKEN BACK TO THE CITY AND ASSESSED FOR POSSIBLE ADDITONAL SENTENCING. SOME OF THEM WILL PROBABLY BE SENT BACK HERE.
HERE?
I'VE JUST SPOKEN TO HERSHEY. THE DEPARTMENT'S SHORT OF CUBE SPACE. SHE AGREED WITH MY RECOMMENDATION THAT THIS PLACE BECOME THE CITY'S NEW MAX-SECURITY ISO-BLOCK.
SOMEONE S ALREADY DONE MOST OF THE WORK FOR US. SEEMS A PITY TO LET IT GO TO WASTE.

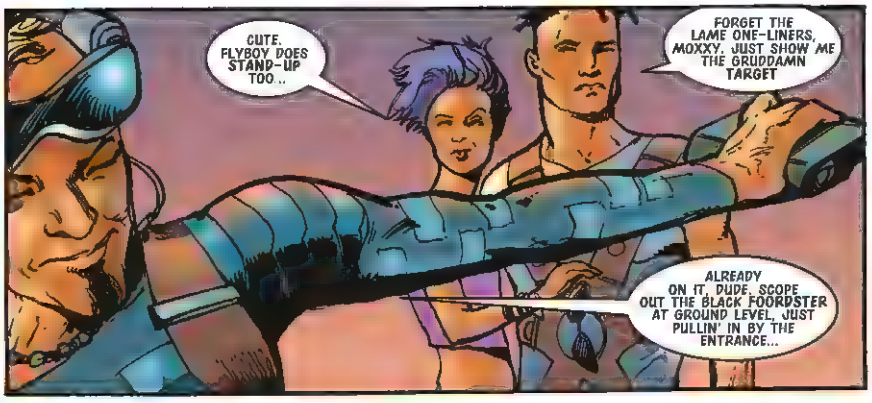
ISOLATED OUT HERE, TWO HUNDRED KAYS FROM THE CITY, SURROUNDED BY TOXIC OCEAN AND WITH NOTHING BUT A THOUSAND OR MORE MAX CAUTION REQUIRED CASES FOR COMPANY?
GRUD, DREDD, WHO DO YOU THINK'S GOING TO WANT TO BE IN CHARGE OF ALL THAT?
COUPLE OF NAMES COME TO MIND...
I BEEN LOCKED UP IN THIS HELLHOLE FOR SEVEN YEARS! YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET YOU TAKE ME AWAY JUST SO YOU CAN LOCK ME UP SOMEPLACE ELSE?
LEMME EXPLAIN TO YOU THE FINER POINTS OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT THEORY, SCUMBALL.
WHAMMP
ANYONE ELSE GOT ANYTHING TO ADD TO THE DEBATE?
...OR MAYBE JUST ONE.
WHAT ABOUT THIS WARDEN PERP?
A LOT OF MONEY AND RESOURCES WENT INTO BUILDING THIS PLACE. IT ALL CAME FROM SOMEWHERE.
NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE'S COVERED HIS TRACKS, THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING THAT LEADS BACK TO HIM.

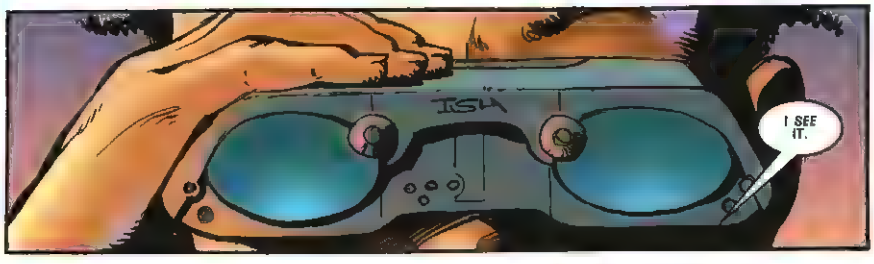
...AT LEAST NOW THIS IS THE END TO THE HOUSE OF PAIN..."
HMMM. NOT BAD. NOT BAD, AT ALL.
TEK-CHIEF McTIGHE? FAUSTUS KRUSH HERE. LOOK, I'M VERY SORRY, BUT I'M AFRAID I'M RUNNING LATE FOR OUR MEETING ABOUT THE MANTA TANK PROJECT. CAN WE RESCHEDULE?
MY VOICE? JUST A TOUCH OF SOMETHING I SEEM TO HAVE PICKED UP. NOTHING THAT WON'T BE FIXED SOON.
YES, I LOOK FORWARD TO IT TOO. SOME OF THE REPLACEMENT SPECS WE'VE COME UP WITH FOR THE SECONDARY DEFENCE SYSTEMS ARE REALLY QUITE INNOVATIVE.
IT'S JUST LIKE MY FATHER TAUGHT ME...
...WHEN YOU DO SOMETHING, IT'S ALWAYS BEST TO HAVE A BACK-UP PLAN IN PLACE!
THE END

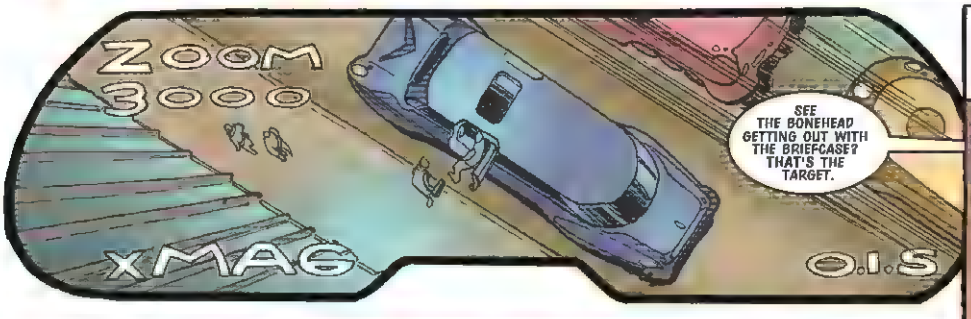
TARGET IN POSITION, MOXXY.
WIPE THE SLAB WITH 'EM, BRO.
JUDGE DREDD
JUMPED
SO THIS IS THE CRAZY NEW STREET SPORT OF JUMPJACKING, HUH?
YOUR KREW RISK THEIR LIVES BOINGING. . EIGHTY STOREYS DOWN JUST TO PICK UP LITTER OFF THE SIDEWALK?
CHRIS MARTIN
SCRIPT JOHN SMITH
ART SIMON FRASER
COLOURS GARY CALDWELL
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE
GOT REAL SHARP EYESIGHT THERE, MR RICHTER.
20/20 AND THEN SOME, KID. ZOOM BIONICS WITH INBUILT CAMCORDER. HAD MY REAL EYES REPLACED FOR A SNAPARAZZI GIG WITH THE DAILY MEG BUT THE SUITS STIFFED ME.
I'M STRICTLY STREETCORE NOW.
TSUBI
RICHTER'S COOL, MAN. WORKS FOR ALL THE TOP PIRATE STATIONS. ANONYMITY GUARANTEED.
I'LL PIXILATE AND MUFFLE. YOU'LL GET YOUR FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FAME, KIDDO. BUT NOT EVEN YOUR OWN MOTHER'S GONNA KNOW IT.
YOU COOL WITH THAT, REEFER, OR YOU WANNA CHICKEN OUT AND LET THE MOXXSTER HERE SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE?
SCREW YOU, MOXXY. REEFER CAN JUMPJACK YOU INTO THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK ANY TIME.
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE TO FIND OUT, HONEYBUNNY.
HARNESS SECURED. UNDO-CORD EXTENDED.
BE SURE YOU GET ALL THIS ON VID, RICHTER, MY MAN, COZ YOU AIN'T GONNA GET NO SECOND CHANCES.

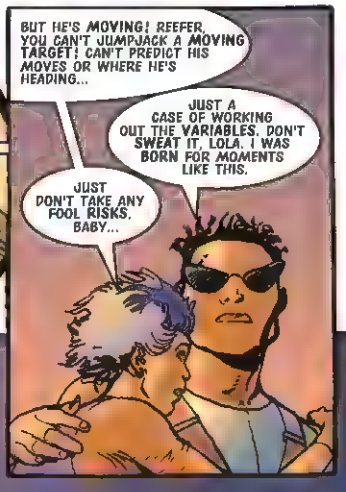
KEEP YOUR EYE-CAMS PEELED FOR THE JUVE WHO FELL TO EARTH!
SWEEP
JUMPJACKED FROM THE STATUE OF JUDGEMENT AND THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE AND THE BADGES NEVER CAUGHT ME, DUDE!
ONE DAY I'LL PITCH FOR THE HOLY GRAIL ITSELF AND SNATCH DREDD'S HELMET CLEAN OFF HIS HEAD!
THIS IS GONNA BE LIKE SNATCHIN' CANDY OFF A FAT KID...
ALL UNITS VICINITY CHRIS MARTIN LUX-APTS -- PSU REPORTS JUMPJACKERS SIGHTED ON ROOFTOP.
DREDD HERE, CONTROL. I'M ON IT!
SAY IT WITH FLOWERS, MOTHERDROKKER!

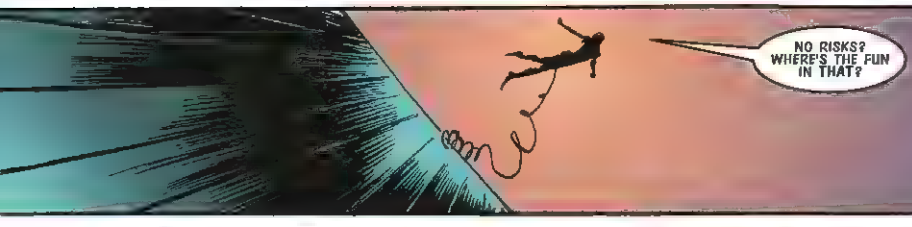
TOTAL PSYCH-OUT, MAN!
THAT WAS MORE FUN THAN DROWNING KITTENS INNA HOT TUB!

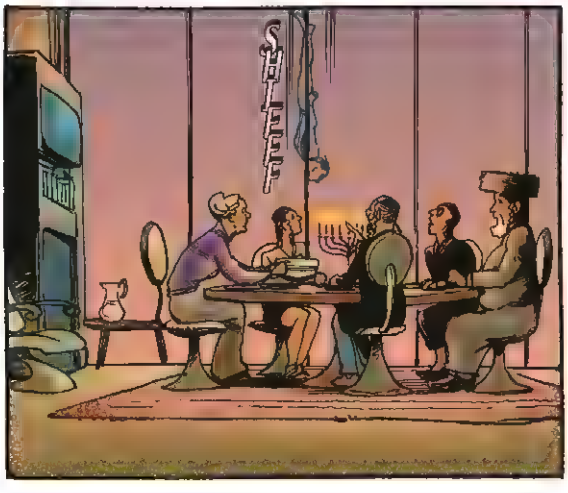

CUTE. FLYBOY DOES STAND-UP TOO..
FORGET THE LAME ONE-LINERS, MOXXY. JUST SHOW ME THE GRUDDAMN TARGET
ALREADY ON IT, DUDE. SCOPE OUT THE BLACK FOORDSTER AT GROUND LEVEL. JUST PULLIN' IN BY THE ENTRANCE...


I SEE IT.


ZOOM 3000
xMAG
O.I.S
SEE THE BONEHEAD GETTING OUT WITH THE BRIEFCASE? THAT'S THE TARGET.


BUT HE'S MOVING! REEFER, YOU CAN'T JUMPJACK A MOVING TARGET! CAN'T PREDICT HIS MOVES OR WHERE HE'S HEADING...
JUST A CASE OF WORKING OUT THE VARIABLES. DON'T SWEAT IT, LOLA. I WAS BORN FOR MOMENTS LIKE THIS.
JUST DON'T TAKE ANY FOOL RISKS, BABY...

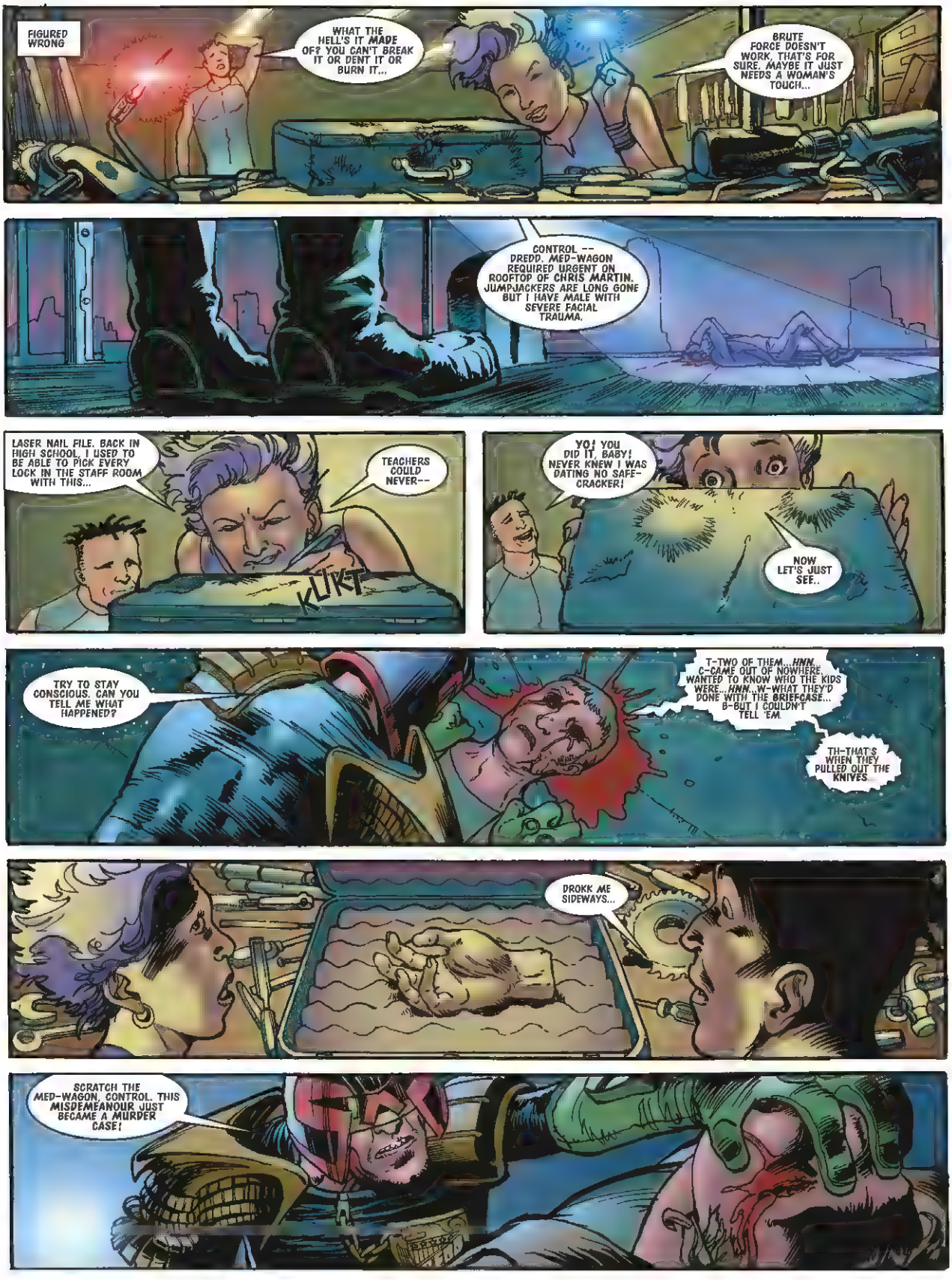

NO RISKS? WHERE'S THE FUN IN THAT?

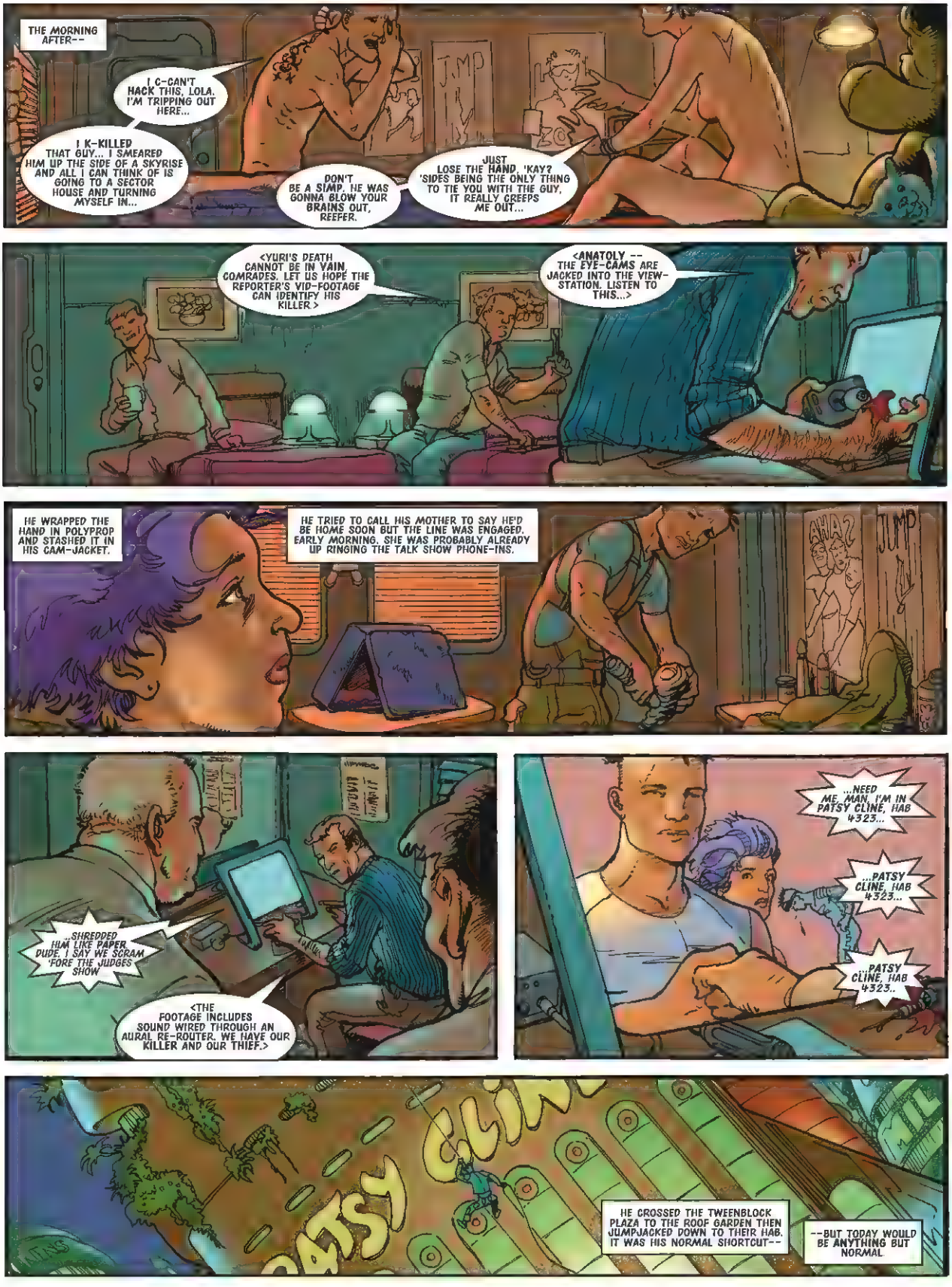

SHELLEY'S

FREEFALL.
NEVER FELT SO FREE AS WHEN HE'S FALLING

WIND SCREAMING PAST. STREET SOUNDS GETTING LOUDER.
DROP-CORD TAUTENING AND THE GROUND COMES AT HIM LIKE A FIST.
EVERYTHING'S TIMING.
CHNK!
TENDONS SNAP. HIS SHOULDER POPS IN ITS SOCKET.
CUFFS! GOON'S CUFFED TO THE DROKKING CASE!
...M-MAYBE THIS...HNN... PLAY-OFF W-WASN'T SUCH A GREAT IDEA
I HOPE YOU SAID YOUR PRAYERS THIS MORNING.

GLASS BLURS PAST LIKE A GUILLOTINE BLADE.
ONE CHANCE. THE SIDE-SLIP EVERY JUMPJACKER DREADS--
GET
THE DROKK
OFF!
SKAASSHH!
LOOK, MOMMY! IT'S RAINING MEN!
...K-KILLED HIM...
...HOLY SHIT...
I J-JUST KILLED A MAN...
THEY CALLED A TRUCE.
REEFER COULDN'T GET THE CASE OPEN SO HE WENT BACK TO LOLA'S HAB. HER OLD MAN WAS A DROID REPAIRMAN AND THEY FIGURED HE'D HAVE THE RIGHT TOOLS.


FIGURED WRONG
WHAT THE HELL'S IT MADE OF? YOU CAN'T BREAK IT OR DENT IT OR BURN IT...
BRUTE FORCE DOESN'T WORK. THAT'S FOR SURE. MAYBE IT JUST NEEDS A WOMAN'S TOUCH...
CONTROL -- DREDD. MED-WAGON REQUIRED URGENT ON ROOFTOP OF CHRIS MARTIN. JUMPJACKERS ARE LONG GONE BUT I HAVE MALE WITH SEVERE FACIAL TRAUMA.
LASER NAIL FILE. BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL, I USED TO BE ABLE TO PICK EVERY LOCK IN THE STAFF ROOM WITH THIS...
TEACHERS COULD NEVER--
KLIKT
YO! YOU DID IT, BABY! NEVER KNEW I WAS DATING NO SAFE-CRACKER!
NOW LET'S JUST SEE..
TRY TO STAY CONSCIOUS. CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED?
T-TWO OF THEM...HNN. C-CAME OUT OF NOWHERE. WANTED TO KNOW WHO THE KIDS WERE...HNN...W-WHAT THEY'D DONE WITH THE BRIEFCASE... B-BUT I COULDN'T TELL 'EM.
TH-THAT'S WHEN THEY PULLED OUT THE KNIVES...
DROKK ME SIDEWAYS...
SCRATCH THE MED-WAGON, CONTROL. THIS MISDEMEANOUR JUST BECAME A MURDER CASE!


THE MORNING AFTER--
I C-CAN'T HACK THIS, LOLA. I'M TRIPPING OUT HERE...
I K-KILLED THAT GUY... I SMEARED HIM UP THE SIDE OF A SKYRISE AND ALL I CAN THINK OF IS GOING TO A SECTOR HOUSE AND TURNING MYSELF IN...
DON'T BE A SIMP. HE WAS GONNA BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT, REEFER.
JUST LOSE THE HAND, 'KAY? 'SIDES BEING THE ONLY THING TO TIE YOU WITH THE GUY, IT REALLY CREEPS ME OUT...
<YURI'S DEATH CANNOT BE IN VAIN, COMRADES. LET US HOPE THE REPORTER'S VID-FOOTAGE CAN IDENTIFY HIS KILLER.>
<ANATOLY -- THE EYE-CAMS ARE JACKED INTO THE VIEW-STATION. LISTEN TO THIS...>
HE WRAPPED THE HAND IN POLYPROP AND STASHED IT IN HIS CAM-JACKET.
HE TRIED TO CALL HIS MOTHER TO SAY HE'D BE HOME SOON BUT THE LINE WAS ENGAGED. EARLY MORNING. SHE WAS PROBABLY ALREADY UP RINGING THE TALK SHOW PHONE-INS.
JUMP IN
SHREDDED HIM LIKE PAPER, DUDE. I SAY WE SCRAM 'FORE THE JUDGES SHOW
<THE FOOTAGE INCLUDES SOUND WIRED THROUGH AN AURAL RE-ROUTER. WE HAVE OUR KILLER AND OUR THIEF.>
...NEED ME, MAN. I'M IN PATSY CLINE, HAB 4323...
...PATSY CLINE, HAB 4323...
...PATSY CLINE, HAB 4323..
PATSY CLINE
HE CROSSED THE TWEENBLOCK PLAZA TO THE ROOF GARDEN THEN JUMPJACKED DOWN TO THEIR HAB. IT WAS HIS NORMAL SHORTCUT--
--BUT TODAY WOULD BE ANYTHING BUT NORMAL

MOM? S-STACY?
WHAT THE DROKK IS THIS?
GLASS UNDERFOOT
SHATTERED AQUARIUM WHEEZING LIKE A RESPIRATOR.
PANIC RISING NOW. CLOSING OVER HIS HEAD LIKE A PLASTIC BAG--
HE FOUND HIS MOTHER BEHIND THE EEZI-LOUNGER. SHE'D BEEN BEATEN AND SHOT IN THE HEAD
STACY? S-S-STACY, HONEY?
W-WHERE ARE YOU, KIDDO?
HIS SISTER STACY WAS IN THE BEDROOM. SHE'D BEEN TRYING TO HIDE IN THE CLOSET WHEN THEY FOUND HER.
HER FACE... HER FACE DIDN'T HAVE A MARK ON IT..
NO!
HE FOUND THEIR CALLING CARD IN THE BATHROOM.
THE CASE
COME ON, LOLA! PICK UP, DAMMIT! ANSWER THE DROKKIN' PHONE!

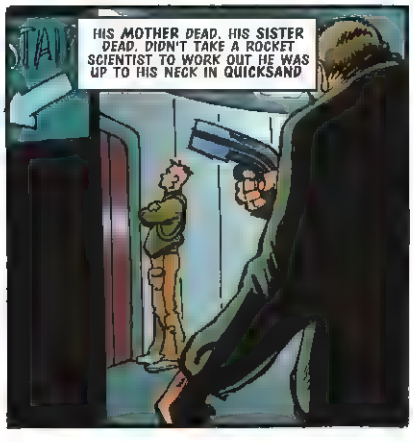
PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT SUB-STATION TWENTY-THREE:
WE GOT WHAT WE NEEDED, DREDD. PULLED THE FOOTAGE FROM THE SECURICAM OPPOSITE CHRIS MARTIN.
JUVE WAS MOVING TOO FAST TO GET A PROPER 3D FIX ON HIM BUT WE MANAGED TO WIPE THE BLUR OFF A COUPLE OF FRAMES...
P.S.U
LUCKY FOR US, THE KID HAD A RECORD.
YOUR PERP IS ONE TYSON BRYCE, KNOWN AS REEFER ON THE JUMPJACK SCENE. LIVES WITH HIS MOTHER AND SISTER IN PATSY CLINE BLOCK.
STRING OF MISDEMEANOURS AND ANTISOCIAL BEHAVIOUR CITATIONS BUT HE'S ALWAYS KEPT SHORT OF FULL CUSTODIAL.
THAT CAN BE RECTIFIED.
I SENT THE BLOCK JUDGE TO PICK HIM UP. IF HE ISN'T THERE, IT'S LIKELY HE'LL BE OVER AT HIS GIRLFRIEND'S PLACE -- LOLA SANCHEZ, 18, PHIL SEYMOUR HOFFMAN BLOCK
WHAT ABOUT THE REMAINS FROM THE CHRIS MARTIN HOMICIDE? ANY MATCH ON THE DNA?
NOT WITH CITY RECORDS ACCORDING TO FORENSICS. HE'S NOT ONE OF OURS. DEFINITE OUT-OF-TOWNER
ALSO -- AND THIS IS INTERESTING -- OUR JOHN DOE WAS IN DISGUISE. WE FOUND FRAGMENTS OF A SILICONE BODYSUIT AMONG THE TISSUE SAMPLES.
HOFFMAN? IT'S HARNER HERE. BLOCK JUDGE AT PATSY CLINE
ANY LUCK, HARNER?
ONLY THE BAD SORT.
WE NEED SCENE OF CRIMES OVER HERE, ASAP. NO SIGN OF THE KID BUT THE HAB'S BEEN TURNED OVER AND THE MOTHER AND SISTER BOTH SHOT DEAD.
WHATEVER YOU WANT THIS GUY FOR, SOMEBODY GOT HERE BEFORE YOU

PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN BLOCK:
SORRY, REEFER, HONEY, BUT LOLA LEFT ABOUT HALF HOUR BACK NOW. HIGHTAILED IT WITH THAT SHOW-OFF STREET-TRASH EX-BOYFRIEND OF HERS--
SANCHEZ
MOXXY?

YOU KNOW IT. HE HAS THESE TWO OTHER GUYS IN TOW. BIG MACHO BRUTES. NEVER LAID EYES ON 'EM BEFORE
THAT LOWLIFE MOXXY DIDN'T LOOK NONE TOO HAPPY, THAT'S FOR SURE...

TH-THANKS, MRS SANCHEZ.
I KEEP TELLING YOU, SWEETHEART. CALL ME IRMA...
IF YOU HEAR FROM HER GET HER TO CALL ME ON MY COM, OKAY?

REALISATION HIT HIM LIKE A PUNCH TO THE STOMACH
SOMETHING WAS WRONG HE WAS SURE OF IT. HE'D ONLY LEFT LOLA EARLIER THAT MORNING AND NOW SHE WAS GONE.


HIS MOTHER DEAD. HIS SISTER DEAD. DIDN'T TAKE A ROCKET SCIENTIST TO WORK OUT HE WAS UP TO HIS NECK IN QUICKSAND

LITTLE CHICK, LITTLE CHICK... HOW STUPID OF YOU TO COME HERE.
WHERE IS THE BRIEFCASE?

JESUS DROKK!

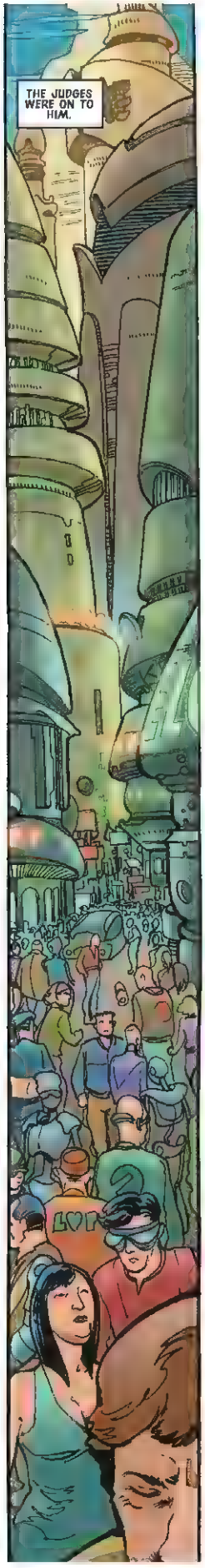
ting!

<DAMMIT!>
DREDD!

FWAMM

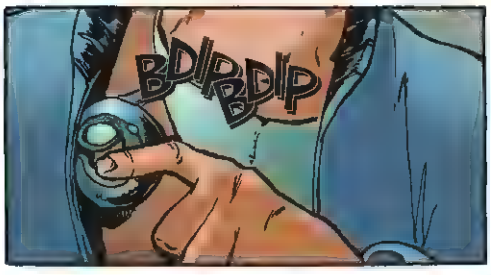
DON'T PANIC. THINK CLEARLY. FIND HIS STILL POINT -- THE ADRENALINE CALM HE GOT WHEN HE JUMPED
UP TO THE ROOF. NO OTHER WAY
EXIT
THWUD
FWAMM
HALT OR I WILL USE LETHAL FORCE!
FWAMM
UHH!
SLAMM
EXIT
BDAMM
BDAMM
FIRST AND LAST WARNING, CREEP!

COME ON... COME ON...
FWAMM
CONTROL! GET SPY-IN-THE-SKY TO THE ROOF OF SEYMOUR HOFFMAN! WE HAVE A RUNNER!
DEAD END, LITTLE SPARROW.
NOW TELL ME WHERE THE BRIEFCASE IS OR I SHOOT OUT YOUR SPINE.
BDAMM
SUSPECT'S SLIPPED THE LEASH, CONTROL. THIS PUNK'S SLICKER THAN A RAD-RAT DOWN A DRAINPIPE.
PUT OUT A DESCRIPTION TO STREET UNITS AND PSU. WE DON'T FIND HIM FIRST, HE'S GONNA GET HIMSELF KILLED!


THE JUDGES WERE ON TO HIM.

IF DREDD WAS ON THE CASE, THEY HAD TO MEAN BUSINESS.
HE HAD TO GET OFF THE STREETS -- AND FAST. FIND SOMEWHERE TO LAY LOW AND THINK THIS THROUGH

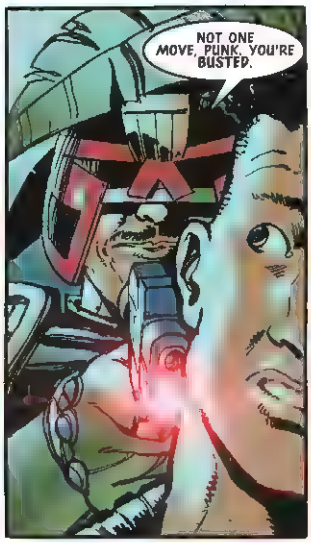
ROFFMAN HERE AT PSU
SUBJECT SPOTTED HEADING EAST ON CALHOUN -- RED CAMOUFLAGE JACKET NOW DARK BLUE. CREEP'S TRYING HARD TO LOOK INCONSPICUOUS...


BDIRBDIP

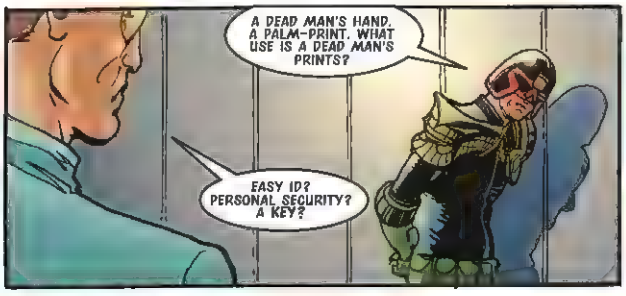
LOLA! TH-THANK GRUD YOU CALLED! YOU OKAY? HAVE THEY HARMED YOU?
I-I'M FINE, BABY. MOXXY'S HERE WITH ME TOO. THEY SAY THEY D-DON'T WANT TO HURT US BUT...
L-LOOK, JUST LISTEN, REEFER.

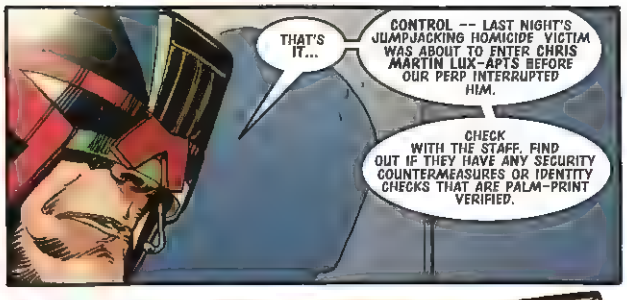
YOU HAVE TO GIVE BACK THE HAND. TH-THAT'S ALL THEY WANT. GIVE 'EM BACK THE HAND AND THEY'LL LET US GO.
IF THOSE GOONS EVEN THINK ABOUT HURTING YOU...

REEFER, LISTEN! DON'T DO ANYTHING. DON'T TELL ANYONE.
THEY'LL CALL YOU LATER WITH MORE INSTRUCTIONS J-JUST MAKE SURE YOU BRING THE HAND, OKAY?


NOT ONE MOVE, PUNK. YOU'RE BUSTED.

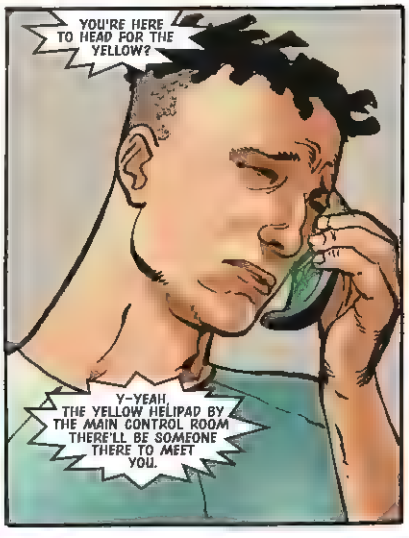
THEY TOOK HIM TO THE NEAREST SECTOR HOUSE FOR QUESTIONING --
YOU'RE DEEP IN A WORLD OF TROUBLE, CREEP.
SO FAR YOU'VE BEEN SMART ENOUGH TO AVOID ARREST -- BUT YOU'VE NEVER KILLED A MAN BEFORE. THIS TIME YOU'RE LOOKING TO PULL A FIVE TO SEVEN STRETCH, MINIMUM.
TALK TO ME.
ALREADY TOLD YOU, MAN! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I FREAKED OUT!
WENT TO SNATCH HIS CASE FOR THIS DUMB-ASS DARE AND THE SUIT PULLED A GUN ON ME! FRICKER WAS GONNA SPLATTER MY BRAINS, DUDE!
INSTEAD OF WHICH YOU SPLATTERED HIM UP THE SIDE OF A SKYRISE.
TH-THEY...THEY KILLED MY MOM AND MY L-LITTLE SISTER, MAN. NINE YEARS OLD AND THEY SHOT HER IN THE BACK. WHATEVER'S WITH THAT HAND, THEY WANT IT BAD.
AND NOW... N-NOW THEY GOT MY GIRL LOLA. SAID IF THEY DIDN'T GET BACK THE HAND THEY WERE GONNA FEED HER INTO A GARBAGE GRINDER FEET FIRST...
WE COULDN'T TRACE THE CALLER -- UNREGISTERED COM -- BUT WE'LL BE READY IF THEY CONTACT YOU AGAIN.
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, DREDD, BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO HEAR THIS RIGHT AWAY.
YOU'VE ID'ED THE HAND?
PALM-PRINT AND DNA MAKES IT A SURE THING. YOU MIGHT WANT TO TAKE A SEAT FOR THIS, SIR...
IT'S THE HAND OF ORLOK.
...WHAT?
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. IT'S BEEN SURGICALLY REMOVED AND PRESERVED IN FORMALINE. PROFESSIONAL JOB, TOO...
WE SUSPECT THE PERPS ARE SOV SLEEPER AGENTS. TYPICALLY WORK DEEP COVER IN THREE- TO FIVE-MAN HIT-TEAMS. MAKES THEM HARDER TO TRACK.
THEY MUST HAVE REMOVED THE HAND FROM ORLOK'S CORPSE AFTER WE RETURNED IT TO THE NEW KREMLIN.*
WE SPOKE TO RUBIN -- THE SOV BACTERIOLOGIST WE HAVE IN CUSTODY. HE DENIES ANY KNOWLEDGE BUT REMINDED US ORLOK'S SPECIALITY IS BIOTERROR.
THARGNOTE: SEE "THE TRIAL OF ORLOK" IN CASE FILES 37


A DEAD MAN'S HAND. A PALM-PRINT. WHAT USE IS A DEAD MAN'S PRINTS?
EASY ID? PERSONAL SECURITY? A KEY?

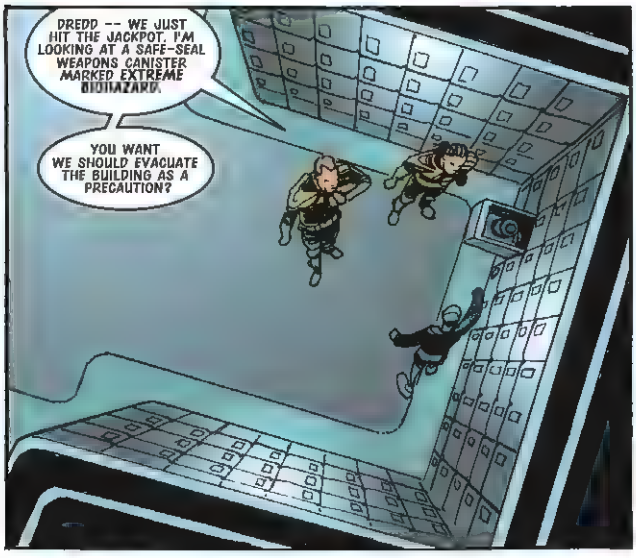

THAT'S IT...
CONTROL -- LAST NIGHT'S JUMPJACKING HOMICIDE VICTIM WAS ABOUT TO ENTER CHRIS MARTIN LUX-APTS BEFORE OUR PERP INTERRUPTED HIM.
CHECK WITH THE STAFF. FIND OUT IF THEY HAVE ANY SECURITY COUNTERMEASURES OR IDENTITY CHECKS THAT ARE PALM-PRINT VERIFIED.

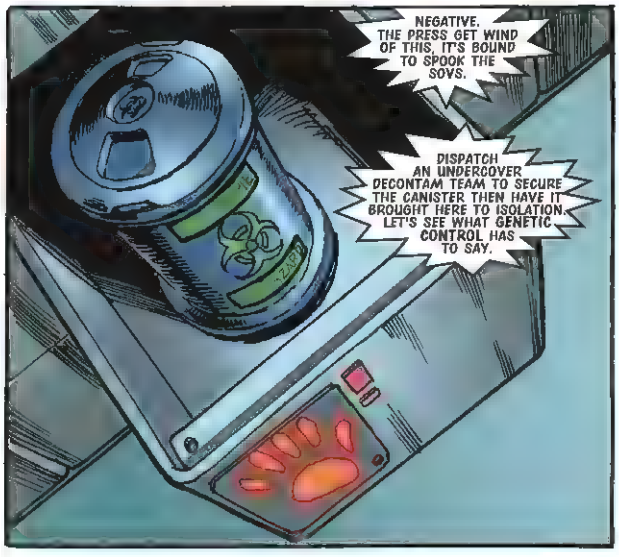
...AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE DO HAVE A SECURE SAFETY-DEPOSIT VAULT THAT'S PALM-CODED. WE HAVE SOME VERY AFFLUENT RESIDENTS HERE
WE'D LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK DOWN THERE.
OH NO! I'M AFRAID THAT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION! WE RUN AN EXCLUSIVE LIVING EXPERIENCE HERE AND OUR PATRONS VALUE THEIR PRIVACY VERY HIGHLY--
SO FILE A COMPLAINT, TINHEAD.
UNLESS YOU WANT US TO SLAP YOU WITH A MANDATORY DEACTIVATION NOTICE, I STRONGLY SUGGEST YOU OPEN THAT VAULT.

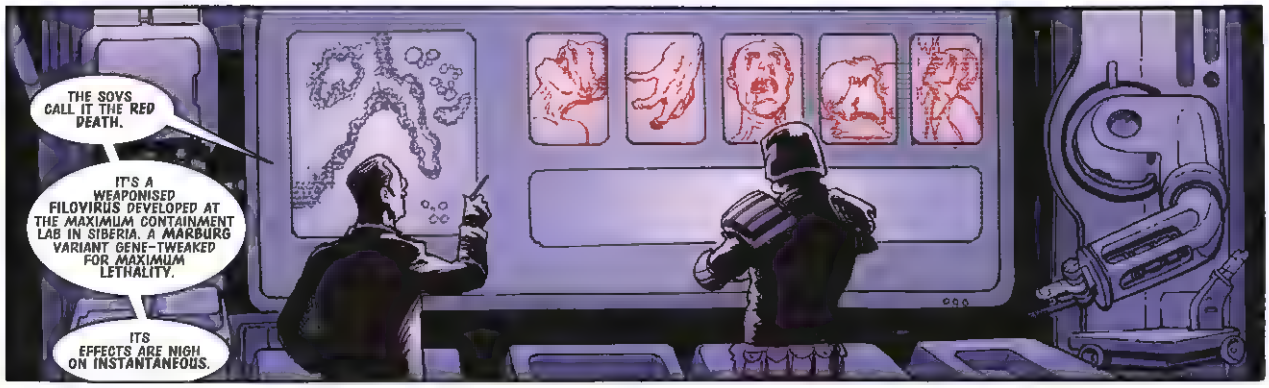
HIS COM RANG AGAIN AT 1500 HRS --
YOU HAVE TO COME ALONE, REEFER. SOON AS IT'S DARK, TAKE A HOVER-CAB TO WIND FARM 5 JUST OFFSHORE OF LONG ISLAND HARBOUR.

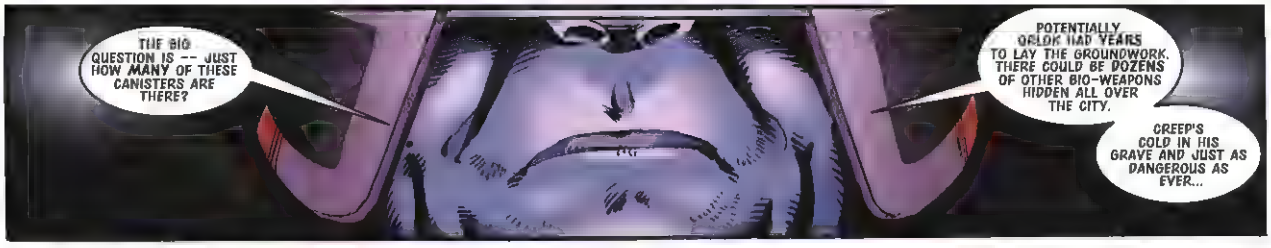

YOU'RE HERE TO HEAD FOR THE YELLOW?
Y-YEAH. THE YELLOW HELIPAD BY THE MAIN CONTROL ROOM THERE'LL BE SOMEONE THERE TO MEET YOU.

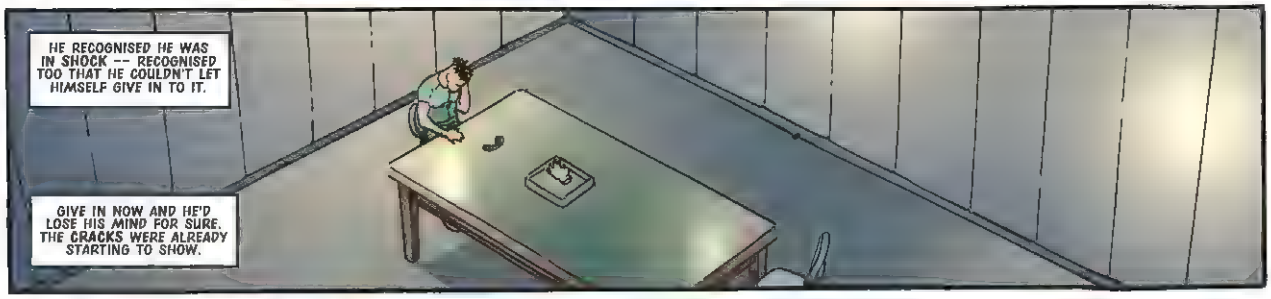
AND REEFER?
D-DON'T SCREW THE POOCH ON THIS ONE, BABY. THESE GUYS ARE HARDCORE. THEY DIG YOU'VE STIFFED 'EM AND ME AND MOXXY ARE SLAB-JAM.

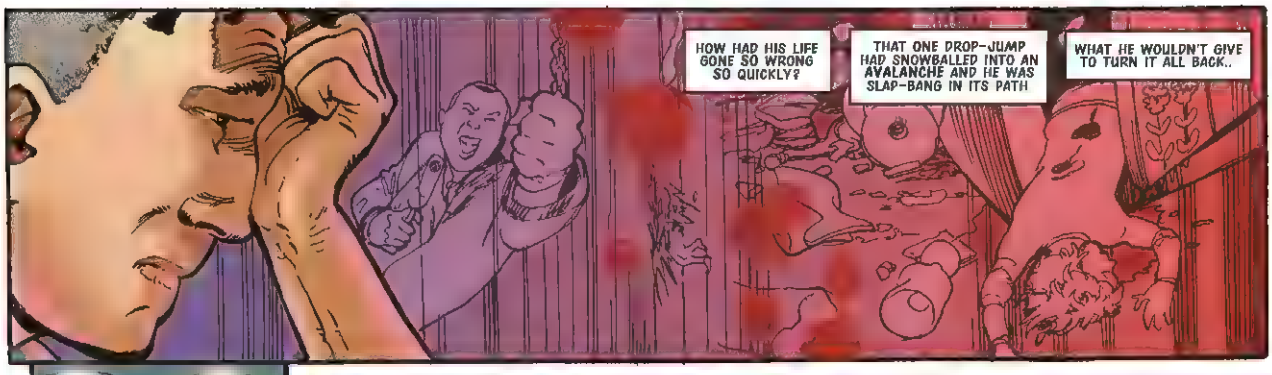

DREDD -- WE JUST HIT THE JACKPOT. I'M LOOKING AT A SAFE-SEAL WEAPONS CANISTER MARKED EXTREME BIOHAZARD.
YOU WANT WE SHOULD EVACUATE THE BUILDING AS A PRECAUTION?


NEGATIVE. THE PRESS GET WIND OF THIS, IT'S BOUND TO SPOOK THE SOVS.
DISPATCH AN UNDERCOVER DECONTAM TEAM TO SECURE THE CANISTER THEN HAVE IT BROUGHT HERE TO ISOLATION. LET'S SEE WHAT GENETIC CONTROL HAS TO SAY.


THE SOVS CALL IT THE RED DEATH.
IT'S A WEAPONISED FILOVIRUS DEVELOPED AT THE MAXIMUM CONTAINMENT LAB IN SIBERIA. A MARBURG VARIANT GENE-TWEAKED FOR MAXIMUM LETHALITY.
ITS EFFECTS ARE NIGH ON INSTANTANEOUS.

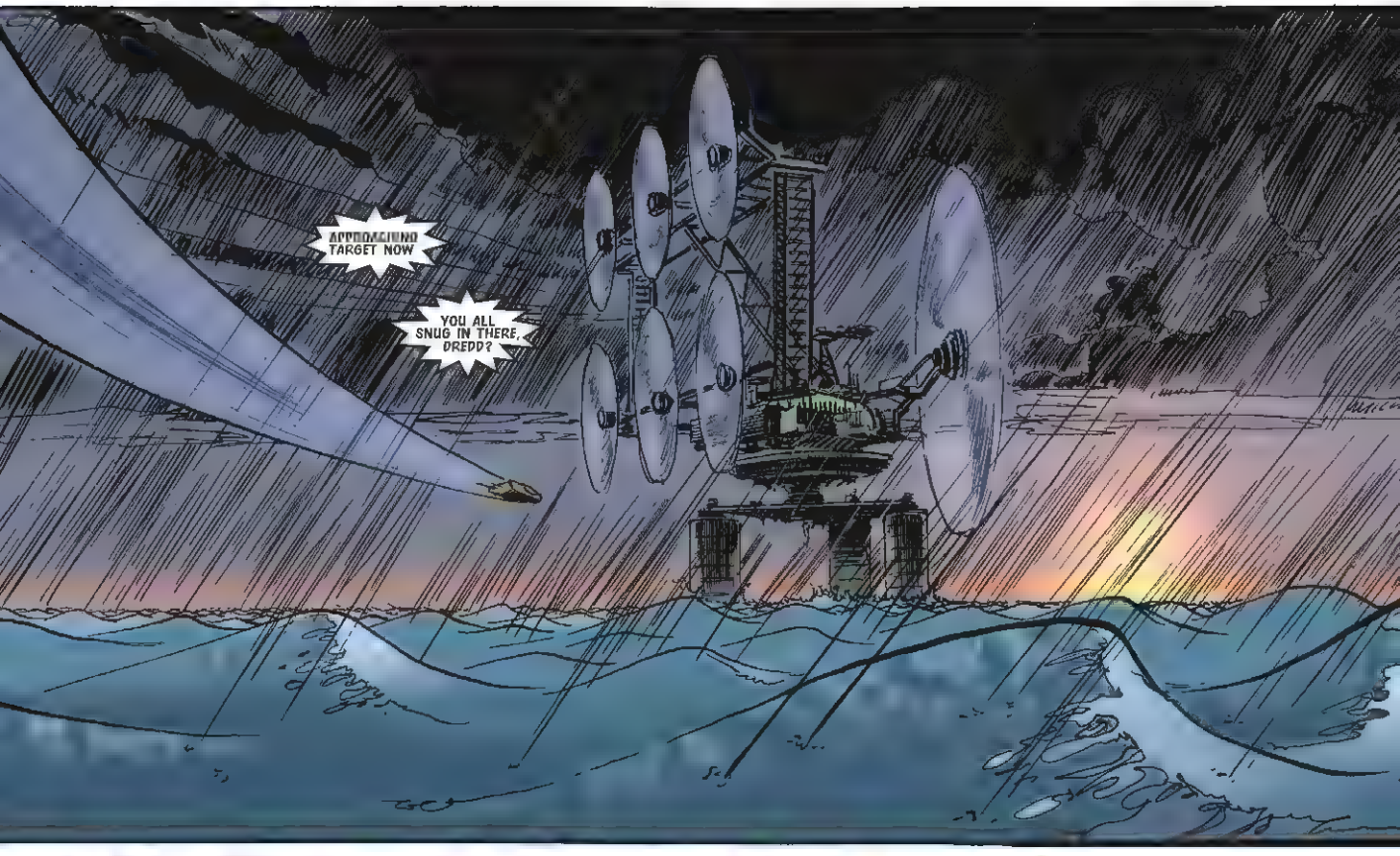

THE BIG QUESTION IS -- JUST HOW MANY OF THESE CANISTERS ARE THERE?
POTENTIALLY ORLOK HAD YEARS TO LAY THE GROUNDWORK. THERE COULD BE DOZENS OF OTHER BIO-WEAPONS HIDDEN ALL OVER THE CITY.
CREEP'S COLD IN HIS GRAVE AND JUST AS DANGEROUS AS EVER...

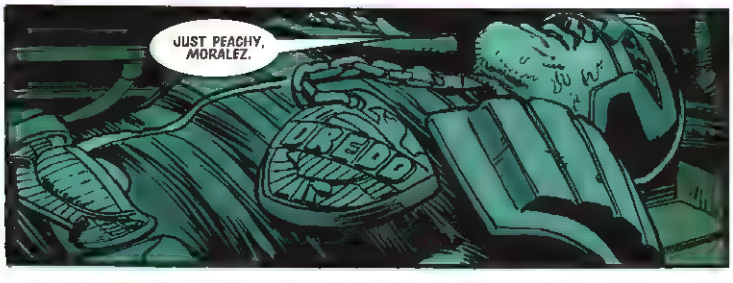

HE RECOGNISED HE WAS IN SHOCK -- RECOGNISED TOO THAT HE COULDN'T LET HIMSELF GIVE IN TO IT.
GIVE IN NOW AND HE'D LOSE HIS MIND FOR SURE. THE CRACKS WERE ALREADY STARTING TO SHOW.

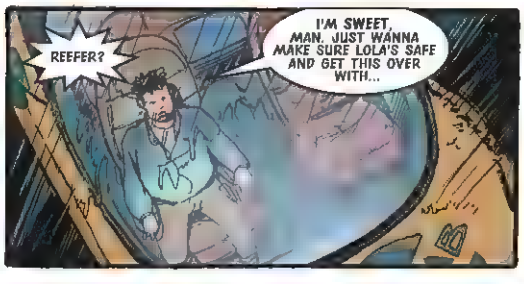

HOW HAD HIS LIFE GONE SO WRONG SO QUICKLY?
THAT ONE DROP-JUMP HAD SNOWBALLED INTO AN AVALANCHE AND HE WAS SLAP-BANG IN ITS PATH
WHAT HE WOULDN'T GIVE TO TURN IT ALL BACK..

GET UP, KID.
YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO KEEP IF YOU WANT TO HELP YOUR GIRLFRIEND.
WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THIS PLACE THEY'RE HOLED UP IN?
WIND FARM 5 IS PART OF THE EXPERIMENTAL SUSTAINABLE ENERGY PROGRAMME SET UP DURING THE VOLT REFORMS OF 2117.
NOT A BIG SUCCESS. HIGH MAINTENANCE AND LOW PRODUCTIVITY. THE COMPLEX IS MOSTLY AUTOMATED NOW WITH JUST A SKELETON STAFF OF MANUAL WORKERS.
NATURALLY, WE ASSUME THE STAFF HAVE BEEN NEUTRALISED
EXIT

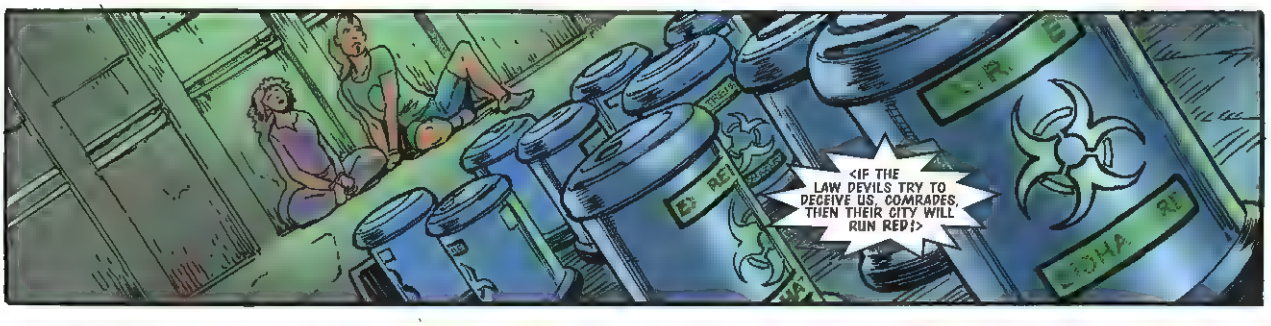
HOW CLOSE CAN WE GET WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED? CAN WE PUT SNIPERS IN POSITION? SUBAQUA? SPY-IN-THE-SKY?
NOT FEASIBLE. THE RIG MIGHT BE OUTDATED BUT ITS SONAR AND RADAR SYSTEMS ARE STILL VERY MUCH INTACT
SAT-SWEEP SHOWED FIVE HEAT SIGNATURES IN THE TARGET AREA. DISCOUNTING REEFER'S FRIENDS, THAT LEAVES THREE HOSTILES.
ANY IDEAS WHAT TECH THEY MIGHT BE PACKING?
WE'RE ASSUMING IT'S PRETTY LOW-LEVEL. CREEPS HAD NO REASON TO THINK THEIR PLAN WOULD BLOW UP IN THEIR FACES LIKE THIS.
THE IRONY HERE, DREDD, IS THAT YOUR PERP DID US A FAVOUR.
IF HE HADN'T JUMPJACKED THAT GUY AND DRAWN THE SOVS OUT OF HIDING, WE COULD BE LOOKING AT THOUSANDS OF DEAD BY NOW.
YEAH. KID'S A REGULAR FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.
MAINTENANCE BAY --
WELL, EISNER? CAN YOU GET ME ONTO THAT WIND FARM UNNOTICED?
CITI-CAB
SAFETY NOTICE
SURE CAN -- BUT IT AIN'T GONNA BE NO JOYRIDE. WE'RE ASSUMING THE SOVS HAVE THERMAL IMAGING TECH SO WE'VE REFITTED THE HOVER-CAB WITH THAT IN MIND.
WE'VE PUT YOU AS CLOSE TO THE ENGINE UNIT AS POSSIBLE TO MASK YOUR HEAT SIGNATURE
ONLY TROUBLE IS IT'S GONNA REACH A DRY-AIR TEMPERATURE OF AROUND 90 DEGREES CENTIGRADE IN UNDER AN HOUR SO YOU DON'T WANNA GET STUCK IN NO SKY-JAMS
WE FITTED THE CAB WITH SPY-CAMS, FRONT AND BACK, AND SET UP A THREE-WAY COMM-LINK BETWEEN YOU, REEFER AND MORALEZ.
WE ALSO SUBSTITUTED ORLOK'S HAND WITH ONE FROM RESYK. IT HAS A SYNTHI-SKIN PALM-GRAFT THAT BIODEGRADES AFTER TEN MINUTES' EXPOSURE TO AIR.
CITI-CAB
1050
MANTAS ARE READY ON STANDBY, DREDD, BUT ONCE YOU HIT THAT RIG YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN


APPROACHING TARGET NOW
YOU ALL SNUG IN THERE, DREDD?


JUST PEACHY, MORALEZ.
DREDD


REEFER?
I'M SWEET, MAN. JUST WANNA MAKE SURE LOLA'S SAFE AND GET THIS OVER WITH...

<VASSILY -- MIKHAIL -- HE'S CROSSING THE RIVER NOW.>
<GET THE GIRL READY.>


<IF THE LAW DEVILS TRY TO DECEIVE US, COMRADES, THEN THEIR CITY WILL RUN RED!>

LAND ON THE PLATFORM! LEAVE THE VEHICLE WITH BOTH HANDS IN VIEW AND MAKE NO SUDDEN MOVES!
< ONLY ONE HEAT SIGNATURE ON BOARD, VASSILY. HE CAME ALONE. >
< BRING OUT THE GIRL. >
WHERE IS SHE, MORALEZ? WHERE'S LOLA?
WE HAVE 'EM, DREDD. ONE HOSTILE ON THE LANDING PAD. TWO HOSTAGES AND TWO HOSTILES IN THE CONTROL CABIN.
DO WE HAVE ID YET?
DATABASE COMPARISON STILL RUNNING. WE'RE CROSSREFFING WITH EUROPOL AND BRIT-CIT INTEL. COULD BE THAT --
WE GOT A MATCH!
TARGET ON THE PLATFORM IS ANATOLY KHOVALYG -- RENEGADE TACTICS AND COUNTER-TERRORISM EXPERT WANTED BY THE MONGOLIAN FREE STATE ON CHARGES OF TREASON.
GOOD BOY. NOW, GIVE ME THE HAND
W-WHERE IS SHE, MAN?
I DID EVERY GRUDDAMN THING YOU WANTED BUT I'M NOT GIVING YOU THE CRUD OFF MY CREEPERS TILL LOLA'S DOWN HERE WITH ME, DIG?
THE GOON JUST LEAVING THE CONTROL CABIN IS VASSILY GRUSHKO -- AKA "THE SIBERIAN". STRICTLY OLD-SCHOOL SOV STREET MAFIA.
PROFILE ON THESE GUYS SUGGESTS ROGUES AND MERCS RATHER THAN SOV AGENTS
12
MAKES A CONVENIENT COVER STORY, DOESN'T IT? SOVS SAY THEY'RE ROGUE ELEMENTS THEY CAN DECLAIM ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THEM.
YOU HAVE A VERY SUSPICIOUS MIND THERE, DREDD.
KEPT ME ALIVE SO FAR.

REEFER!
LOLA!
OH BABY...OH LOLA, SWEETHEART... THANK GRUD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! THEY DIDN'T HURT YOU OR NOTHING, DID THEY?
I-I'M OKAY, REEF. TH-THEY DIDN'T HARM US BUT THEY'VE STILL GOT MOXXY TIED UP IN THERE
ENOUGH. THE GIRL IS HERE. NOW GIVE ME THE HAND.
S-SURE THING, MAN! WHATEVER YOU SAY! GOT IT RIGHT HERE WRAPPED UP SAFE AND SOUND IN MY MOM'S OLD SNAP-PACK, SEE?
DO YOU KNOW WHO'S HAND THIS WAS?
M-ME? HOW'D I FIGURE A THING LIKE THAT, MAN? I LOOK LIKE A PALM-READER TO YOU? I JUST CAME HERE TO GET MY CHICK BACK, YOU DIG?
I STUMBLED INTO THIS BY ACCIDENT. I'D KNOWN WHAT WAS GOING DOWN HERE, MAN, I'D NEVER HAVE JUMPJACKED YOUR GUY IN THE FIRST PLACE...
< WE HAVE CONFIRMATION, ANATOLY THE PALMPRINT IS A MATCH. >
GOOD. THEN KILL THEM.
NOW, DREDD! SOV'S MAKING HIS MOVE!
REEFER
N-NO, MAN... YOU CAN'T...W-WE HAD A DEAL

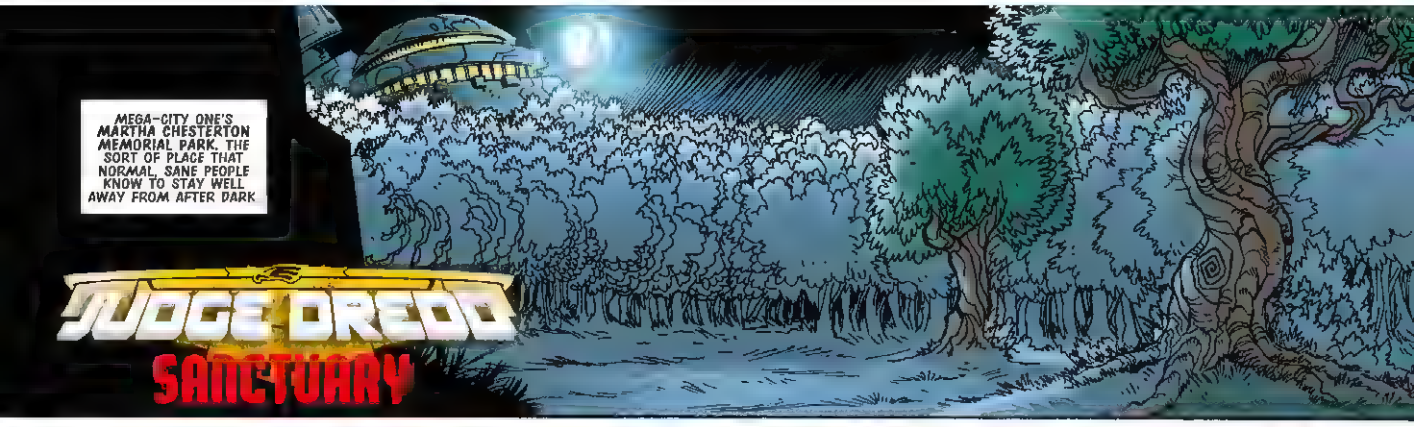
DROP IT!
DREDD!
BLAM!
REEFER!
WHAT IS THIS, DIRTBAG? GET YOUR MOTHERDROKKIN' HANDS OFF HER OR I SWEAR I'LL--
DON'T BE A FOOL, SON. YOU GET HIM ANY MORE ANTSY HE'S LIABLE TO PUT A BULLET IN HER HEAD.
NIET!
DREDD!
YOUR FRIENDS WILL PAY FOR THAT BETRAYAL!
THWAK

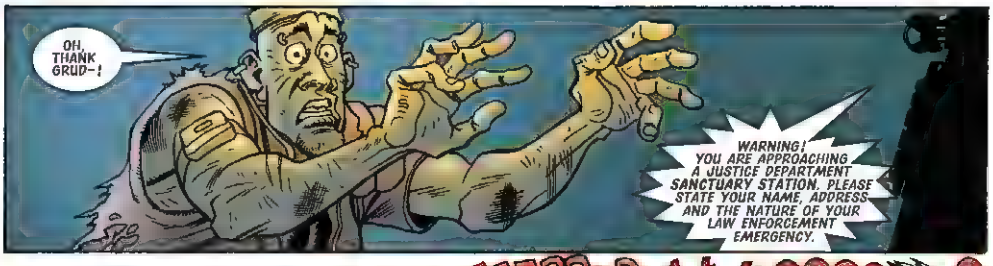
THIS CREEP'S A PRO DREDD. USED HUMAN SHIELDS IN THE NOVGOROD CONFLICT THREE YEARS BACK. HIS M.O.'S TO SACRIFICE 'EM AT THE LAST MINUTE.
GIVE IT UP, KHOVALYG!
PUT DOWN THE BLASTER AND LET THE GIRL GO! YOU ARE COMMITTING AN ACT OF UNPROVOKED AGGRESSION ON MEGA-CITY SOIL!
NHN...
CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, JERK-OFF...THAT'S MY EX-SQUEEZE AND MY EX-BEST FRIEND OUT THERE..
D-DON'T SHOOT! THEY'VE GOT MOXXY INSIDE! MOXXY AND THESE CANISTERS OF POISON --
SHUT YOUR MOUTH, BITCH!
AAAGH!
KRUNK
EXTREME
EXTREME
BIOHAZA
BIOHAZA
P-PLEASE! YOU'RE H-HURTING ME!
HURT? ONCE WE'RE IN THAT CONTROL ROOM I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!
..L-LOLA...
-ghaak-
..D-DO GOOD, BABY..
MIKHAIL!
< OPEN UP! OPEN THE-- >
AAAHHH!

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, KHOVALYG! THERE'S NOTHING BUT BLACK ATLANTIC ALL AROUND US!
DROP THIS NOW AND YOU HAVE MY WORD YOU'LL GET FAIR TREATMENT!
DREDD? WHERE'S THE KID?
WHERE'S REEFER?
LIKE ORLOK GOT A FAIR TRIAL? LIKE MY PEOPLE GOT FAIR TREATMENT WHEN YOU NUKED THEM INTO RUBBLE?
I SPIT ON YOUR WORD, JUDGE-SCUM!
GOT AN AUTO-QUARANTINE REDLIT ON THE MAINBOARD DREDD.
THE CANISTERS MUST HAVE RUPTURED. CONTROL CABIN JUST DEPRESSURISED. BOTH TARGETS IN THERE HAVE TO BE DEAD.
EASY NOW ...EEEASY...
CATCH THE UPSWING...
SHE'S TOO CLOSE FOR A RICOCHET SHOT, MORALEZ. CAN'T RISK PUNCTURING THE CABIN.
FWAM
DON'T LET HIM HOLE IT EITHER. CURRENT WIND DIRECTION, A TOX-SPILL WOULD TAKE OUT HALF THE EAST SIDE.
THWOP

THWOOP
THWOOP
THWOOP
HE'S HEADING FOR THE MED-BAY JUST BEHIND THE TURBINES. THERE'S A FIRST-AID SHUTTLE ON TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR STANDBY
OOOH THAT. SOON AS HE'S OUT OF RANGE OF THE CABIN I CAN TAKE THE SHOT
SHIFT
END OF THE LINE, CYKA. I NEED NO HOSTAGES WHERE I AM GOING --
HANG ON TIGHT, BABY!

WAWN
WAWN
TH-WOOP
OH.
LATER --
GET DECONTAM UNITS UP THERE PRONTO, FISK. QUARANTINE AND BOING'-WRAP THE HOT ZONE.
HOW MANY TOXIN LOADS WE LOOKIN' AT?
NINE IN THE CABIN. BUT THERE MAY BE OTHERS. FOR ALL WE KNOW THERE COULD BE SOV BIO-MUNITIONS STASHED ALL OVER THIS CITY.
PSU AND FORENSICS HAVE GOT SOME SERIOUS OVERTIME TO LOOK FORWARD TO.
REEFER -- LOLA -- YOU KIDS WANT DROPPING OFF ANYWHERE?
DUDE. YOU MEAN WE'RE FREE TO WALK AWAY FROM HERE?
YOU WERE STUPID AND HOT-HEADED, KID, BUT IF YOU HADN'T PULLED THAT JUMPJACK STUNT WE MIGHT ALL BE ON MASS-GRAVE DETAIL RIGHT NOW.
BESIDES, YOU LOST FAMILY. FIGURE YOU GOT WOUNDS OF YOUR OWN TO HEAL. LET'S JUST HOPE FOR BOTH OUR SAKES WE DON'T RUN INTO EACH OTHER ANY TIME SOON.
'SA DEAL, MAN.
DE-CONTAM
DECONTA
COME ON, REEF. HOW ABOUT WE STIFF OUT AT MY PLACE OVER A SLURPACK AND A BOWL OF FRISCO FRIES?
WHATEVER YOU WANT, BABY. AFTER ALL THIS RUCKUS THE GREAT INDOORS SOUNDS FINE TO ME.
THE END





SCRIPT
GORDON RENNIE

ART
PJ HOLDEN

COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE

LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

BEATS ME WHY THE LOCAL SECTOR CHIEF STILL ALLOWS YOU TO STAY OPEN PLACE LIKE THIS OUT HERE IS JUST A REGULAR PERP MAGNET.
ST JAKE'S GRUD ON THE GREEN. SERVICES DAILY ~ ALL WELCOME
IT'S GRUD'S WILL, JUDGE WELL, THAT AND THE FACT THAT THE TERMS OF MR CHESTERTON'S ENDOWMENT TO THE CITY INCLUDES A CLAUSE GUARANTEEING THE CONTINUED EXISTENCE OF THIS CHURCH.
I'LL ADMIT MY FLOCK IS A SMALL ONE, BUT I THINK OF THIS CHURCH AS A SANCTUARY, A PLACE OF REFUGE FROM THE MADNESS OF THE CITY.
WE'RE ALL GRUD'S CHILDREN, JUDGE, EVEN THE POOR UNFORTUNATES WHO INHABIT THIS PARK.
YOUR CHOICE, FATHER. DON'T SAY YOU WEREN'T WARNED. NEXT TIME ONE OF THESE "POOR UNFORTUNATES" TRIES TO CARVE YOU UP WITH A FLIK-LAS.
DREDD-- SANCTUARY STATION ACTIVATED, NORTH-WEST QUAD OF THE PARK. YOU'RE THE NEAREST UNIT.
ON MY WAY, CONTROL. ONE FOR THE PICK-UP, ST BOB'S GRUD ON THE GREEN.
THE CIT IN THE SANCTUARY STATION--PATCH ME THROUGH TO HIM

THIS IS JUDGE DREDD, CITIZEN. ANY IDEA WHO YOUR ATTACKER WAS?
IT WASN'T A WHO, JUDGE! IT WAS A WHAT!
IT WAS SOME KIND OF CREATURE! IT CAME OUT OF NOWHERE, KILLED 'EM ALL BEFORE ANY OF US COULD EVEN SCREAM!
YOU'RE SAFE NOW, CITIZEN. I'M LESS THAN TWO MINUTES AWAY
NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, JUDGE...
BOOOOOM
...IT'S HERE! IT'S STILL AFTER ME!
WARNING! DAMAGING JUSTICE DEPARTMENT PROPERTY IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE. JUDGES HAVE BEEN INFORMED AND ARE ON THEIR WAY.
YOU ARE TO PLACE YOURSELF UNDER VOLUNTARY ARREST AND REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE UNTIL--

CONTROL --UNIDENTIFIED CREATURE ON THE RAMPAGE, CHESTERTON MEMORIAL PARK. COULD BE THE PARK BEAST.
THE PARK BEAST? THOUGHT THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AN URBAN LEGEND?
TELL THAT TO THE CIT IT'S PICKED TO BE TONIGHT'S SYNTHI-MEAT IN A CAN DINNER, CONTROL.
YOU TWO-- PUBLIC INDECENCY, SIX MONTH SENTENCE. TURN YOURSELVES IN AT THE NEAREST SECTOR HOUSE.
GOT YOU IN SIGHT NOW, CITIZEN. JUST A FEW SECONDS MORE.
RELAX, DREDD--THOSE SANCTUARY STATIONS ARE MADE OF ARMOURED PLASTI-STEEL. THE TEKS SAY THEY'RE DESIGNED TO WITH STAND LAS-CANNON IMPACTS
BETTER GET IN TOUCH WITH TEK-DIVISION, CONTROL...
...TELL THEM THEY'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARDS ON THESE THINGS.
KRRRRRR
DREDD

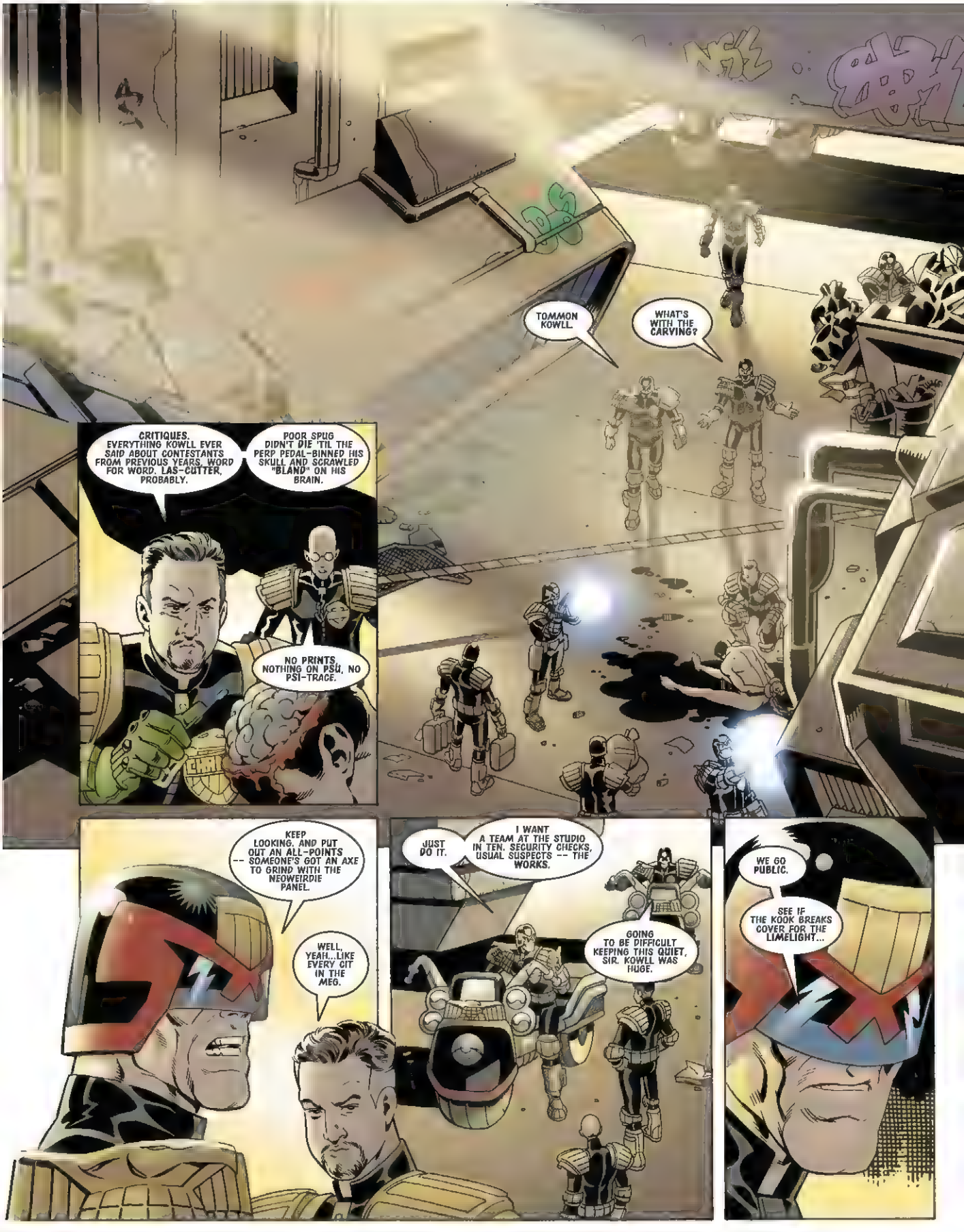
03
GRUD--
CONTROL-- THAT'S A DEFINITE CONFIRMED ON THAT URBAN LEGEND SIGHTING.
CHUNK
READ THE SIGNS AT THE PARK ENTRANCE, FREAK--
--NO ANIMALS ALLOWED WITHOUT A LEASH!

LATER--
...THE BLOOD TRAIL STOPS FURTHER INTO THE WOODS. NO SIGN OF IT ON INFRA-RED. IT'S LIKE THE THING JUST DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR...
MUST HAVE A LAIR SOMEWHERE IN THE PARK. GRUD KNOWS WHERE WE'RE GOING TO GET THE MANPOWER TO EVER SEARCH THIS PLACE PROPERLY.
WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WAS?
PROBABLY SOME KIND OF MUTIE SPECIES...
"SOON AS THE TEKS GET THOSE BLOOD SAMPLES ANALYSED, WE'LL KNOW BETTER WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH."
HELLO? IS SOMEONE THERE..?
I KNOW SOMEONE'S HERE. THERE'S NO NEED TO BE AFRAID.
OH DEAR GRUD-!
RRRRR
CHESTERTON
OH MY POOR CHILD... WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU NOW?
THE END

CULTYEAH
WITH MERK AWSOME
JUDGE DREDD
NEOWEIRDIES
WELCOME BACK, VULTURES. IT'S BEEN TOO LONG.
TONIGHT'S CAROUSE ON THE CULTURAL WURLITZER OFFLOADS INTO THE ANNUAL NEOWEIRDIE AWARDS, WITH EXCLUSIVE ACCESS AND EXTREME ACRIMONY.
A DECADE ON FROM THE PROTO-FETISH NAIVETE OF THE "WEIRDIE SHOW", THIS YEAR'S CRUCIBLE OF CREATION IS ALREADY COURTING CONTROVERSY...
TAKE SECTOR 22'S MAGDA FLEBCLUNG: THE SO-CALLED "HUMAN EQUATION".
COMMITTED, SHE SAYS, TO "CHALLENGING SOCIAL AMBIGUITY USING ABSTRACT FORMULAE." SHE TODAY RATIONALISED THE DELIBERATE EXPOSURE OF HER PRIME VARIABLES IN PUBLIC AS "PLAYING THE NUMBERS".
THE EPISODE COAXED A SCATHING CRITIQUE FROM BOUFFANT TERRIBLE AND COMPETITION RIVAL GRACIE M-N-
PICTURED HERE WITH HER OWN ENTRY PIECE, "EVERYONE I EVER SLEPT WITH AND HAD GRAFTED ONTO MY BODY".
EQUATIONS? DROKK THE EQUATIONS! MAGDA DROKKING FLEBCLUNG PLUS ART EQUALS--
...BUT THEN THE EVER-TRUCULENT M-N HAS A HISTORY OF SUCH EJACULATION, HAVING FAMOUSLY DISMISSED THE WORK OF FIERY FAVOURITE DINKIE CHAPS -- THE "INSIDE-OUT MAN"--
--AS "A PATHETIC ATTEMPT TO GET CHICKS". HIS THOUGHTS ON THAT:
OHSWEET GRUDITHURTSOH JOVUS--
STORY SIMON SPURRIER
ART PAUL MARSHALL
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE & SIMON BOWLAND
WHO BETTER TO NAVIGATE THIS MORASS OF PERENNIAL PRODIGALITY THAN A VETERAN BODY ARTIST OF 22 YEARS AND A FORMER WINNER OF THE WEIRDIE SHOW?
HE'S THE WIELDER OF A PROBOSCIS MORE MOLIMINOUS THAN MY AUTOCUE'S VOCABULARY, AND -- FOLLOWING THE UNTIMELY SUICIDE OF MAXIM GENKO -- SERVES AS A REPLACEMENT EXPERT ON THIS YEAR'S PANEL.
I GIVE YOU... CITIZEN J. F. SNORK.
EVENING, MERK.

YOU'RE LOOKING WELL, JAMES. AND THAT'S QUITE AN OUTFIT: BUREAUCRATIC, BLEAK, BLAND. IRONY, THY NAME IS SNORK.
INCIDENTALLY, MY LEGION OF RESEARCHERS SUGGEST I REFERENCE THE NEW LOOK. HOW WENT THE PROMOTION TOUR?
UH...
JUST GREAT, MERK. ALL THESE YEARS, IT'S STILL A GIFT TO SEE THE SNORKFANS BUYING INTO THE LATEST ACCESSORIES.
FLEX-SERVOS, PHOTOCHROMATIC HOLOTOOBS, BUILT-IN A.I. CHATTERBOXES AND A DOZEN OTHER POINTLESS ROBOTIC ADD-ONS. PRETTY WEIRD, HUH?
INDUBITABLY, DEAR BOY, INDUBITABLY ...BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
IT...IT DOESN'T EXACTLY MEAN ANYTHING, MERK, IT'S--
JAMES, I'M ROLLING MY EYES. THE AUTOCUE TOLD ME TO.
BUT...BUT DON'T YOU SEE, THIS IS EXACTLY THE PROBLEM! ALL THIS DAMNED SUBTEXT! IT'S THE SAME WITH THE AWARDS--
--WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WEIRDNESS FOR THE SAKE OF WEIRDNESS?
I'LL LET THE PLEBIANS FIELD THAT ONE, JAMES.
HAHAHAHA
INCIDENTALLY, THERE'S ONE ACCESSORY OVER HERE THOSE SO-CALLED SNORKFANS OF YOURS NEGLECTED TO APPROVE... CARE TO EXPOUND?
H-HIM? UH, HE'S JUST MY BODYGUARD FOR A WHILE...IT'S NOTHING--
BODYGUARD? ARE YOU IN DANGER? THE AUTOCUE WANTS MORE, JAMES. THE AUTOCUE HUNGERS FOR YOUR GOSSIP. THE AUTOCUE--
THE AUTOCUE ASKS TOO MANY QUESTIONS.
INTERVIEW TERMINATED

THE CULTURE CHANNEL, STUDIO NINE--
...A TRIUMPH OF MISCHIEF OVER BANALITY! UTTERLY HYPERWHELMING!
BLAH
BLAH
...IT'S CHEEKY, SATIRICAL DECONSTRUCTIVISM OF THE MOST MASTERFUL KIND.
I HATE IT.
UH. W-WELL...I GUESS IT IS PRETTY WEIRD. I SORT OF LIKE IT, ACTU--
HAH! ONLY TO BE EXPECTED FROM A WASHED-UP GLORON WITH A PHALLUS FOR A FACE!
THIS TRAVESTY IS POST-TESTICLISM AT ITS MOST REPREHENSIBLE! IT'S THE CHEAP INCULCATION OF PENILE PROPAGANDA INTO THE ABYSS OF VIRGINAL CREATIVITY, AND--
YOUNG
SNORK
RHEER KOWLL
"POST-TESTICLISM"? GRUD, THESE TEMP GUESTS GET WORSE...
AND STILL NO SIGN OF TOMMON KOWLL
YOU REALLY THINK SOMEONE'S TARGETING THE PANEL?
SURELY GENKO WAS A DEFINITE SUICIDE?
MEATHEAD GURU WRITES A BOOK ON CREATIVE EUTHANASIA, AND THEN CHOOSES HIS OWN ADVICE OVER THE BEST SCREENTIME HE'LL EVER GET?
GENKO
"I DON'T BUY IT. IT'S TOO TIDY"
THE BEAUTIFUL COIL
"BUT, SIR -- THERE'S NO EVIDENCE..."
RHEER
KOWLL
?
THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD GOING ON HERE...
MAYBE NONE TO FIND -- BUT THIS WEIRDIE STOMM BRINGS THE KOOKS STRAIGHT OUT OF THE WOODWORK. I WANT A HELMET STUCK TO EVERY PANEL MEMBER UNTIL KOWLL SHOWS UP OR I SAY DIFFERENT.
DREDD! CONTROL. SOMETHING YOU OUGHTA SEE...

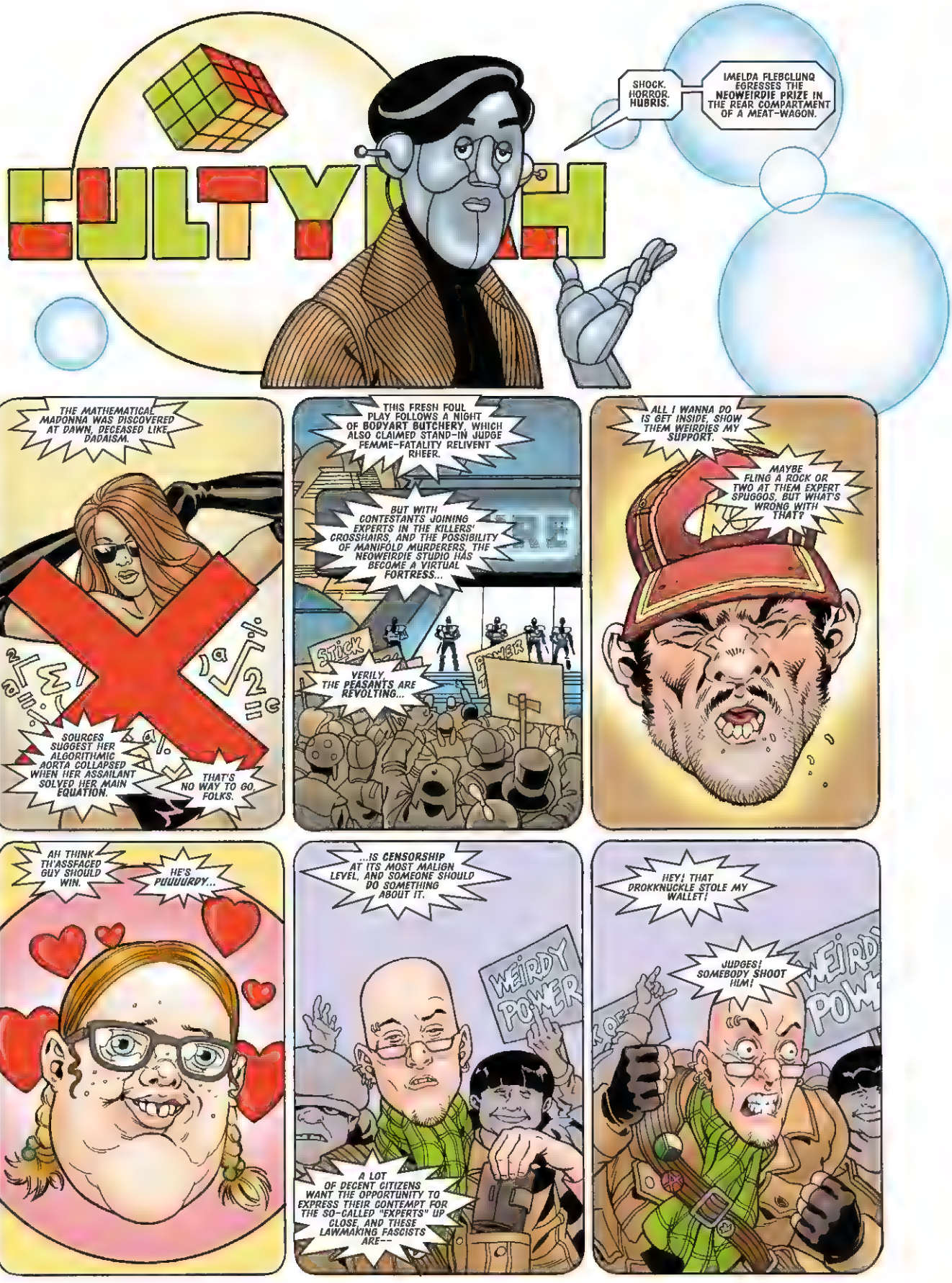

TOMMON KOWLL
WHAT'S WITH THE CARVING?
CRITIQUES. EVERYTHING KOWLL EVER SAID ABOUT CONTESTANTS FROM PREVIOUS YEARS, WORD FOR WORD. LAS-CUTTER, PROBABLY.
POOR SPUG DIDN'T DIE 'TIL THE PERP PEDAL-BINNED HIS SKULL AND SCRAWLED "BLAND" ON HIS BRAIN.
NO PRINTS, NOTHING ON PSU, NO PSI-TRACE.
KEEP LOOKING. AND PUT OUT AN ALL-POINTS -- SOMEONE'S GOT AN AXE TO GRIND WITH THE NEOWEIRDIE PANEL.
WELL, YEAH...LIKE EVERY CIT IN THE MEG.
JUST DO IT.
I WANT A TEAM AT THE STUDIO IN TEN. SECURITY CHECKS, USUAL SUSPECTS -- THE WORKS.
GOING TO BE DIFFICULT KEEPING THIS QUIET, SIR. KOWLL WAS HUGE.
WE GO PUBLIC.
SEE IF THE KOOK BREAKS COVER FOR THE LIMELIGHT...

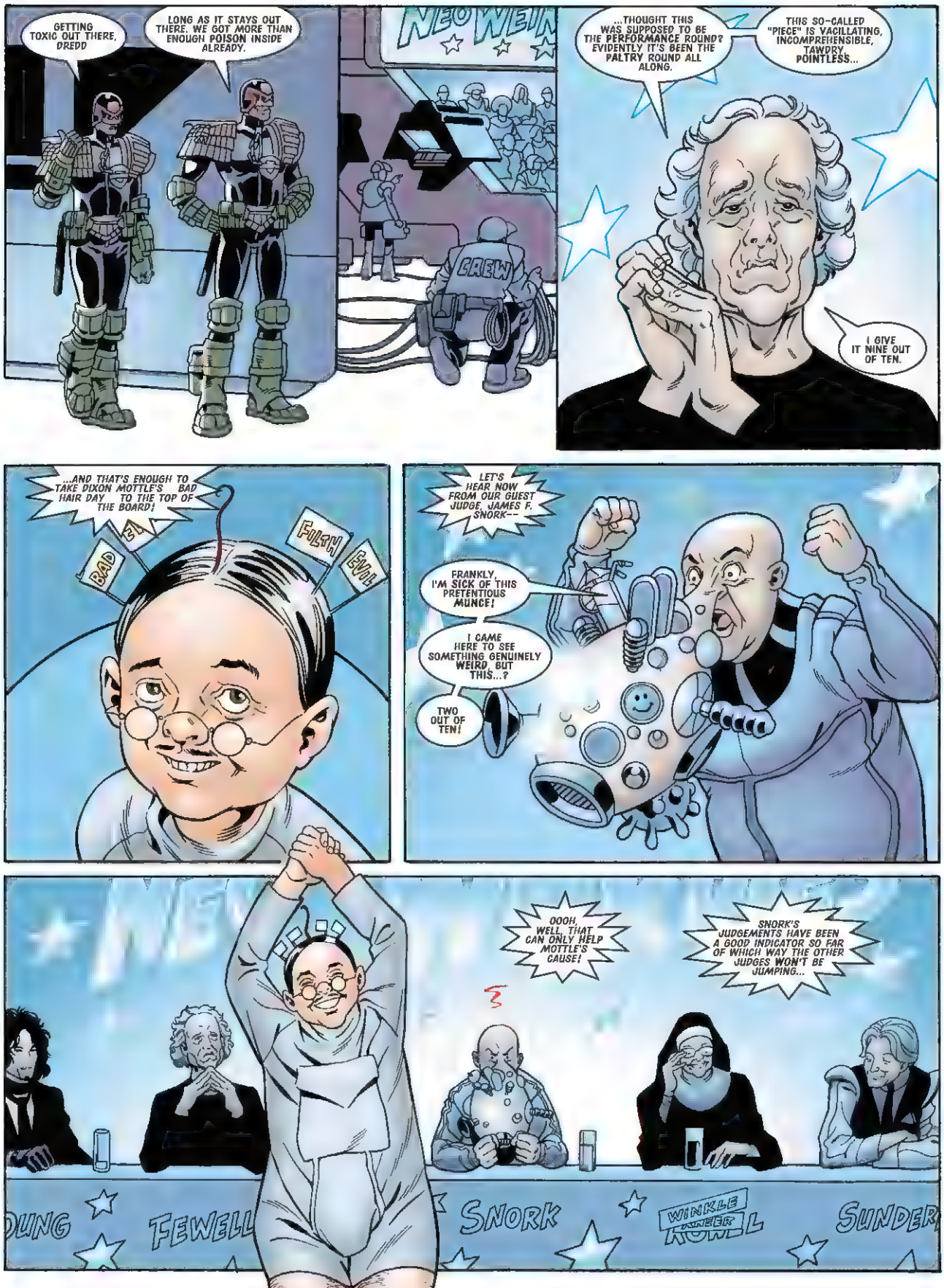
...HAS SEEN THE ATMOSPHERE TURN POSITIVELY PROCELLOUS, AS MURDER MOST MEPHITIC REARED ITS UGLY HEAD WITHIN THE PANEL OF EXPERTS.
A TASKFORCE BENEATH JUDGE DREDD HAS STEPPED UP EVENT SECURITY, PROMPTING FURIOUS ACCUSATIONS OF CENSORSHIP FROM THE ALL-ACCESS LOBBY.
RUMOURS ABOUND THAT JUDGES HAVE INSTIGATED THEIR OPERATION WITH A ROUND-UP OF SURVIVING ALUMNI OF THE NORMAL FRINGE, WHICH INFAMOUSLY CONSPIRED TO END THE WEIRDIE SHOW SOME YEARS AGO.
NO CHARGES RELATING TO THIS WEEK'S VULGARLY LABELLED "EXPERCUTIONS" HAVE YET BEEN ANNOUNCED.
BELLICOSE BODY ARTISTS WHO FAILED TO MAKE THE SHORTLIST HAVE SIMILARLY BEEN TARGETED, WITH FAILED BARRANQUILLA HOPEFUL AND FORMER FELON CHAPMAN BRUZ THE OBVIOUS CANDIDATE.
'AY! DESE SCOMFUX NO WAN ME ON DEY LIST, THEN JU KNOW I NO WASTIN' MY BLADES ON DEM--
BACK AT THE MAIN EVENT, "PURPLE PROSE" CONTESTANT MOOLA MOOLA WAS FINED FOR MISCONDUCT WHEN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TRANSLATED HER SYNAESTHETIC UTTERINGS AS SEDITIOUS REMARKS.
SHE LATER EXPLAINED IT WAS ALL PART OF HER ATTEMPT TO "DE-RATIONALISE THE CONFORMIST STATUS QUO OF SOCIAL COMMUNICATION".
JUDGES WEREN'T LISTENING.
NEVER BEFORE HAS THE ART WORLD BEEN SEIZED WITH SUCH A FUSTIAN FRISSON OF EXPRESSION, EXPECTATION AND EXCITEMENT!
CULTURE
URGENT! LARRINGER! INTRUDER AT RELIVENT RHEER'S PENTHAB! SEND BACK-UP--
THE HELL IS A FRISSON?
TYPE OF RADIATION.

BRAM!
I--I'M HIT! RHEER'S ON HER OWN!
LITTLE SPLUGGER CAME OUT OF NOWHERE!
HOW THE HELL DID H--
JUST.
NOT.
WEIRD.
BLAM!
DROKK!
MS RHEER?
LET ME TEACH YOU ABOUT ART...

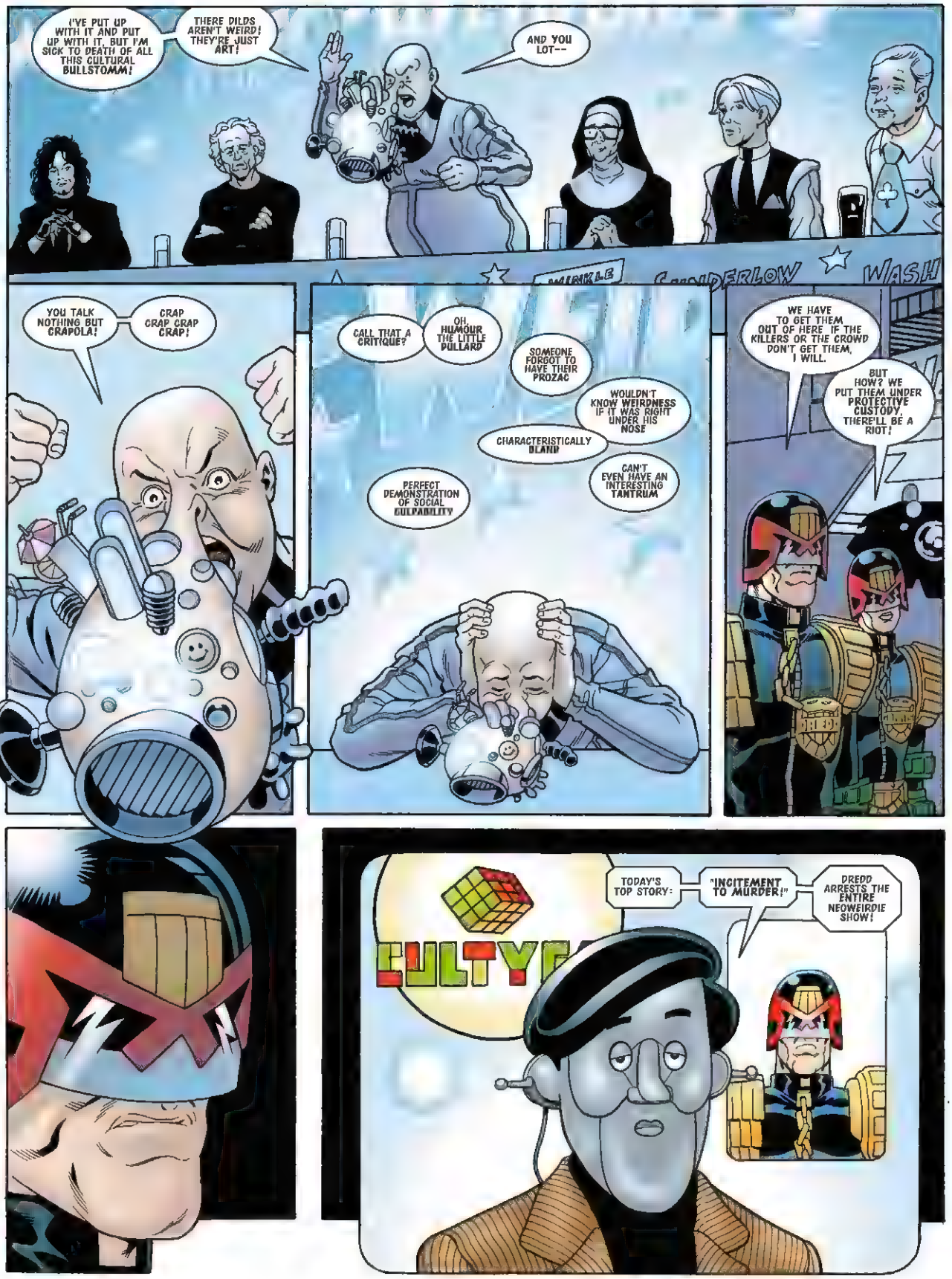
SOMEONE IS MURDERING THE PANEL JUDGES IN THE NEOWEIRDIE COMPETITION. NOW, IN RELIVENT RHEER'S APARTMENT--
FREEZE!
THE CAVALRY -- THANK GRUD. AND IT ONLY TOOK TEN MINUTES.
AS A POOR SIMPERING FEM, I SIMPLY DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD'VE DONE WITHOUT YOU
JUST PUT HIM DOWN, CITIZEN.
LITTLE CRETIN TRIED TO DRUG ME. SOME SORT OF SORDID EMASCULATING PENETRATION FETISH, I IMAGI--
HE'S ESCAPING--!
SKASCHHH!
DROKK!
HOW THE HELL'S HE--
VADOOM

ER... SIR?
AKKKKHHHH--!
F-2 DELTA. IT'S A DERIVATIVE OF THE FRIBB ENZYME RAPID-EFFECT HORMONAL MUTAGEN, WHICH STIMULATES THE--
BASICALLY, HE TURNED HER INTO A MAN. NOT LIFE-THREATENING *PER SE*, BUT SHE WAS SO FREAKED SHE SWALLOWED HER OWN TONGUE.
WHERE WOULD THE PUNK GET SOMETHING LIKE THIS?
MADE IT HIMSELF, PROBABLY. NOT MUCH LEFT OF HIM, BUT THE DNA PROFILE CAME IN.
DENZEL PERKS. BIOCHEMIST AT MEGA-U. NOTHING ON PREVIOUS. NO BAD-NEWS ASSOCIATES...
CARRYING SOME SORT OF CRANIAL EXPLOSIVE --PROBABLY IN A TOOTH -- BUT IT'S ANYONE'S GUESS IF IT WAS HIM OR SOMEONE ELSE SET IT OFF.
A LONE KOOK? NO SUPPORT, NO ORGANISATION...
NO MOTIVE.
C'MON... THIS CITY, IT'S PLAUSIBLE...
AFRAID NOT.
WHO'S DEAD NOW?


CULTY
SHOCK. HORROR. HUBRIS.
IMELDA FLEBCLUNQ EGRESSES THE NEOWEIRDIE PRIZE IN THE REAR COMPARTMENT OF A MEAT-WAGON.
THE MATHEMATICAL MADONNA WAS DISCOVERED AT DAWN, DECEASED LIKE DADAISM.
SOURCES SUGGEST HER ALGORITHMIC AORTA COLLAPSED WHEN HER ASSAILANT SOLVED HER MAIN EQUATION.
THAT'S NO WAY TO GO, FOLKS.
THIS FRESH FOUL PLAY FOLLOWS A NIGHT OF BODYART BUTCHERY, WHICH ALSO CLAIMED STAND-IN JUDGE FEMME-FATALITY RELIVENT RHEER.
BUT WITH CONTESTANTS JOINING EXPERTS IN THE KILLERS' CROSSHAIRS, AND THE POSSIBILITY OF MANIFOLD MURDERERS, THE NEOWEIRDIE STUDIO HAS BECOME A VIRTUAL FORTRESS...
STICK
VERILY, THE PEASANTS ARE REVOLTING...
ALL I WANNA DO IS GET INSIDE, SHOW THEM WEIRDIES MY SUPPORT.
MAYBE FLING A ROCK OR TWO AT THEM EXPERT SPUGGOS, BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?
AH THINK TH'ASSFACED GUY SHOULD WIN.
HE'S PUUUURDY...
...IS CENSORSHIP AT ITS MOST MALIGN LEVEL, AND SOMEONE SHOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.
WEIRDY POWER
A LOT OF DECENT CITIZENS WANT THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPRESS THEIR CONTEMPT FOR THE SO-CALLED "EXPERTS" UP CLOSE, AND THESE LAWMAKING FASCISTS ARE--
HEY! THAT DROKKNUCKLE STOLE MY WALLET!
JUDGES! SOMEBODY SHOOT HIM!


GETTING TOXIC OUT THERE, DREDD
LONG AS IT STAYS OUT THERE. WE GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH POISON INSIDE ALREADY.
NEOWEIRD
CREW
...THOUGHT THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE PERFORMANCE ROUND? EVIDENTLY IT'S BEEN THE PALTRY ROUND ALL ALONG.
THIS SO-CALLED "PIECE" IS VACILLATING, INCOMPREHENSIBLE, TAWDRY, POINTLESS...
I GIVE IT NINE OUT OF TEN.
...AND THAT'S ENOUGH TO TAKE DIXON MOTTLE'S BAD HAIR DAY TO THE TOP OF THE BOARD!
BAD
FILTH
EVIL!
LET'S HEAR NOW FROM OUR GUEST JUDGE JAMES F. SNORK--
FRANKLY, I'M SICK OF THIS PRETENTIOUS MUNCE!
I CAME HERE TO SEE SOMETHING GENUINELY WEIRD, BUT THIS...?
TWO OUT OF TEN!
OOOH, WELL, THAT CAN ONLY HELP MOTTLE'S CAUSE!
SNORK'S JUDGEMENTS HAVE BEEN A GOOD INDICATOR SO FAR OF WHICH WAY THE OTHER JUDGES WON'T BE JUMPING...
DUNG
FEWELL
SNORK
WINKLE KNEER
SUNDER

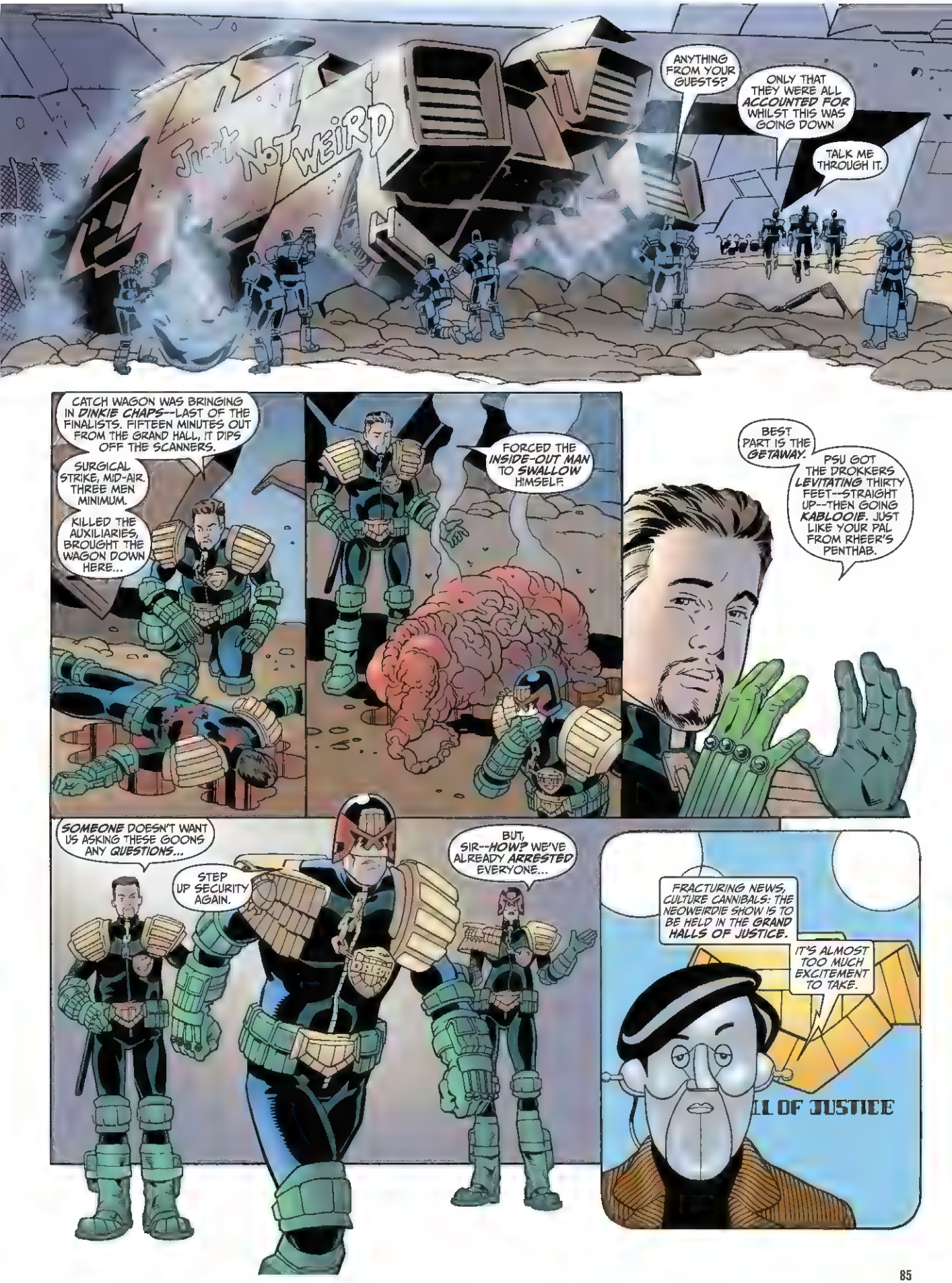
CONK LOOKS LIKE HE'S ABOUT TO EXPLODE...
MEATHEAD'S OUT OF HIS LEAGUE. USED TO BE ENOUGH JUST TO BE A KOOK. NOW YOU GOTTA BE A KOOK WITH MEANI--
KLANG!
MAKING A RUN FOR IT!
WARNING SHOT!
BLAM!
I--I CLEAR! I GOT S-SOM CLEARANCE, SI? I ONLY DROP THE SPANNER!
I ♥ SNORK
WHO IS HE?
HE'S CLEAR, SIR. BEEN THROUGH THE CHECKS, SAME AS EVERYONE.
LIE TESTS, CAVITY SEARCH...WE ONLY HIRED WEIRDIE FANS -- FIGURED IT'D KEEP DOWN THE RISK.
I...I JOS' THE PROPS GUY, JU KNOW?
THIS IS RIDICULOUS. TOO MANY CREWMEN, WALLS MADE OF DROKKING CARD...
CAN'T PROTECT SPUGS LIKE THAT IN A PLACE LIKE THIS...
WORTHLESS, CULTURALLY INCONTINENT, SOCIALLY BANKRUPT.
ONE CAN ONLY ASSUME THE PUBLIC VOTES WITH ITS PITY RATHER THAN ITS PERCEPTION...
STILL, IT HAS A CERTAIN ...JE NE SAIS QUOI...
THAT'S IT!

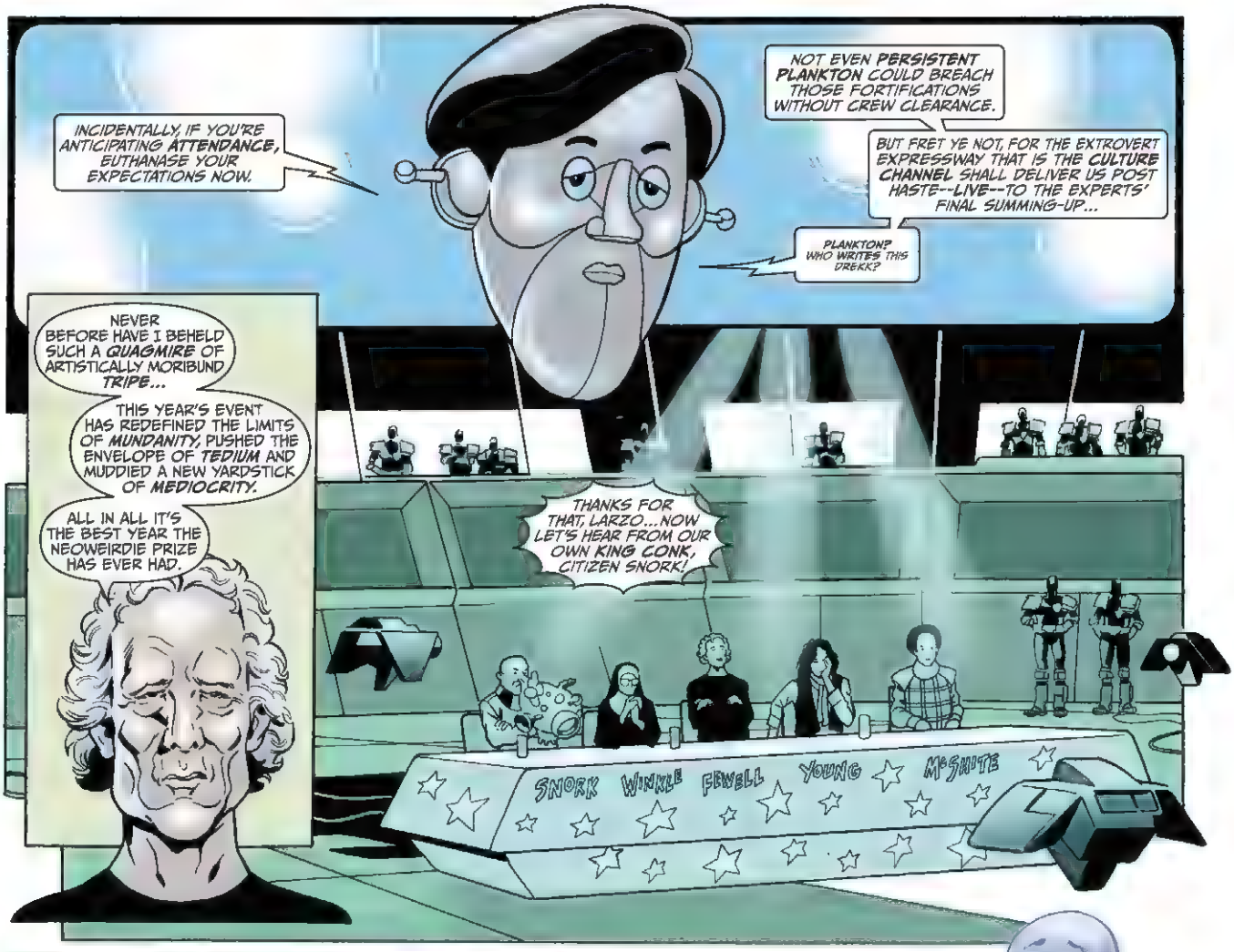

I'VE PUT UP WITH IT AND PUT UP WITH IT, BUT I'M SICK TO DEATH OF ALL THIS CULTURAL BULLSTOMM!
THERE DILDS AREN'T WEIRD! THEY'RE JUST ART!
AND YOU LOT--
YOU TALK NOTHING BUT CRAPOLA!
CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP!
CALL THAT A CRITIQUE?
OH, HUMOUR THE LITTLE PULLARD
SOMEONE FORGOT TO HAVE THEIR PROZAC
WOULDN'T KNOW WEIRDNESS IF IT WAS RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE
CHARACTERISTICALLY BLAND
CAN'T EVEN HAVE AN INTERESTING TANTRUM
PERFECT DEMONSTRATION OF SOCIAL CULPABILITY
WE HAVE TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE IF THE KILLERS OR THE CROWD DON'T GET THEM, I WILL.
BUT HOW? WE PUT THEM UNDER PROTECTIVE CUSTODY, THERE'LL BE A RIOT!
TODAY'S TOP STORY:
"INCITEMENT TO MURDER!"
DREDD ARRESTS THE ENTIRE NEOWEIRDIE SHOW!

AFTER SEVERAL MURDERS AMONGST THE NEOWEIRDIE EXPERTS, DREDD DECIDES TO ARREST THE WHOLE PANEL...
YOU SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, SIR? THESE RICH BOZOS GOT POWERFUL LAWYERBOTS...
CREEPS'RE UNDER ARREST, GARRIS. MIGHT BE FOR THEIR OWN GOOD, BUT THEY'RE STILL OURS.
BE A WASTE NOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY KNOW.
CELL 1
YOU! YOU MASTERMINDED THESE KILLINGS!
'FESS UP!
CELL 2
OH GRUD, OH GRUD, IT'S ALL TRUE!
I USED THE PROFITS FROM THE TAXIDERMY CHARITY AUCTION TO PAY FOR MY HAIR!
CELL 3
B-B-BUT FER SURE SHE SAID SHE WAS OIGHTEEN!
AH JAYSIS, DON'T TELL ME WOIFE, LADS--- OI'M BEGGIN YE!

KEEP THE NOSE STILL, CREEP, OR IT'S COMING OFF!
I-I CAN'T! IT'S THE A.I.! IT'S AUTOMATIC!
OWN UP, PUNK! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MURDERS?

LIE DETECTORS CHECK OUT.
THAT'S ENOUGH. CUBE THE PERPS, FEED THE REST.
LET'S GO SEE WHAT CHANEY'S GOT.


Just NOT WEIRD
ANYTHING FROM YOUR GUESTS?
ONLY THAT THEY WERE ALL ACCOUNTED FOR WHILST THIS WAS GOING DOWN
TALK ME THROUGH IT.
CATCH WAGON WAS BRINGING IN DINKIE CHAPS--LAST OF THE FINALISTS. FIFTEEN MINUTES OUT FROM THE GRAND HALL, IT DIPS OFF THE SCANNERS.
SURGICAL STRIKE, MID-AIR. THREE MEN MINIMUM.
KILLED THE AUXILIARIES, BROUGHT THE WAGON DOWN HERE...
FORCED THE INSIDE-OUT MAN TO SWALLOW HIMSELF.
BEST PART IS THE GETAWAY.
PSU GOT THE DROKKERS LEVITATING THIRTY FEET--STRAIGHT UP--THEN GOING KABLOOIE. JUST LIKE YOUR PAL FROM RHEER'S PENTHAB.
SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT US ASKING THESE GOONS ANY QUESTIONS...
STEP UP SECURITY AGAIN.
BUT, SIR--HOW? WE'VE ALREADY ARRESTED EVERYONE...
FRACTURING NEWS, CULTURE CANNIBALS: THE NEOWEIRDIE SHOW IS TO BE HELD IN THE GRAND HALLS OF JUSTICE.
IT'S ALMOST TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT TO TAKE.
ll OF JUSTICE

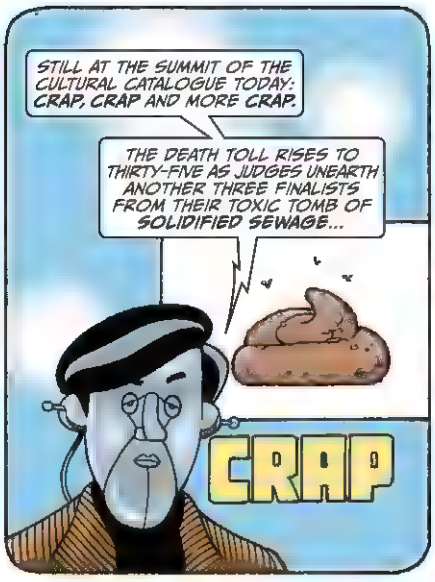

INCIDENTALLY, IF YOU'RE ANTICIPATING ATTENDANCE, EUTHANASE YOUR EXPECTATIONS NOW.
NOT EVEN PERSISTENT PLANKTON COULD BREACH THOSE FORTIFICATIONS WITHOUT CREW CLEARANCE.
BUT FRET YE NOT, FOR THE EXTROVERT EXPRESSWAY THAT IS THE CULTURE CHANNEL SHALL DELIVER US POST HASTE--LIVE--TO THE EXPERTS' FINAL SUMMING-UP...
PLANKTON? WHO WRITES THIS DREKK?
NEVER BEFORE HAVE I BEHELD SUCH A QUAGMIRE OF ARTISTICALLY MORIBUND TRIPE...
THIS YEAR'S EVENT HAS REDEFINED THE LIMITS OF MUNDANITY, PUSHED THE ENVELOPE OF TEDIUM AND MUDDIED A NEW YARDSTICK OF MEDIOCRITY.
ALL IN ALL IT'S THE BEST YEAR THE NEOWEIRDIE PRIZE HAS EVER HAD.
THANKS FOR THAT, LARZO...NOW LET'S HEAR FROM OUR OWN KING CONK, CITIZEN SNORK!
SNORK
WINKLE
FEWELL
YOUNG
M'SHITE

DREDD? CHANEY. MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING HERE.
GO.
IT'S ABOUT OUR FLYING ASSASSINS...
I'VE FOUND SOME INTERESTING MUCUS DEPOSITS. IT'S LOOKING INCREASINGLY LIKELY THE EXPLOSIVES--PROBABLY THE HOV-ENGINES TOO--WERE PACKED INTO OUR ASSAILANTS' SINUSES.
THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

...STILL A GIFT TO SEE THE SNORK-FANS BUYING INTO THE LATEST ACCESSORIES..
I JOS' THE PROPS GUY, JJ KNOW?..
...WE ONLY HIRED WEIRDIE-FANS--FIGURED IT'D KEEP DOWN THE RISK.
SNO
THE SNORK
DROKK!

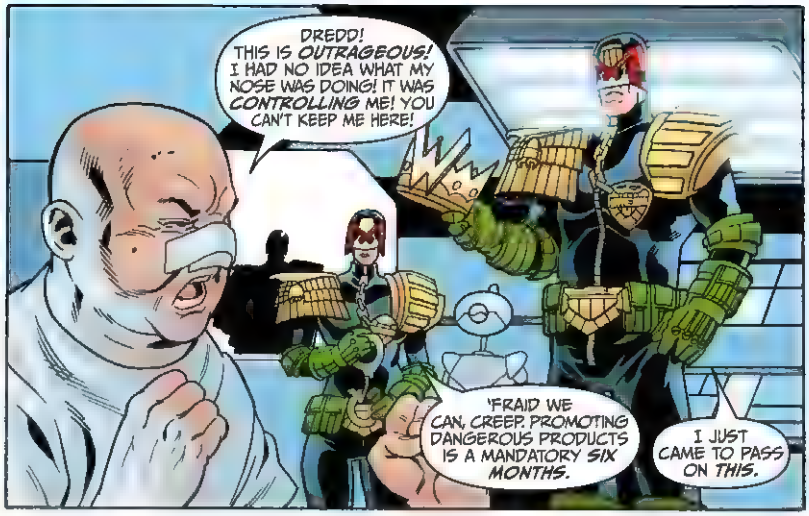
CONTROL? DREDD! RUN A SEARCH!
HOW MANY CREWMEN AT THE NEOWEIRDIES IN THE SNORK FANCLUB?
JH...
...AND BELIEVE WEIRDNESS SHOULD BE FREE OF EXPRESSIVE CONSTRAINTS, AVAILABLE FOR EVERYONE, FUNDAMENTALLY MEANINGLESS AND--
SOMEBODY STOP HIM BEFORE I VOMIT--
I WANT TO MAKE A POINT ABOUT CONFORMISM IN CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY--
ENOUGH!
HELP ME! SOMEONE HELP M--
NOW THAT'S WEIRD..
OH, GO TO SLEEP.

I TRIED TO WARN YOU! DIDN'T I SAY? IT'S JUST NOT WEIRD, I SAID!
YOU WANT CRAPOLA? YOU LIKE CRAPOLA?
I'LL GIVE YOU CRAPOLA!
CURIOUS SCENES FROM THE STUDIO.
MY VERDICT: MEDIOCRE.
ARMOUR PIERCING!
BOOAAHMM
Y-YOU'RE TOO LATE, DREDD– ZZZK–
S-SNORKBOTS–VVK– THE SPRINKLERS!
YES, MAAASTER...
OH STOMM...
RESPIRATORS DOWN!


STILL AT THE SUMMIT OF THE CULTURAL CATALOGUE TODAY: CRAP, CRAP AND MORE CRAP.
THE DEATH TOLL RISES TO THIRTY-FIVE AS JUDGES UNEARTH ANOTHER THREE FINALISTS FROM THEIR TOXIC TOMB OF SOLIDIFIED SEWAGE...
CRAP

SO THE A.I. IN HIS NOSE WAS FAULTY?
RIGHT. BASIC MEGALOMANIA MALFUNCTION. THE CONK TOOK EXCEPTION TO ALL THE SCORN--WANTED TO MAKE A POINT.
FIGURED OUT HOW TO CONTROL ALL THE FANS WHO'D BOUGHT REPLICAS.
FIRST ONE MENTIONS BEING LED BY THE NOSE IS ON REPORT.

ON A MORE BUOYANT BYTE, THE SURVIVING EXPERTS--SPEAKING TODAY FROM THEIR RECOVERY WARD--HAVE FINALLY ANNOUNCED A WINNER OF THE NEOWEIRDIE PRIZE...
JUDGEMENT

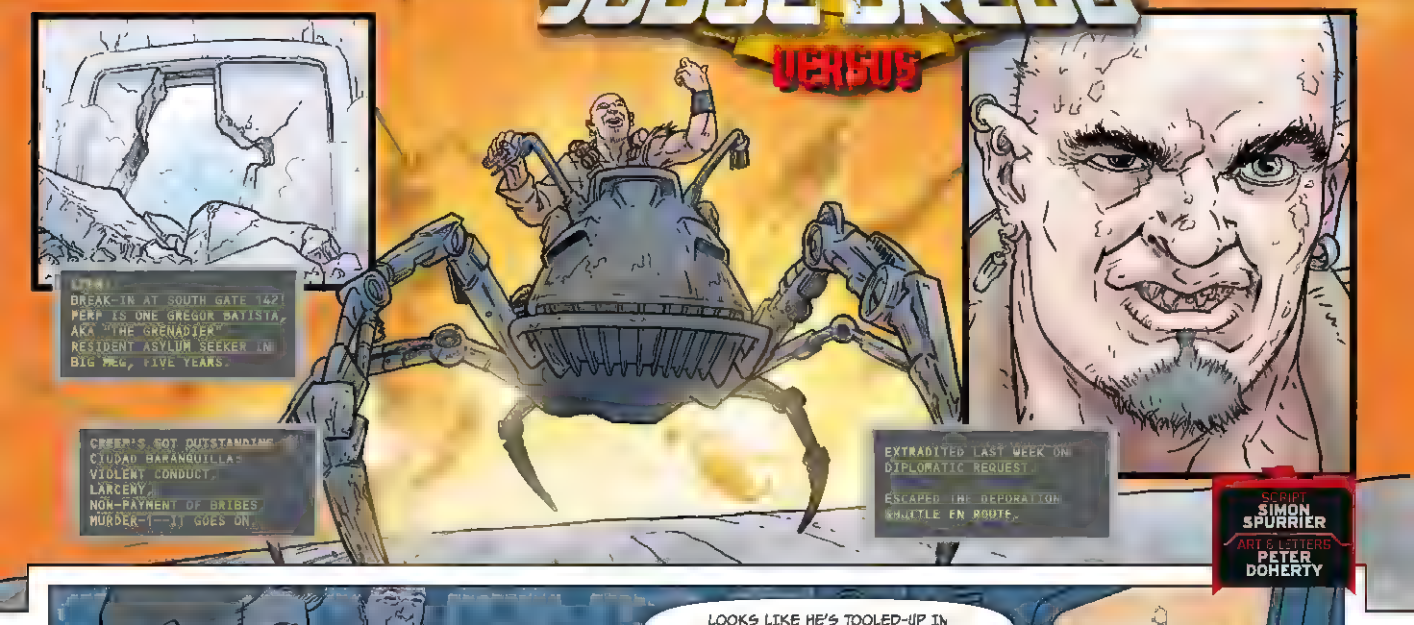

DREDD! THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! I HAD NO IDEA WHAT MY NOSE WAS DOING! IT WAS CONTROLLING ME! YOU CAN'T KEEP ME HERE!
'FRAID WE CAN, CREEP. PROMOTING DANGEROUS PRODUCTS IS A MANDATORY SIX MONTHS.
I JUST CAME TO PASS ON THIS.

COMES WITH A NOTE.
"FOR HIS OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION TO THE VISCERAL DESTRUCTIVISM OF ARTISTIC SPECTACLE, EXPRESSED AS A WASTE PRODUCT OF SOCIETY'S EXCESSES."
BUT... BUT...
CHIN UP, SNORK. YOU DESERVE IT.

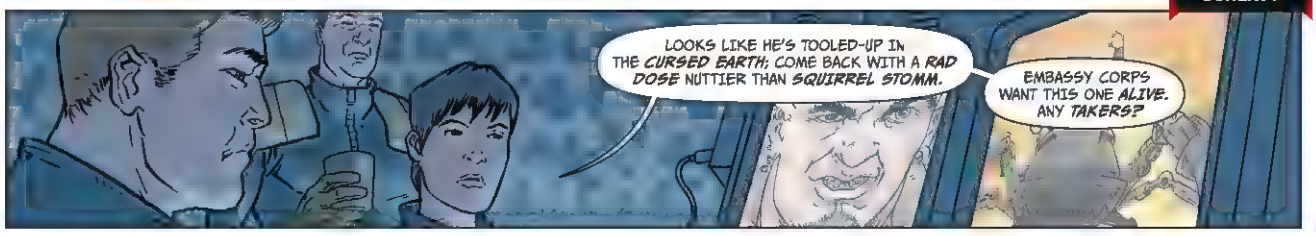
MAN WITH A PSYCHOTIC NOSE.
DEFINITELY WEIRD.

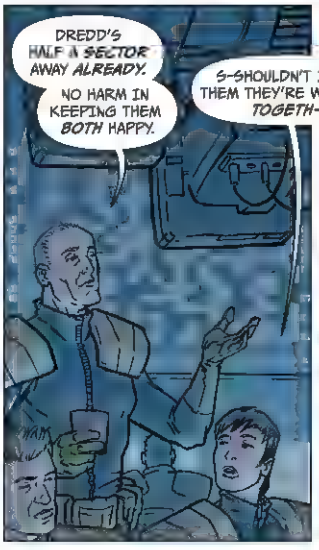
...SO THERE YOU GO. ALL RATHER BLAND, IF YOU WANT THE OPINION OF THIS ROBOT'S AUTOCUE.
NEXT UP: YAK PUPPETRY!
THE END

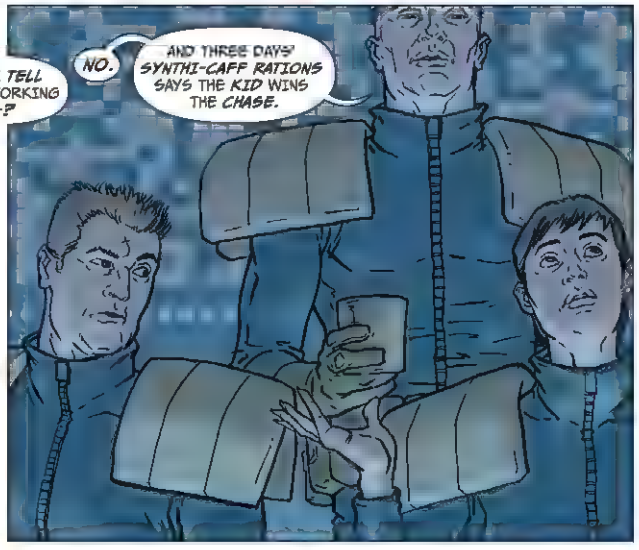
JUDGE DREDD VERSUS

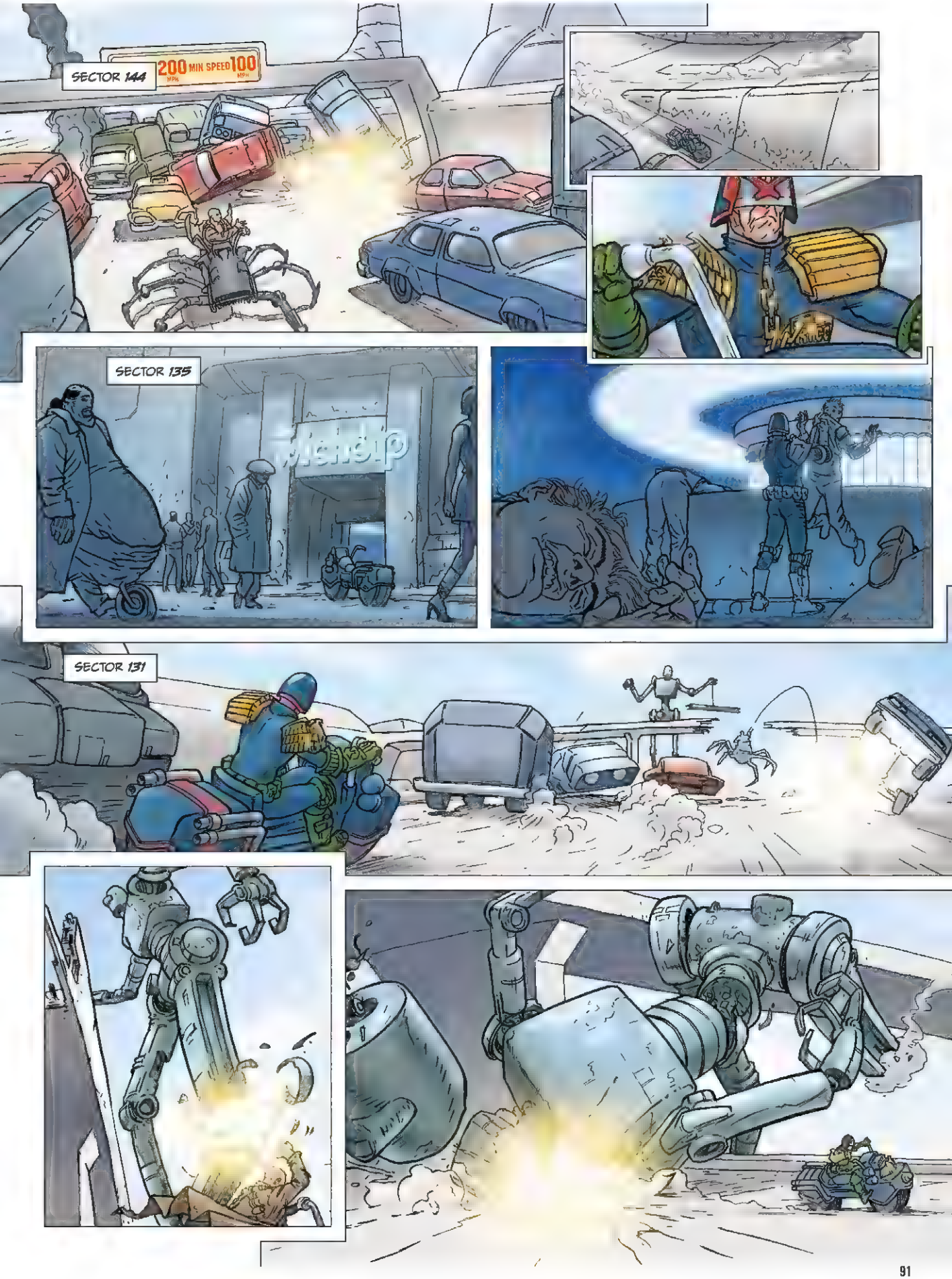


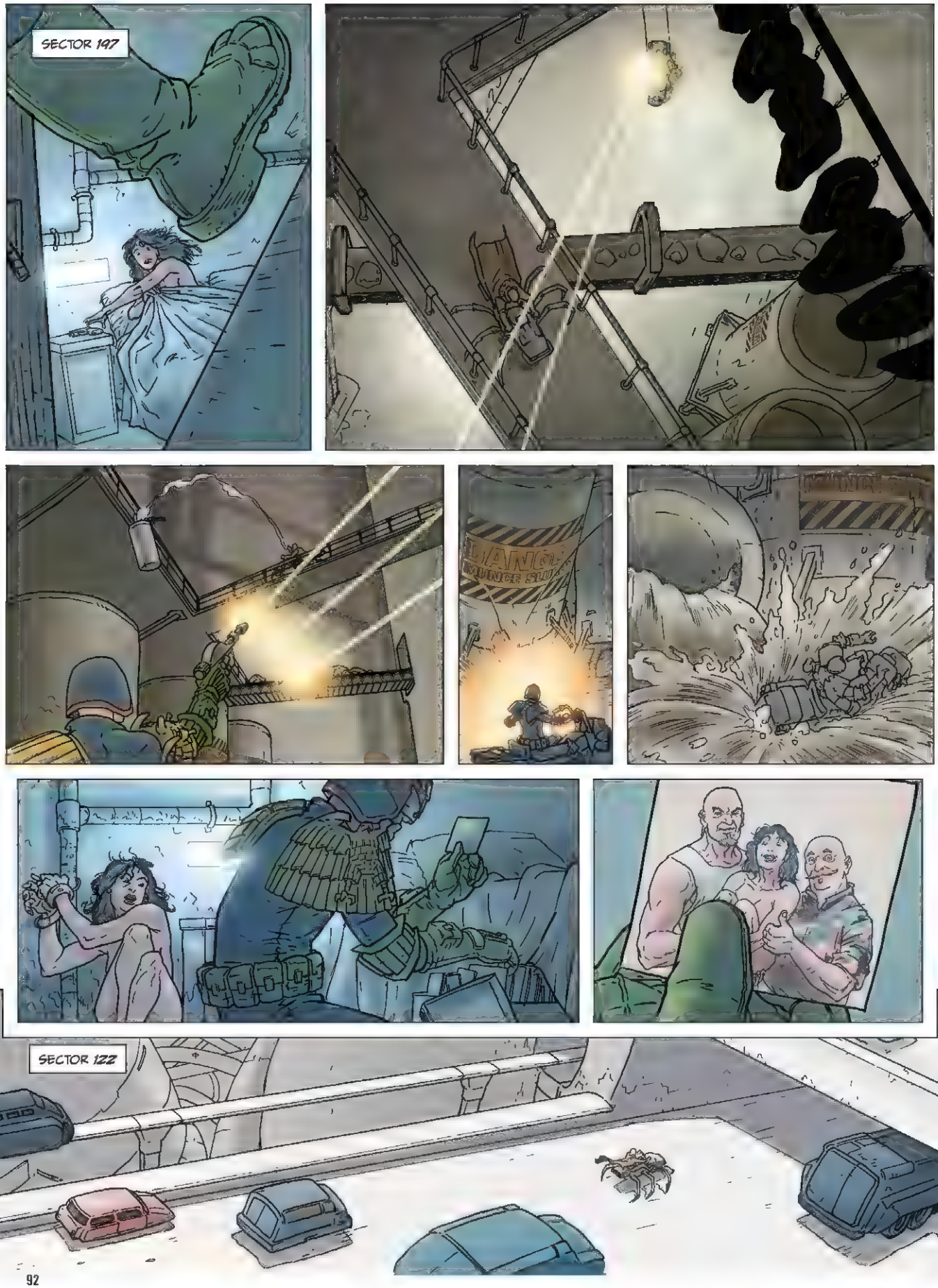
SCRIPT
SIMON SPURRIER
ART & LETTERS
PETER DOHERTY

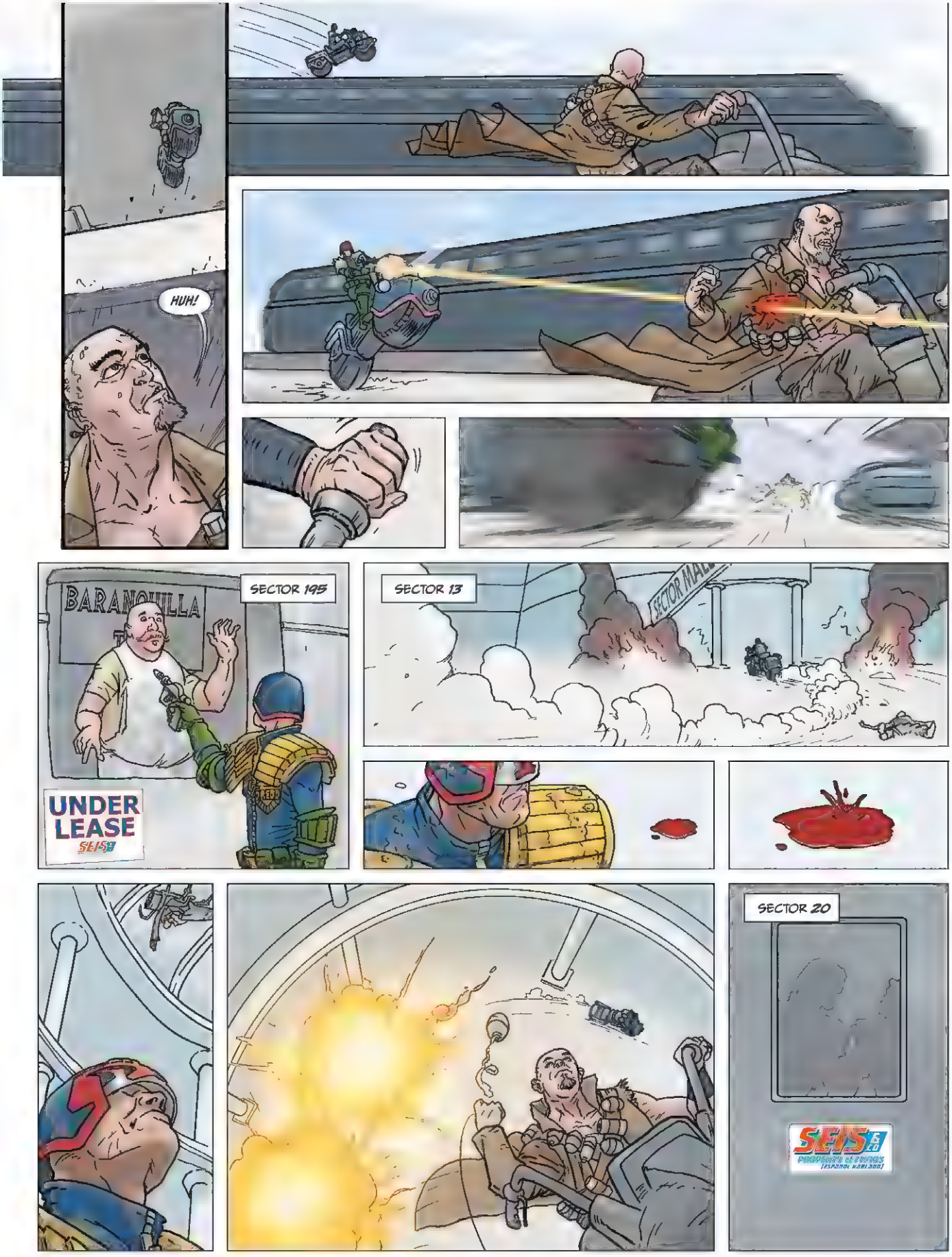




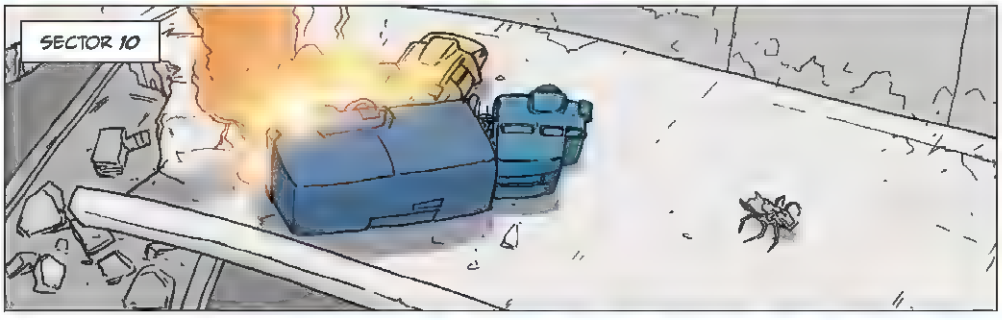


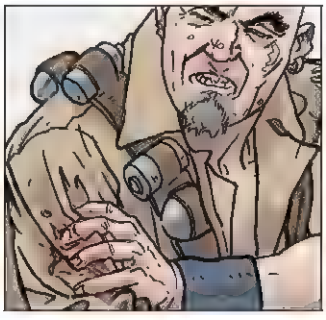

SECTOR 144
200 MPH MIN SPEED 100 MPH
SECTOR 135
SECTOR 131

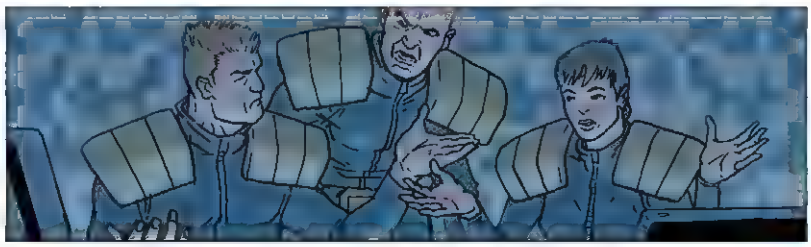

SECTOR 147
SECTOR 122

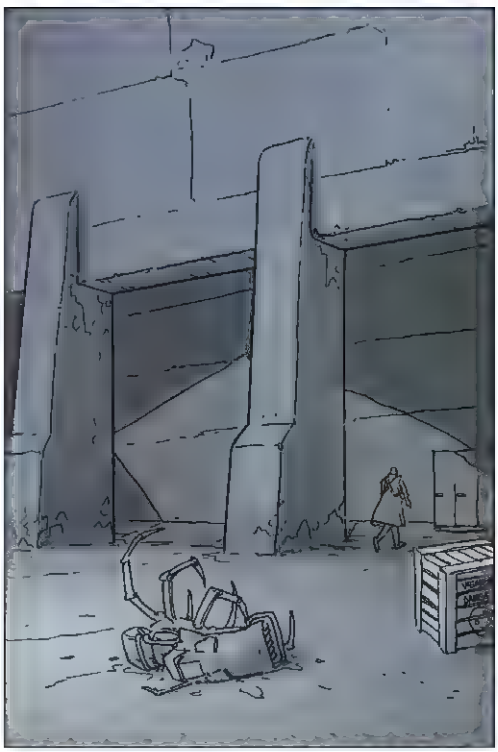

HUH!
BARANQUILLA
SECTOR 195
UNDER LEASE
SECTOR 13
SECTOR 20

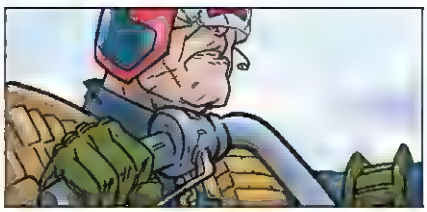
SECTOR 9
UNDER LEASE
PROPERTY OF


SECTOR 10









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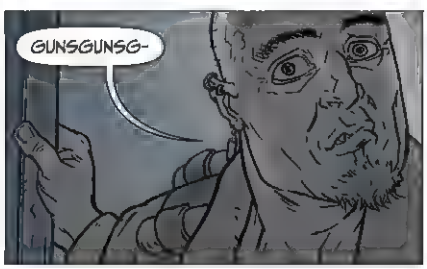
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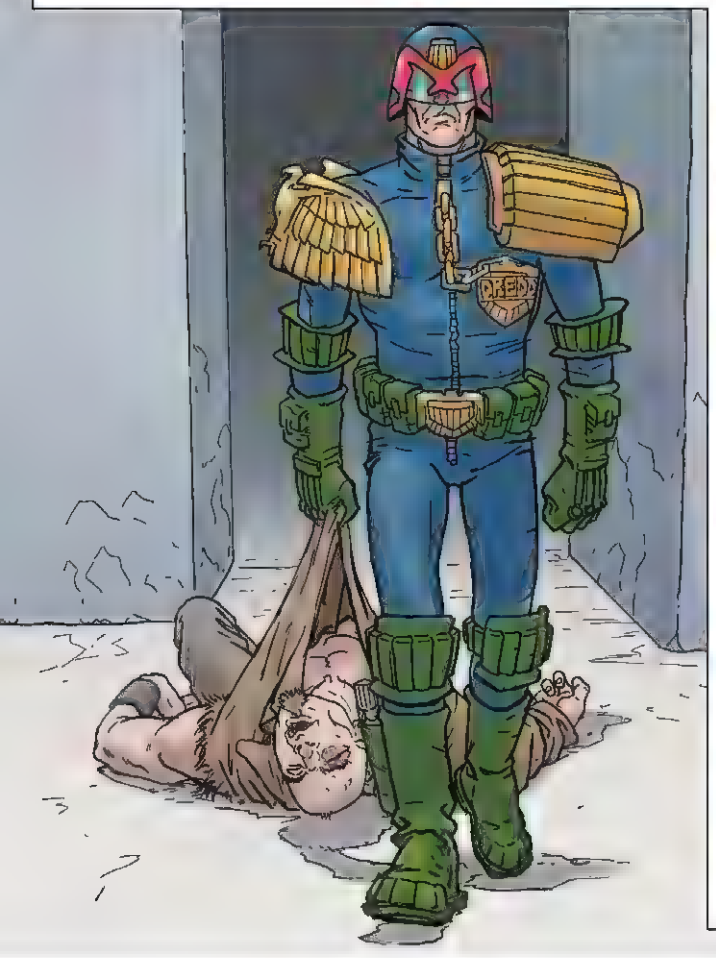
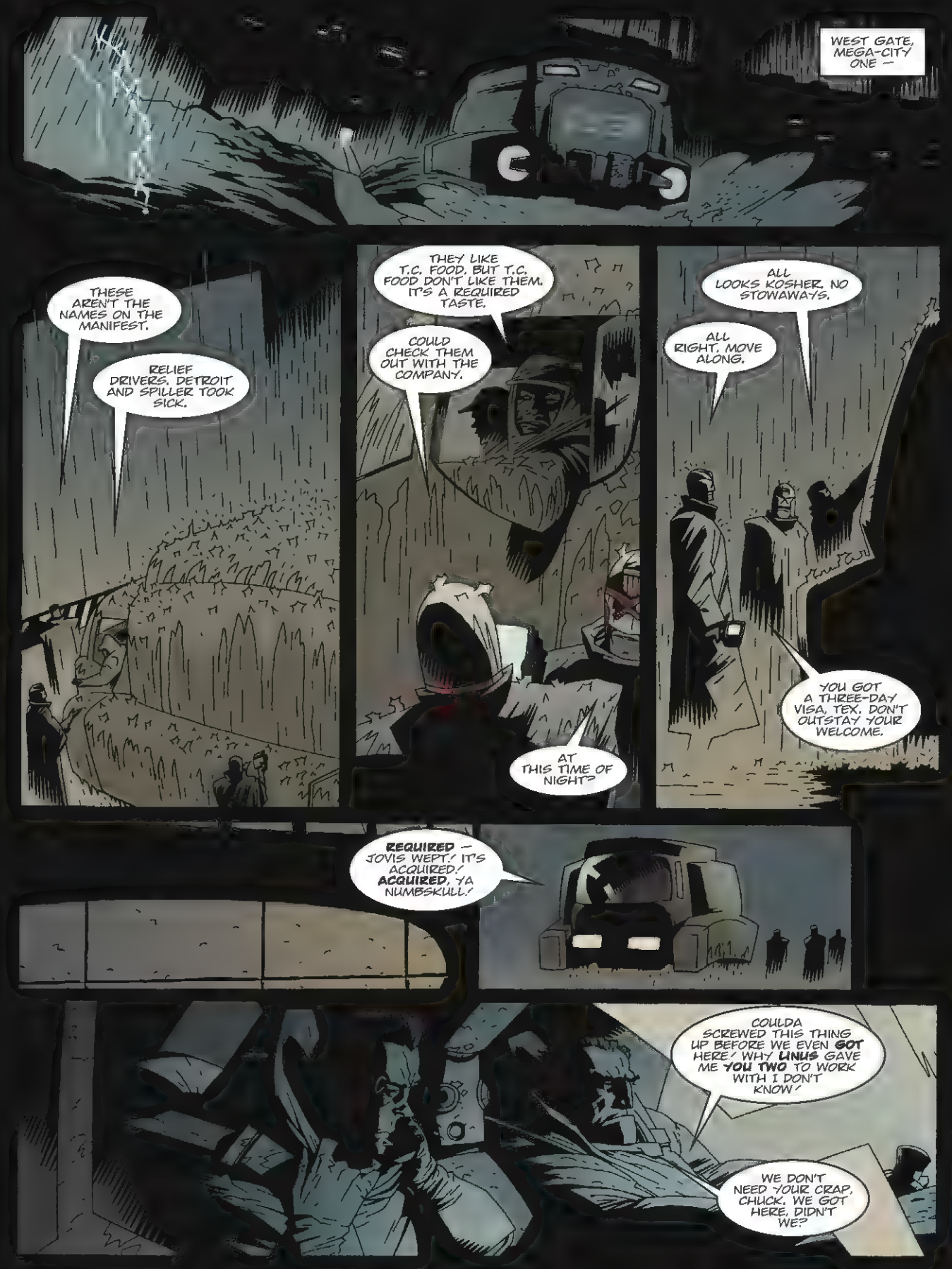


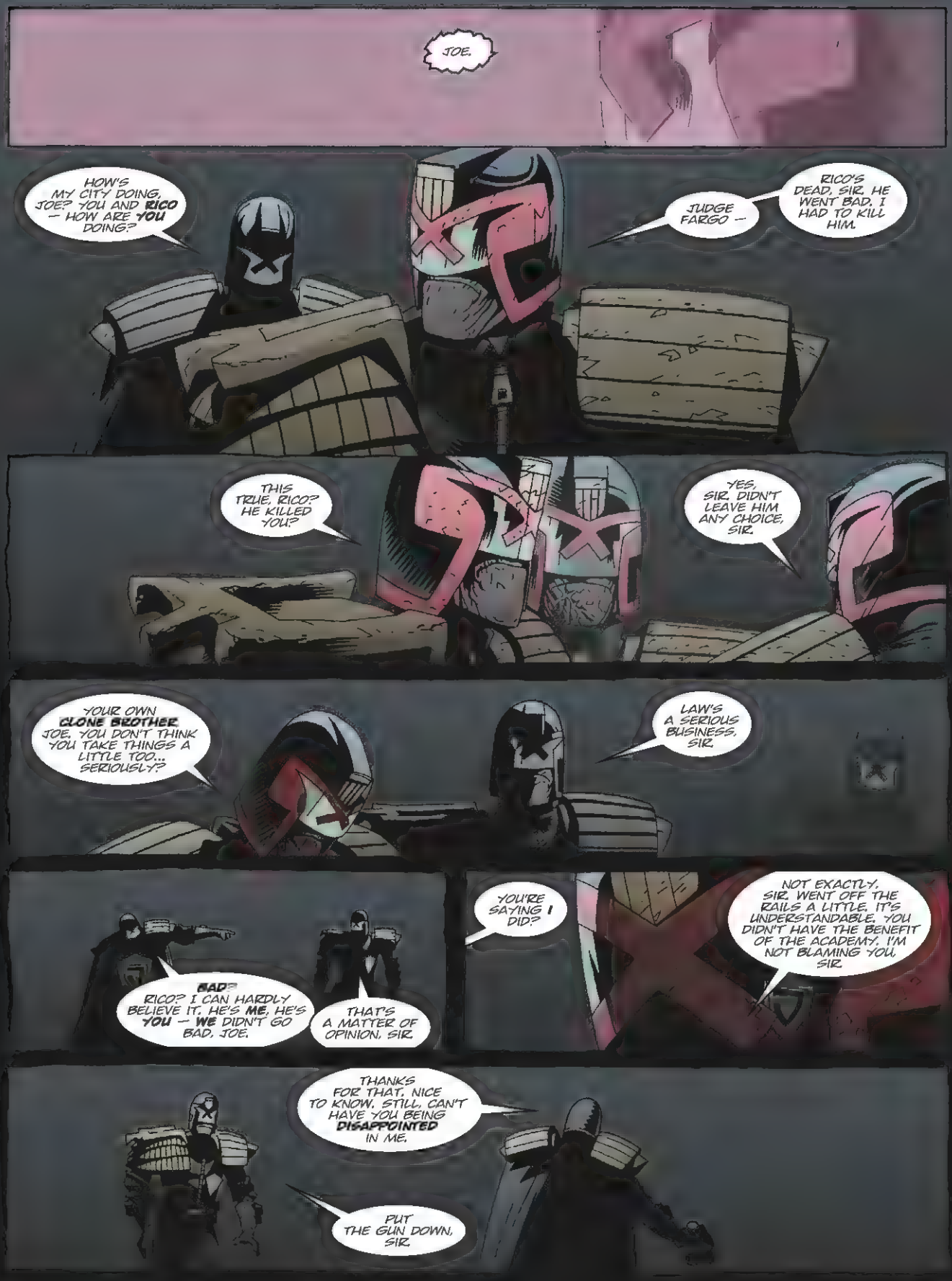
-- PROCEDURAL MATTERS TO DISCUSS. NOTHING TOO HEAVY.
AND WHAT'S THIS? A COMPLAINT FROM JUDGE RICO? TSK!
SYNTHI-CAFF OVERUSAGE, CONDUCT ISSUES.
B-BUT... BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS! THE CIRCUMSTANCES MERITED THE ALLOCATION OF TWO JUDGES, AND --
"IMPROPER ALLOCATION OF RESOURCES."

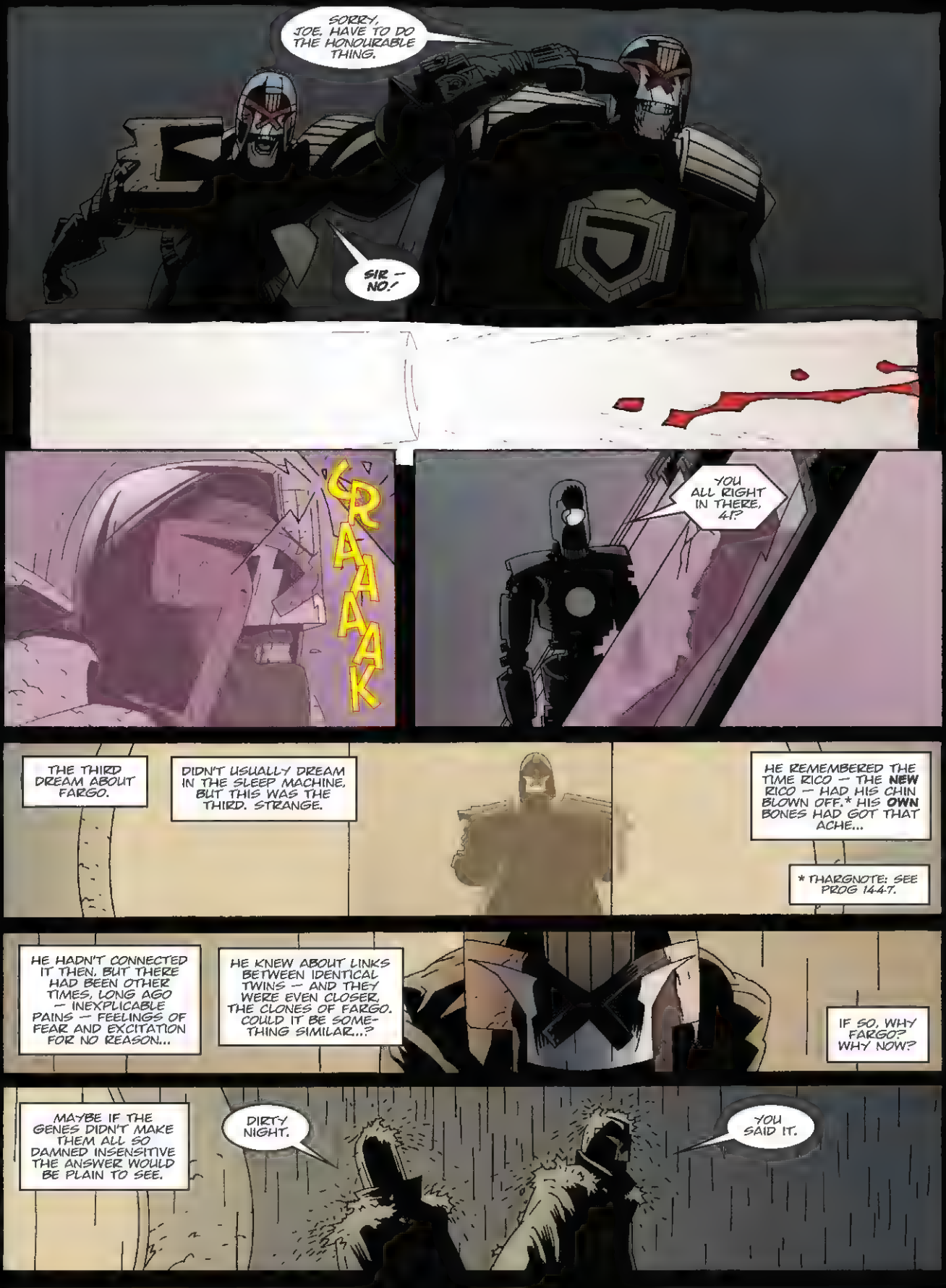
YOU PUT THE OLD MAN ON THE CASE.
ANYONE ELSE WAS WASTING THEIR TIME.
LET'S GO.
THE END

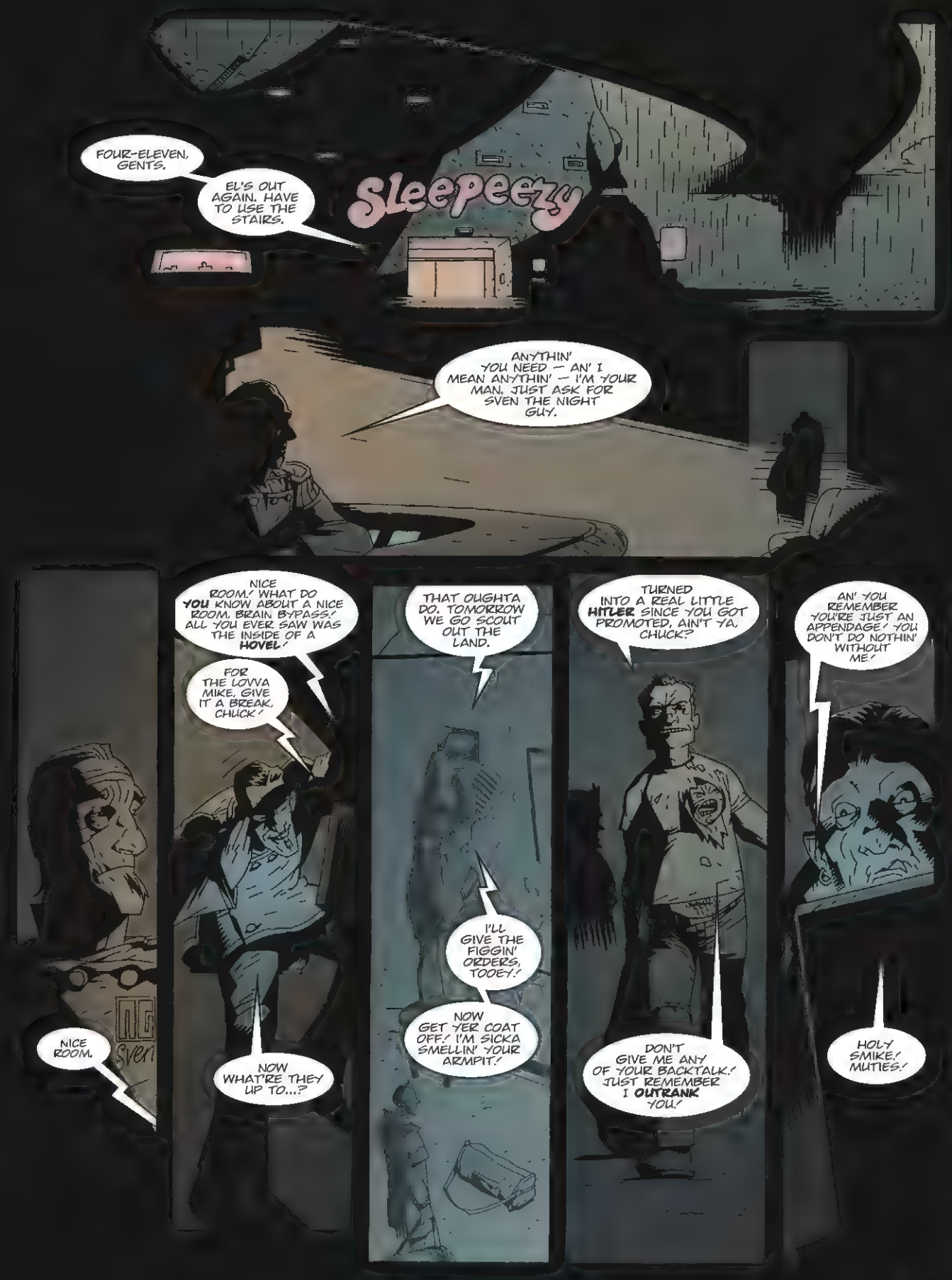
THE CURSED EARTH —
HELLS HIGHWAY DINER
GIMME AN ELTZWELT THERE, POP. EASY ON THE SKUZZ.
HEY, BIBBY, LONG TIME NO SEE.
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART & COLOURS KEV WALKER
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE
H-HEY —
K-TUNK!
FRANKIE
JUDGE DREDD
THE CONNECTION


WEST GATE, MEGA-CITY ONE —
THESE AREN'T THE NAMES ON THE MANIFEST.
RELIEF DRIVERS, DETROIT AND SPILLER TOOK SICK.
THEY LIKE T.C. FOOD, BUT T.C. FOOD DON'T LIKE THEM. IT'S A REQUIRED TASTE.
COULD CHECK THEM OUT WITH THE COMPANY.
AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
ALL LOOKS KOSHER. NO STOWAWAYS.
ALL RIGHT. MOVE ALONG.
YOU GOT A THREE-DAY VISA, TEX. DON'T OUTSTAY YOUR WELCOME.
REQUIRED — JOVIS WEPT! IT'S ACQUIRED! **ACQUIRED**, YA NUMBSKULL!
COULDA SCREWED THIS THING UP BEFORE WE EVEN **GOT** HERE! WHY **LINUS** GAVE ME **YOU TWO** TO WORK WITH I DON'T KNOW!
WE DON'T NEED YOUR CRAP, CHUCK. WE GOT HERE, DIDN'T WE?

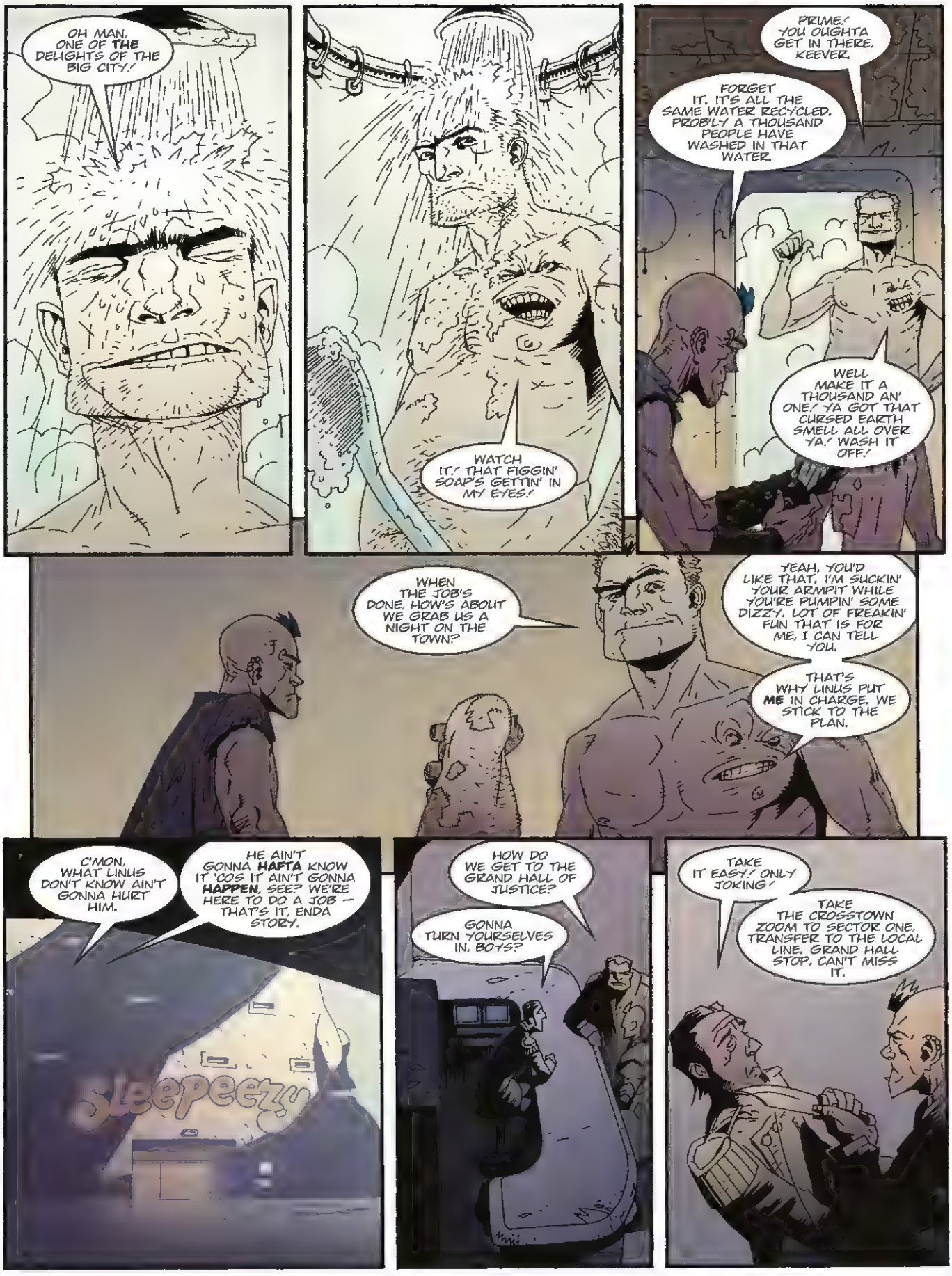
SECTOR HOUSE 213 —
213
DIRTY NIGHT.
STILL, KEEPS THE CREEPS OFF THE STREETS.
PLENTY GOING ON INDOORS, BELIEVE ME.
HOW LONG D'YOU WANT?
REGULATION TEN OUGHT TO DO.
TAKE 41.
YOU USED A SLEEP MACHINE BEFORE?
ONCE OR TWICE.
SORRY. GOT TO ASK. REGS.
SHEEZ! COULDN'T WE PARK IT ANY CLOSER TO CIVILISATION?
NO.


JOE.
HOW'S MY CITY DOING, JOE? YOU AND RICO — HOW ARE YOU DOING?
JUDGE FARGO —
RICO'S DEAD, SIR. HE WENT BAD. I HAD TO KILL HIM.
THIS TRUE, RICO? HE KILLED YOU?
YES, SIR. DIDN'T LEAVE HIM ANY CHOICE, SIR.
YOUR OWN CLONE BROTHER, JOE. YOU DON'T THINK YOU TAKE THINGS A LITTLE TOO... SERIOUSLY?
LAW'S A SERIOUS BUSINESS, SIR.
BAD? RICO? I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT. HE'S ME, HE'S YOU — WE DIDN'T GO BAD, JOE.
THAT'S A MATTER OF OPINION, SIR.
YOU'RE SAYING I DID?
NOT EXACTLY, SIR. WENT OFF THE RAILS A LITTLE. IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE. YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE BENEFIT OF THE ACADEMY. I'M NOT BLAMING YOU, SIR.
THANKS FOR THAT. NICE TO KNOW. STILL, CAN'T HAVE YOU BEING DISAPPOINTED IN ME.
PUT THE GUN DOWN, SIR.

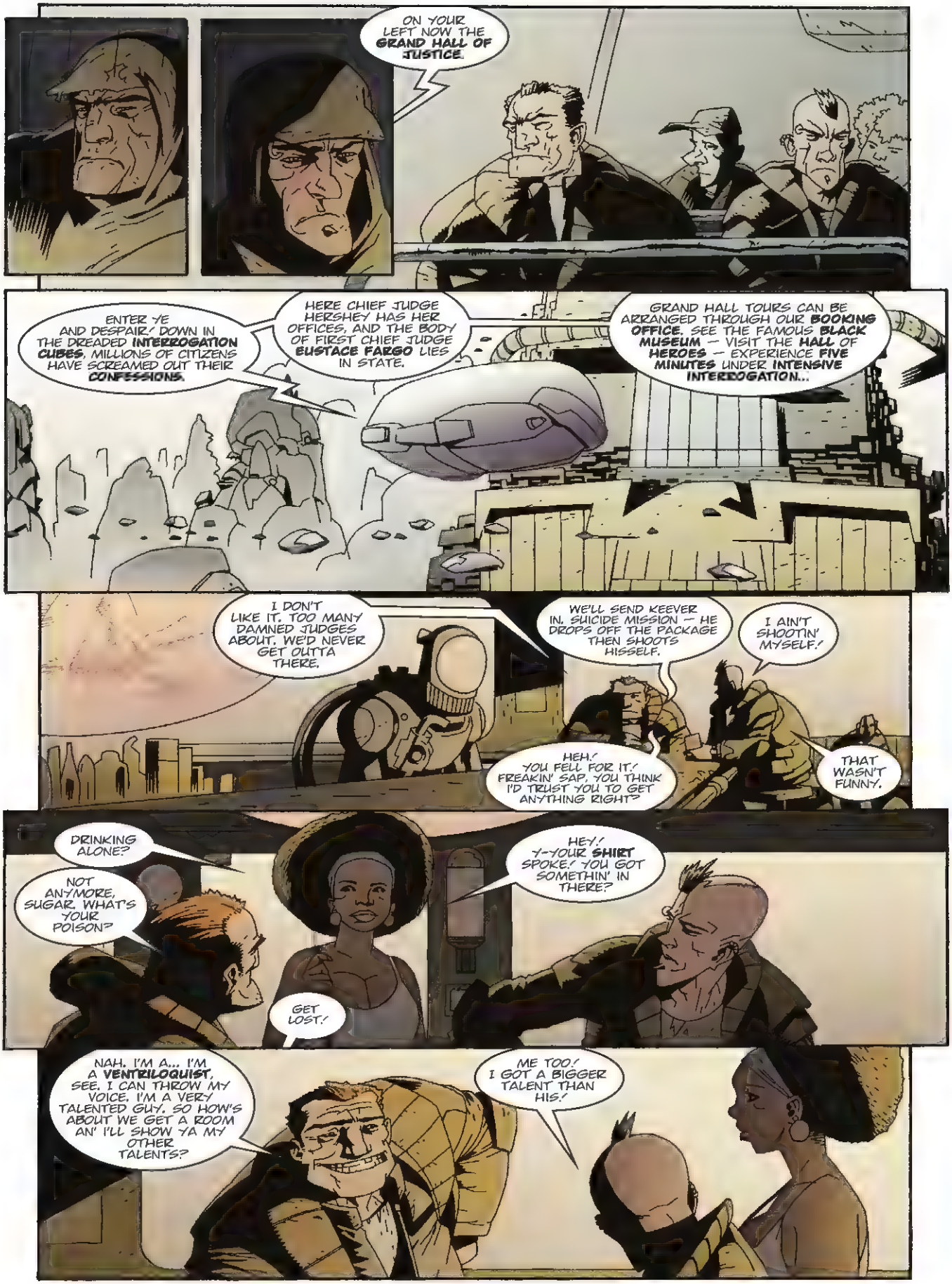

SORRY, JOE. HAVE TO DO THE HONOURABLE THING.
SIR — NO!
KRAAAK
YOU ALL RIGHT IN THERE, 41?
THE THIRD DREAM ABOUT FARGO.
DIDN'T USUALLY DREAM IN THE SLEEP MACHINE, BUT THIS WAS THE THIRD. STRANGE.
HE REMEMBERED THE TIME RICO — THE NEW RICO — HAD HIS CHIN BLOWN OFF.* HIS OWN BONES HAD GOT THAT ACHE...
* THARGNOTE: SEE PROG 1447.
HE HADN'T CONNECTED IT THEN, BUT THERE HAD BEEN OTHER TIMES, LONG AGO — INEXPLICABLE PAINS — FEELINGS OF FEAR AND EXCITATION FOR NO REASON...
HE KNEW ABOUT LINKS BETWEEN IDENTICAL TWINS — AND THEY WERE EVEN CLOSER, THE CLONES OF FARGO. COULD IT BE SOMETHING SIMILAR...?
IF SO, WHY FARGO? WHY NOW?
MAYBE IF THE GENES DIDN'T MAKE THEM ALL SO DAMNED INSENSITIVE THE ANSWER WOULD BE PLAIN TO SEE.
DIRTY NIGHT.
YOU SAID IT.

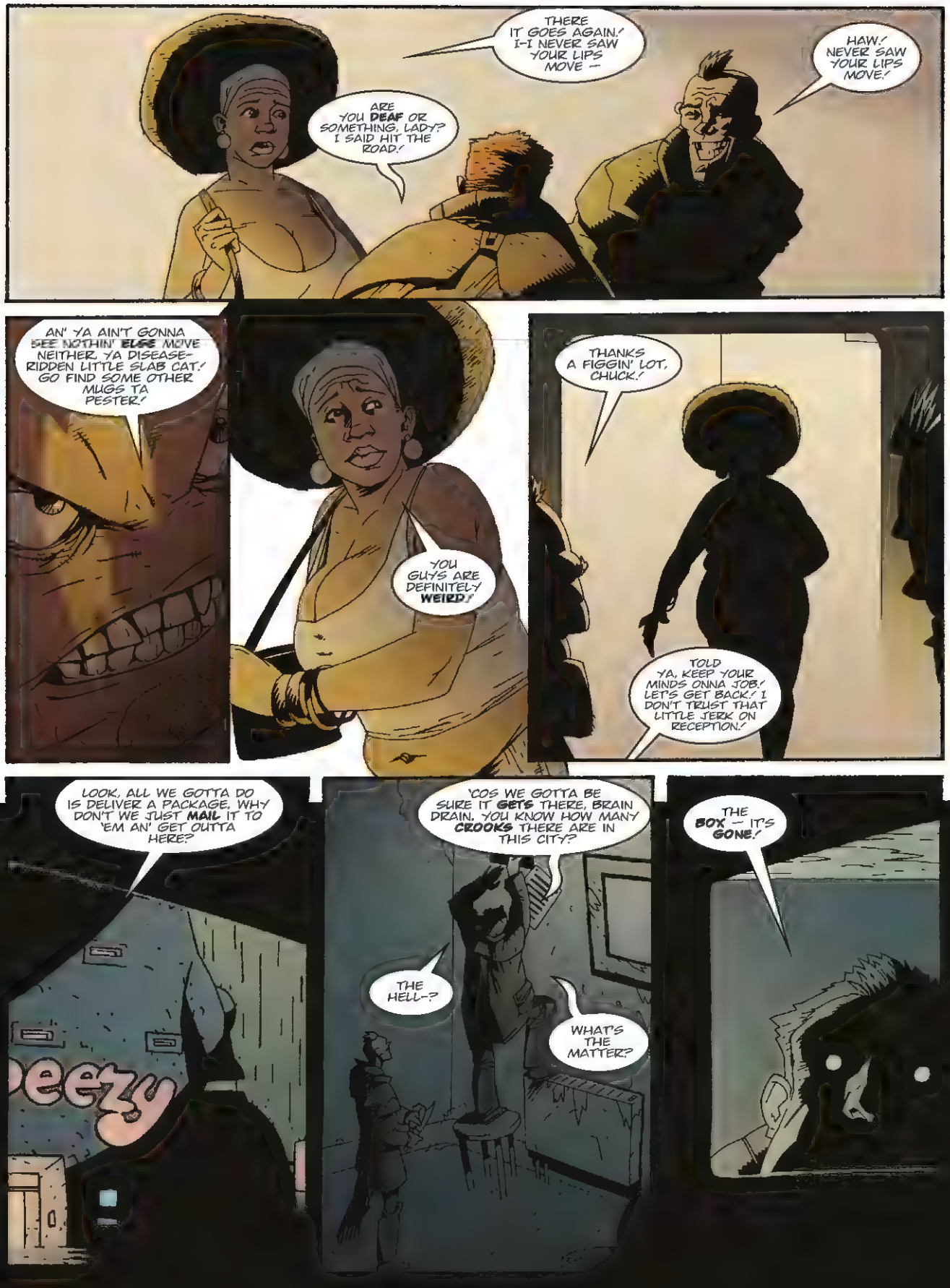

FOUR-ELEVEN, GENTS.
EL'S OUT AGAIN. HAVE TO USE THE STAIRS.
Sleepeezy
ANYTHIN' YOU NEED — AN' I MEAN ANYTHIN' — I'M YOUR MAN. JUST ASK FOR SVEN THE NIGHT GUY.
NICE ROOM.
NICE ROOM.' WHAT DO **YOU** KNOW ABOUT A NICE ROOM, BRAIN BYPASS.' ALL YOU EVER SAW WAS THE INSIDE OF A **HOVEL**.'
FOR THE LOVVA MIKE, GIVE IT A BREAK, CHUCK.'
NOW WHAT'RE THEY UP TO...?
THAT OUGHTA DO. TOMORROW WE GO SCOUT OUT THE LAND.
I'LL GIVE THE FIGGIN' ORDERS, TOOEY.'
NOW GET YER COAT OFF.' I'M SICKA SMELLIN' YOUR ARMPIT.'
TURNED INTO A REAL LITTLE **HITLER** SINCE YOU GOT PROMOTED, AIN'T YA, CHUCK?
DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR BACKTALK.' JUST REMEMBER I **OUTRANK** YOU.'
AN' YOU REMEMBER YOU'RE JUST AN APPENDAGE.' YOU DON'T DO NOTHIN' WITHOUT ME.'
HOLY SMIKE.' MUTIES.'

DEAD MEN ARE FRANK DETROIT, 41 — PEDRO ELDON SPILLER, 29. BOTH CREW FOR CURSED EARTH BY NIGHT.
STALL HOLDER HERMANN POPKISS SERVED THEM TONIGHT ABOUT 0100 — DIDN'T NOTICE WHEN THEIR VEHICLE DROVE OUT.
TWO STRAIGHT BREWS, BURGER AN' ELTZWELT, FRIES ONNA SIDE — THAT'S WHAT THEY ALWAYS HAD.
THEY'RE REGULARS ON THE T.C. RUN. TIME OF DEATH I'D GUESS SHORTLY AFTER 0100.
DETROIT AND SPILLER — THAT'S CURSED EARTH BY NIGHT 14.
VEHICLE ENTERED CITY AT 0232, RELIEF DRIVERS FARNESS AND LOPEZ, CARRYING T.C. PAPERS. DAMN GOOD FORGERIES. SHOULD'VE CHECKED THEM UP WITH T.C.
CREEPS'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET IN.
HAVE THOSE PUT OUT TO ALL UNITS.


OH MAN, ONE OF THE DELIGHTS OF THE BIG CITY.'
WATCH IT.' THAT FIGGIN' SOAP'S GETTIN' IN MY EYES.'
PRIME.' YOU OUGHTA GET IN THERE, KEEVER.
FORGET IT. IT'S ALL THE SAME WATER RECYCLED. PROB'LY A THOUSAND PEOPLE HAVE WASHED IN THAT WATER.
WELL MAKE IT A THOUSAND AN' ONE.' YA GOT THAT CURSED EARTH SMELL ALL OVER YA.' WASH IT OFF.'
WHEN THE JOB'S DONE, HOW'S ABOUT WE GRAB US A NIGHT ON THE TOWN?
YEAH, YOU'D LIKE THAT. I'M SUCKIN' YOUR ARMPIT WHILE YOU'RE PUMPIN' SOME DIZZY. LOT OF FREAKIN' FUN THAT IS FOR ME, I CAN TELL YOU.
THAT'S WHY LINUS PUT ME IN CHARGE. WE STICK TO THE PLAN.
C'MON, WHAT LINUS DON'T KNOW AIN'T GONNA HURT HIM.
HE AIN'T GONNA HAFTA KNOW IT 'COS IT AIN'T GONNA HAPPEN, SEE? WE'RE HERE TO DO A JOB — THAT'S IT, ENDA STORY.
Sleepeezy
HOW DO WE GET TO THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE?
GONNA TURN YOURSELVES IN, BOYS?
TAKE IT EASY.' ONLY JOKING'
TAKE THE CROSSTOWN ZOOM TO SECTOR ONE, TRANSFER TO THE LOCAL LINE. GRAND HALL STOP, CAN'T MISS IT.

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THEY GOT IN HERE...
TAKIN' A CHANCE, MAN... MAYBE I SHOULD JUST TURN 'EM IN...
INTERESTING.
HE WAS UNASSIGNED THAT MORNING, JUST CRUISING, LETTING HIS INSTINCT CARRY HIM WHERE IT WOULD —
A FELONY HERE, A MISDEMEANOUR THERE...
WHAT'S THE STORY?
T.C. FREIGHTER. COUPLE OF CURSED EARTHERS EXED THE DRIVERS OUT ON HELL'S HIGHWAY.
CREEPS CAME IN UNDER FALSE PAPERS. NOTHNG MISSING FROM THE LOAD, GOTTA FIGURE THEY JUST WANTED IN.
THERE'S AN ALL UNITS OUT — CHECK YOUR BIKE COM.

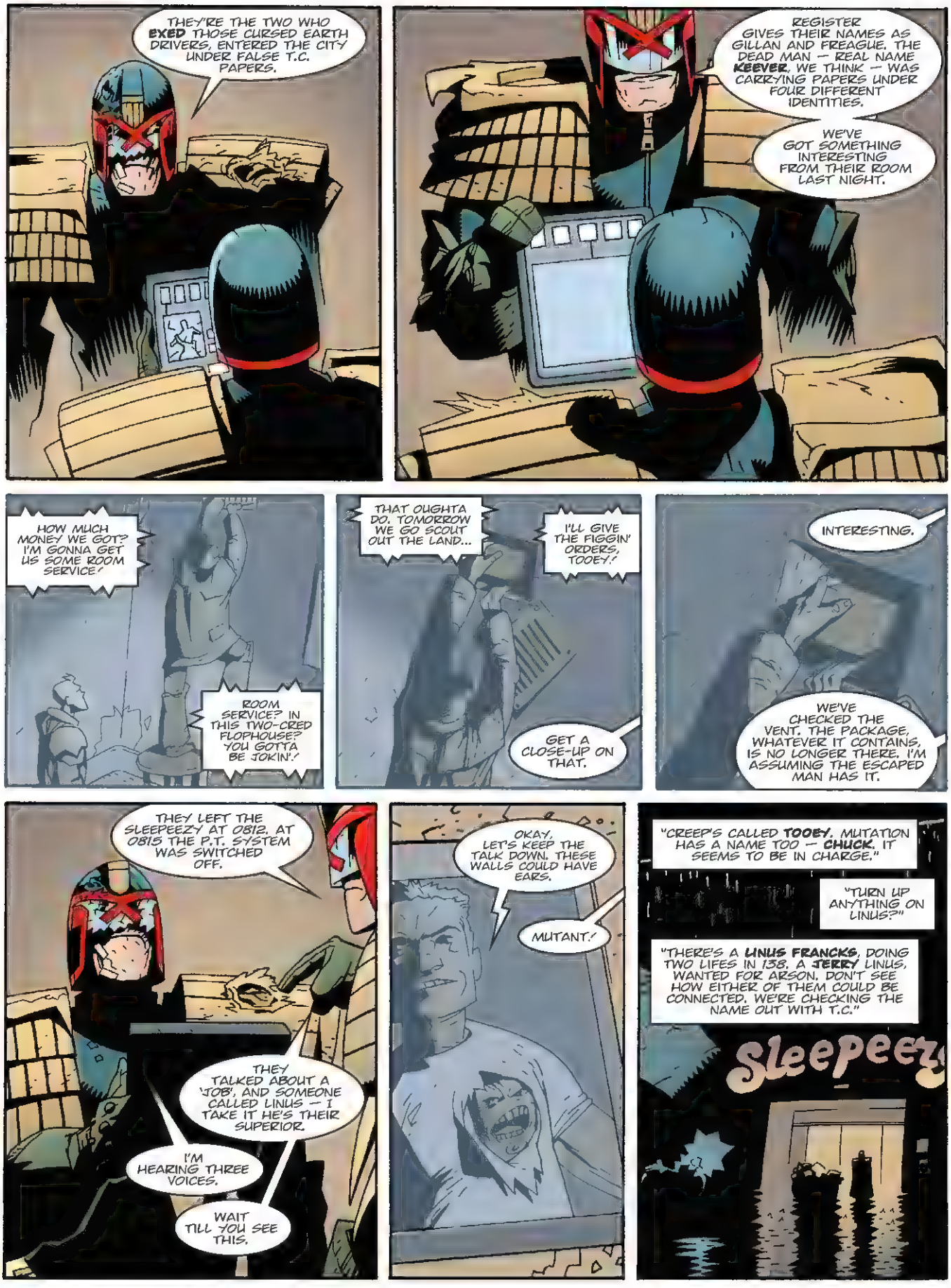

ON YOUR LEFT NOW THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.
ENTER YE AND DESPAIR.' DOWN IN THE DREADED INTERROGATION CUBES, MILLIONS OF CITIZENS HAVE SCREAMED OUT THEIR CONFESSIONS.
HERE CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY HAS HER OFFICES, AND THE BODY OF FIRST CHIEF JUDGE EUSTACE FARGO LIES IN STATE.
GRAND HALL TOURS CAN BE ARRANGED THROUGH OUR BOOKING OFFICE. SEE THE FAMOUS BLACK MUSEUM — VISIT THE HALL OF HEROES — EXPERIENCE FIVE MINUTES UNDER INTENSIVE INTERROGATION...
I DON'T LIKE IT. TOO MANY DAMNED JUDGES ABOUT. WE'D NEVER GET OUTTA THERE.
WE'LL SEND KEEVER IN. SUICIDE MISSION — HE DROPS OFF THE PACKAGE THEN SHOOTS HISSELF.
I AIN'T SHOOTIN' MYSELF.'
HEH.' YOU FELL FOR IT.' FREAKIN' SAP, YOU THINK I'D TRUST YOU TO GET ANYTHING RIGHT?
THAT WASN'T FUNNY.
DRINKING ALONE?
NOT ANYMORE, SUGAR. WHAT'S YOUR POISON?
GET LOST.'
HEY.' Y-YOUR SHIRT SPOKE.' YOU GOT SOMETHIN' IN THERE?
NAH. I'M A... I'M A VENTRILOQUIST. SEE. I CAN THROW MY VOICE. I'M A VERY TALENTED GUY. SO HOW'S ABOUT WE GET A ROOM AN' I'LL SHOW YA MY OTHER TALENTS?
ME TOO.' I GOT A BIGGER TALENT THAN HIS.'


ARE YOU DEAF OR SOMETHING, LADY? I SAID HIT THE ROAD!
THERE IT GOES AGAIN! I-I NEVER SAW YOUR LIPS MOVE —
HAW! NEVER SAW YOUR LIPS MOVE!
AN' YA AIN'T GONNA SEE NOTHIN' ELSE MOVE NEITHER, YA DISEASE-RIDDEN LITTLE SLAB CAT! GO FIND SOME OTHER MUGS TA PESTER!
YOU GUYS ARE DEFINITELY WEIRD!
THANKS A FIGGIN' LOT, CHUCK!
TOLD YA, KEEP YOUR MINDS ONNA JOB! LET'S GET BACK! I DON'T TRUST THAT LITTLE JERK ON RECEPTION!
LOOK, ALL WE GOTTA DO IS DELIVER A PACKAGE. WHY DON'T WE JUST MAIL IT TO 'EM AN' GET OUTTA HERE?
'COS WE GOTTA BE SURE IT GETS THERE, BRAIN DRAIN. YOU KNOW HOW MANY CROOKS THERE ARE IN THIS CITY?
THE HELL-?
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THE BOX — IT'S GONE!

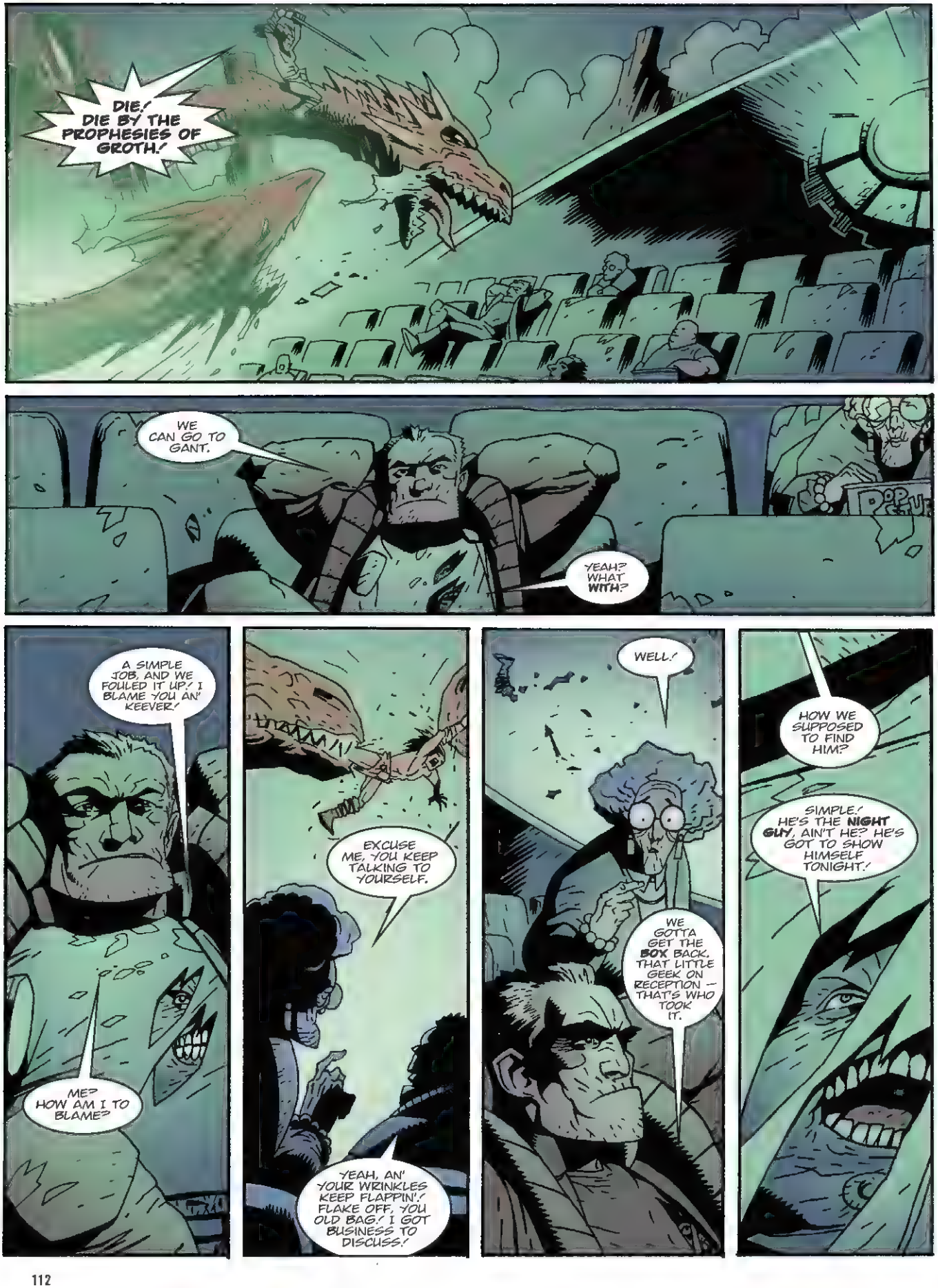
IT HAD BEEN LATE. A FILTHY NIGHT...
THE CURSED EARTH BY NIGHT KILLERS MIGHT HAVE A CONTACT — A PRE-ARRANGED RENDEZVOUS. IF NOT, THEY'D BE LOOKING TO GET IN OUT OF THE RAIN.
Sleepeezy
FAR ENOUGH AWAY, BUT NOT TOO FAR...
WHERE IS IT?
WH-WH-WHERE'S WHAT?
THE BOX.!
I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT.! I ONLY BEEN ON SINCE NINE.!
ASK SVEN.! SVEN, THE NIGHT GUY.!
AND WHERE DO WE FIND SVEN?
JEEZUS JOVIS - .!

CONTROL! WE HAVE A HOLD-UP, SLEEPEEZY ON JONSON!
I'M WALKIN' OUTA HERE, LAWMAN!
ONLY WAY IS PAST ME! DROP IT!
D-DO WHAT HE SAYS! HE'S A JUDGE! HE'LL KILL US BOTH!
IN YOUR CASE, I'LL SAVE HIM THE TROUBLE!

DIDN'T EXPECT THAT, DID YOU, SMART MAN?
LEAVE IT, FOR CRISSAKE! GO!
WAKK
WHUMP
BOOT
CONTROL —
— WE GOT A RUNNER!
NEVER TELL ME BODY ARMOUR DOESN'T WORK.
YOU'VE GOT CONCUSSION THERE, AND THAT ARM SOCKET'S GOING TO BE SORE FOR A WEEK. I'M PUTTING YOU ON A CROCK DOCKET. TEN DAYS' REST.
SURE.
STAFF HAD PEEPING TOMS INSTALLED. LIKE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEIR GUESTS — PROBABLY SOLD THE JUCIER BITS.
RECOGNISE THEM?


THEY'RE THE TWO WHO EXED THOSE CURSED EARTH DRIVERS, ENTERED THE CITY UNDER FALSE T.C. PAPERS.
REGISTER GIVES THEIR NAMES AS GILLAN AND FREAGUE. THE DEAD MAN — REAL NAME KEEVER, WE THINK — WAS CARRYING PAPERS UNDER FOUR DIFFERENT IDENTITIES.
WE'VE GOT SOMETHING INTERESTING FROM THEIR ROOM LAST NIGHT.
HOW MUCH MONEY WE GOT? I'M GONNA GET US SOME ROOM SERVICE!
ROOM SERVICE? IN THIS TWO-CRED FLOPHOUSE? YOU GOTTA BE JOKIN'!
THAT OUGHTA DO. TOMORROW WE GO SCOUT OUT THE LAND...
I'LL GIVE THE FIGGIN' ORDERS, TOOEY!
GET A CLOSE-UP ON THAT.
INTERESTING.
WE'VE CHECKED THE VENT. THE PACKAGE, WHATEVER IT CONTAINS, IS NO LONGER THERE. I'M ASSUMING THE ESCAPED MAN HAS IT.
THEY LEFT THE SLEEPEEZY AT 0812. AT 0815 THE P.T. SYSTEM WAS SWITCHED OFF.
THEY TALKED ABOUT A 'JOB', AND SOMEONE CALLED LINUS — I TAKE IT HE'S THEIR SUPERIOR.
I'M HEARING THREE VOICES.
WAIT TILL YOU SEE THIS.
OKAY, LET'S KEEP THE TALK DOWN. THESE WALLS COULD HAVE EARS.
MUTANT!
"CREEP'S CALLED TOOEY. MUTATION HAS A NAME TOO — CHUCK. IT SEEMS TO BE IN CHARGE."
"TURN UP ANYTHING ON LINUS?"
"THERE'S A LINUS FRANCKS, DOING TWO LIFES IN 138, A JERRY LINUS, WANTED FOR ARSON. DON'T SEE HOW EITHER OF THEM COULD BE CONNECTED. WE'RE CHECKING THE NAME OUT WITH T.C."
Sleepeezy

SO WHO **ARE** THEY? WHAT ARE THEY HERE FOR? **WHAT'S IN THAT BOX?**
SVEN, THE **NIGHT GUY**, LIVED ALONE IN GUY LOMBARDO...
GOTTA BE WORTH SOMETHIN'... GOTTA BE WORTH A LOT, WAY THEY HID IT...
ANOTHER BOX. JEWELLERY, MAYBE...
'FRIGERATED-? WEIRD.
HELL! SOME KINDA **RANSOM** NOTE. **KIDNAPPERS.** THEY GOT THIS GUY FARGO —
DON'T WANT ANY **PART** OF THIS, MAN. GOTTA HAND IT IN TO THE JAYS...
B-BUT THEY'LL WANT TO KNOW HOW I **GOT** IT. THEY'LL FIND OUT ABOUT ME TAKIN' STUFF FROM THE ROOMS —
WHAT'M I GONNA DO?
CLIK


DIE,! DIE BY THE PROPHESIES OF GROTH.!
WE CAN GO TO GANT.
YEAH? WHAT WITH?
A SIMPLE JOB, AND WE FOULED IT UP,! I BLAME YOU AN' KEEVER.!
ME? HOW AM I TO BLAME?
EXCUSE ME, YOU KEEP TALKING TO YOURSELF.
YEAH, AN' YOUR WRINKLES KEEP FLAPPIN'.! FLAKE OFF, YOU OLD BAG.! I GOT BUSINESS TO DISCUSS.!
WELL.!
WE GOTTA GET THE BOX BACK. THAT LITTLE GEEK ON RECEPTION — THAT'S WHO TOOK IT.
HOW WE SUPPOSED TO FIND HIM?
SIMPLE.! HE'S THE NIGHT GUY, AIN'T HE? HE'S GOT TO SHOW HIMSELF TONIGHT.!

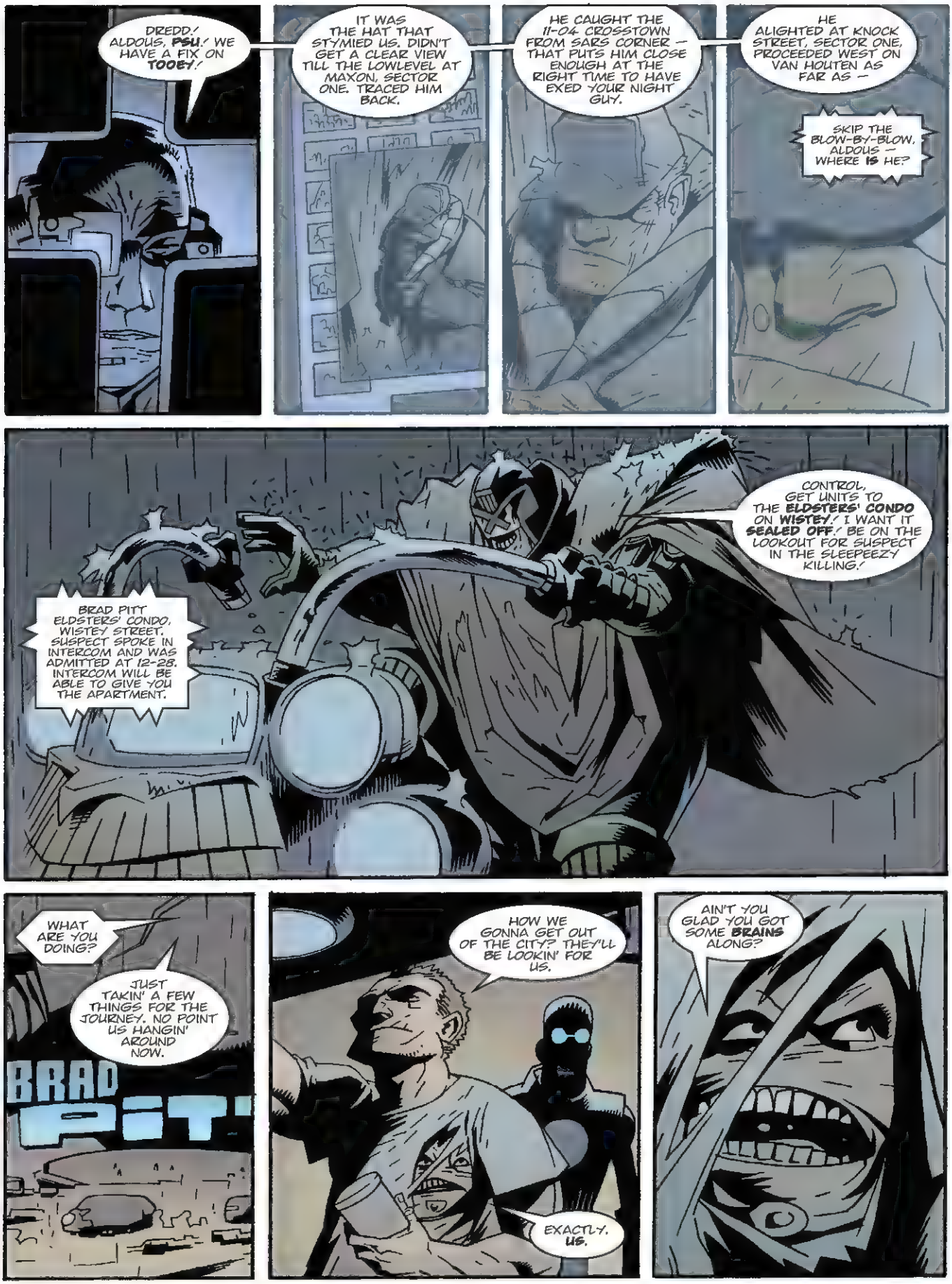
GUY LOMBARDO
CITIZEN KAFKA?
THIS IS THE LAW, CITIZEN KAFKA!
NO ONE HOME, CONTROL. KAFKA GOT A PERSONAL NUMBER?
CHECK. RINGING.
THIS IS SVEN, THE NIGHT GUY. YOU WANT IT, IT'LL COST YOU. LEAVE A MESSAGE.
Beeep
Beeep
Beeep
THIS IS JUDGE DREDD. CONTACT ME IMMEDIATELY. AND DON'T GET SMART ON YOUR ANSWER COM.
D-DREDD—!
WHAT DOES HE WANT? HE...HE CAN'T HAVE FOUND OUT, CAN HE?
OH GRUD! JUDGES SWARMING ALL OVER!
LOOKS LIKE OUR LUCK JUST TURNED, CHUCKY BOY! IT'S THE NIGHT GUY!

SVEN KAFKA, NIGHT GUY AT THE SLEEPEEZY ON JONSON. STABBED EIGHT TIMES, THROAT SLASHED, DUMPED IN THE GARBSTER.
HOW LONG AGO?
STILL PRETTY FRESH, SAY THIRTY MINUTES TOPS.
FOUND THIS ON HIS COM. FIGURED YOU'D WANT TO BE INFORMED.
THIS IS JUDGE DREDD. CONTACT ME IMMEDIATELY. AND DON'T GET SMART ON YOUR ANSWER COM.
KAFKA HAD BEEN ON DUTY AT THE SLEEPEEZY THE PREVIOUS NIGHT, WHEN THE CURSED EARTHERS HAD ARRIVED. THERE HAD TO BE A CONNECTION.
MAYBE HE'D SEEN SOMETHING — HAD SOMETHING ON THEM. MAYBE HE KNEW ABOUT THE BOX...
WE CALL IT THE MAGUFFIN, JOE. THE OBJECT — THE THING EVERYBODY WANTS.
IT'S A BOX, SIR. THE MUTANT BROUGHT IT IN. DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN IT.
COULD IT BE SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOU, SIR?
YOU HAVE EVIDENCE?
NO, SIR. JUST A SUSPICION. THESE DREAMS I'VE BEEN HAVING... LIKE THIS ONE.
COULD BE PANDORA'S BOX, JOE — OPEN IT AND YOU'LL GET MORE THAN YOU BARGAINED ON...

YOU ALL RIGHT THERE?
A LITTLE DIZZY. IT'LL PASS.
AREN'T YOU ON THE DISABLED LIST?
WHO HAS TIME?
STILL, MAYBE I OUGHT TO GRAB A SESSION ON THE SPEEDHEAL.
CAN'T HURT.
YOUR SUSPECT IS CALLED TOOEY — MUTANT. KILLED THE DAY GUY AT THE SLEEPEEZY AND TWO TRUCK DRIVERS OUT ON HELL'S HIGHWAY.
THEY HAD AN ALL UNITS OUT ON THE MUTANT. PSU WAS ON THE CASE. THEY'D FIND HIM, PROBABLY SOONER THAN LATER...
BRAD PITT
YES?
I'M A FRIEND OF A FRIEND, MR GANT. IF I WAS EVER IN THE CITY, LINUS SAID TO LOOK YOU UP.
LINUS?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID.
LOOK, LET ME IN, WILL YA, MR GANT?

NICE PLACE YOU GOT HERE.
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
IT'S WHAT OUR MUTUAL FRIEND WANTS, GANT.
M-MY GOD!
HEY, YOU GOT A DRINK OR SOMETHIN', GANT? I'M DRY AS A RADBUSH HERE.
OF...OF COURSE, ARTHUR —
SIR.
SO YOU SEE, GANT, ME AN' TOOEY HERE GOT A SIZABLE BONE TO PICK WITH THIS CITY. SAME GOES FOR OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.
SHOW HIM THE PACKAGE, TOOEY.
WHAT... WHAT IS IT?
THINGS WENT A BIT WRONG. THE JUDGES ARE LOOKIN' FOR US. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DELIVER IT.
WE THOUGHT YOU COULD HELP US, FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE.

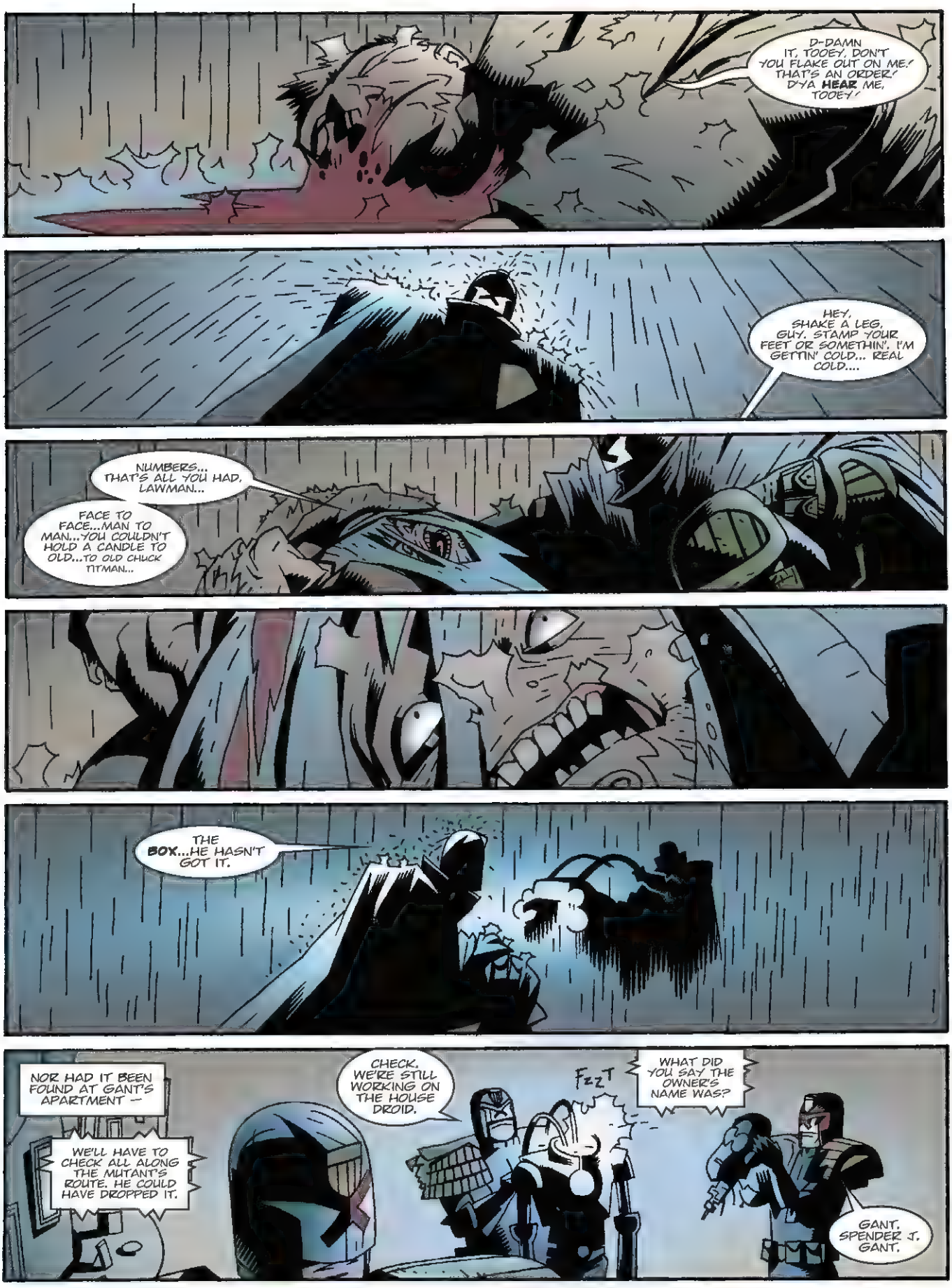
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, SIR?
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?
TELL YOU? CAN ANYBODY TELL YOU ANYTHING, JOE?
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH US, WITH YOU — WITH ME. WE KNOW IT ALL. ALL WE CAN SEE IS A STRAIGHT LINE. JUSTICE. LET JUSTICE BE DONE.
THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS. YOU SAID SO YOURSELF. THOUGH THE HEAVENS FALL...
AND BY GOD THEY FELL. ON ME, ON YOU...
IT'S NOT TOO LATE, JOE.
FOR WHAT? WHAT?
IT'S A MINOR CONCUSSION. NO BIG DEAL. ANOTHER COUPLE OF SESSIONS OUGHT TO FIX IT. WOULDN'T RECOMMEND ANY GYMNASTICS MEANWHILE.
I'LL DO MY BEST.
YOU WERE TALKING TO YOURSELF THERE. YOU DO THAT A LOT?
SIGN OF AGE, I GUESS.


DREDD/ ALDOUS, PSU/ WE HAVE A FIX ON TOOEY/
IT WAS THE HAT THAT STYMIED US. DIDN'T GET A CLEAR VIEW TILL THE LOWLEVEL AT MAXON, SECTOR ONE. TRACED HIM BACK.
HE CAUGHT THE 11-04 CROSSTOWN FROM SARS CORNER — THAT PUTS HIM CLOSE ENOUGH AT THE RIGHT TIME TO HAVE EXED YOUR NIGHT GUY.
HE ALIGHTED AT KNOCK STREET, SECTOR ONE, PROCEEDED WEST ON VAN HOUTEN AS FAR AS —
SKIP THE BLOW-BY-BLOW, ALDOUS — WHERE IS HE?
BRAD PITT ELDSTERS' CONDO, WISTEY STREET. SUSPECT SPOKE IN INTERCOM AND WAS ADMITTED AT 12-28. INTERCOM WILL BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU THE APARTMENT.
CONTROL, GET UNITS TO THE ELDSTERS' CONDO ON WISTEY/ I WANT IT SEALED OFF/ BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR SUSPECT IN THE SLEEPEEZY KILLING/
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
JUST TAKIN' A FEW THINGS FOR THE JOURNEY. NO POINT US HANGIN' AROUND NOW.
BRAD PIT
HOW WE GONNA GET OUT OF THE CITY? THEY'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR US.
EXACTLY. US.
AIN'T YOU GLAD YOU GOT SOME BRAINS ALONG?

YOU THERE, HOLD IT!
STOP! NOBODY LEAVES!
STEER STRAIGHT, DAMMIT!
YOU TRY IT!
HONNKKKKK
HONNKKKKKK
JEEZUS JOVIS, GET IN THE TRAFFIC AN' WE'RE SAFE, YOU SAID!
JUST KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD!
HOVER BUGGY IN THE CRAWLER LANE! PULL OVER!
HELL!
DIE, YOU BASTARD!

SUSPECT WAS ADMITTED TO APARTMENT 8Q, HOME OF ONE SPENDER J. GANT.
GANT IS 138 YEARS OLD, CONFINED TO AN INVALID BUGGY. HE IS NOT AT HOME. HOUSE DROID REFUSES TO DIVULGE HIS WHEREABOUTS.
HOUSE DROID SAYS SUSPECT TOOEY LEFT ONLY MINUTES AGO. HE'S USING GANT'S SPARE HOVER UNIT.
MADELY! I'M SHOT!
ARMED MAN ON GIMP BUGGY, HEADING NORTH ON SECTOR ONE SKEDWAY!
GOT TO BE THE MUTANT!
DREDD! INTERCEPTING THAT HOVER BUGGY!

END OF THE ROAD, MUTANT.
BDAM!
UHHHH!
NO WAY... NO WAY YOU'RE GETTIN' ME IN ONE OF YOUR MEGA-CITY HELLHOLES!
I CAN'T SEE! WHAT'S GOING ON, TOOEY?
YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF!
TOOEY! WHAT'RE YOU UP TO?
I DID IT!
HOW DO YA LIKE THEM POTATOES, CITY BOY?
UH-OH.
TOOEY! REPORT POSITION! THAT'S AN ORDER!
SPERLATT T T!
CRAZY FOOL!


D-DAMN IT, TOOEY, DON'T YOU FLAKE OUT ON ME! THAT'S AN ORDER! D'YA HEAR ME, TOOEY!
HEY, SHAKE A LEG, GUY. STAMP YOUR FEET OR SOMETHIN'. I'M GETTIN' COLD... REAL COLD....
NUMBERS... THAT'S ALL YOU HAD, LAWMAN...
FACE TO FACE...MAN TO MAN...YOU COULDN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO OLD...TO OLD CHUCK TITMAN...
THE BOX...HE HASN'T GOT IT.
NOR HAD IT BEEN FOUND AT GANT'S APARTMENT —
WE'LL HAVE TO CHECK ALL ALONG THE MUTANT'S ROUTE. HE COULD HAVE DROPPED IT.
CHECK. WE'RE STILL WORKING ON THE HOUSE DROID.
FzzT
WHAT DID YOU SAY THE OWNER'S NAME WAS?
GANT, SPENDER J. GANT.

JUDGE SPENDER J. GANT?
THAT'S RIGHT. HE USED TO BE AN OLD-STYLE JUDGE. YOU KNOW HIM?
OF HIM. HE WAS ONE OF THE DINOSAURS — COULDN'T ADAPT, REFUSED TO SEE THE LOGIC BEHIND INSTANT JUSTICE. RESIGNED RATHER THAN RETRAIN.
HE'S SPENT THE REST OF HIS TIME OPPOSING EVERYTHING WE STAND FOR — DID THREE STRETCHES IN THE CUBES, IF I REMEMBER RIGHT. THIS TIES THIS WHOLE THING IN WITH ANTI-JUDICIAL ELEMENTS.
AND NOW YOU RECKON HE'S GOT YOUR MYSTERY BOX?
IT'S A DISTINCT POSSIBILITY.
WAIT HERE. I SHALL ONLY BE A SHORT WHILE.
DREDD — PSU. YOUR MAN GANT JUST DECAMPED FROM A HIRE 'PORTER, CORNER OF GOODMAN AND McGRUDER, SECTOR ONE.
TRAVELLING EAST ON GOODMAN TOWARDS THE GRAND HALL. HE'S TURNING INTO PEDWAY TWELVE. I'M LOSING HIM —
ON MY WAY! ETA TWO MINUTES!
YOU!
SPUG
YOU, BOY!

WATCHA WANT?
WANT TO EARN A HUNDRED CREDITS, BOY?
SURE. WHADDA I GOTTA DO?
DELIVER THIS TO THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE. FIFTY CREDITS NOW, FIFTY WHEN YOU'VE DONE THE JOB. AND I'LL BE WATCHING.
GANT IS EMERGING FROM THE PEDWAY. HE'S MAKING HIS WAY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HIRE 'PORTER.
GANT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
OH NO - !
UNNH!
DROKK! MED WAGON REQUIRED!
UHH - UNNHH—

HEART ATTACK. THE SIGHT OF YOU, I SUPPOSE. NOT ENTIRELY SURPRISING AT HIS AGE.
TERRIFIC.
NOTHING IN THE BUGGY OR THE HIRE 'PORTER. IT PICKED HIM UP ON ELRIC BOULEVARD.
GET A FULL TEAM ON IT, SEARCH THE ROUTE BACK FROM ELRIC TO HIS BLOCK. I'LL MAKE A START ON THE PEDWAY.
PUG

WHAT **WAS** IT ABOUT THIS CASE? EVERYONE KEPT DYING ON HIM.
MAYBE IT WAS FATE, MAYBE THEY WERE FATED NEVER TO LEARN THE BOX'S SECRET...

THE END

Thanks to Robin Low.
JUDGE DREDD
ORIGINS
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE

LOGAN!
NO NEED TO SHOUT. I WAS JUST NEXT DOOR.
HERE'S A LIST.
Cohn
Venables
Waters
Renga
Ennerby
Sanchez
CHECK STATUS AND AVAILABILITY, ALL CURSED EARTH IMMUNISATIONS UP TO DATE, RATIONS FOR THIRTY DAYS. READY TO LEAVE AT 0600.
COHN... VENABLES... WATERS... RENGA...
I NEED EIGHT. COULD ONLY THINK OF SIX. BIT OUT OF TOUCH.
ENNERBY'S NO GO — CAUGHT A LOAD ON THAT SPEXER FIASCO.
OZMAN IS GOOD, HE'S AVAILABLE. YOU COULD TRY CURZON, JUST GRADUATED BUT HE'S SHARP. AND THERE'S ME.
YOU?
I KNOW THE HIP PLAYS ME UP, BUT IT'S JUST PAIN. THAT'S ALL. I ALWAYS GET OVERLOOKED FOR THE PLUMS.
HMM...
ALL RIGHT, LOGAN, BUT YOU BREAK DOWN YOU GO HOME ON YOUR OWN. YOU MAY FIND THIS IS NO PLUM.
COHN AND VENABLES ARE MED STAFF. YOU EXPECTING CASUALITIES THEN?
ALWAYS EXPECT. THAT WAY YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.

0530, WEST GATE NINE —
WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM PERSONS UNKNOWN A RANSOM DEMAND FOR THE RETURN OF THE BODY OF JUDGE EUSTACE FARGO.
IT'S MISSING?
HIS TOMB'S IN THE HALL OF JUSTICE. I PASSED IT ONLY YESTERDAY.
HOW COULD ANYONE GET TO IT THERE?
THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO. I HAVE SOME INFORMATION FOR YOU, AND THIS GOES NO FURTHER THAN THIS ROOM —
JUDGE FARGO HAS NEVER BEEN IN THAT TOMB.
YOU'RE KIDDING. BUT WE WERE ALWAYS TOLD —
FABRICATED.
FARGO'S BODY WAS... SHALL WE SAY, MISAPPROPRIATED. UNTIL NOW WE HAD THOUGHT IT LOST FOREVER.
IT SEEMS NOT.

ONE BILLION CREDITS.
THAT'S SERIOUS MONEY...
THAT WAS THE DEMAND. ALL USED, ALL IMPOSSIBLE TO TRACE.
YOU DON'T THINK IT OUGHT TO BE IN SOMETHING MORE SECURE? A FEW HEAVY LASERS AT LEAST?
THAT WAS ALSO PART OF THE TERMS — AND JUST ENOUGH OF US TO DEFEND IT FROM RANDOM ATTACK.
WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN A ROUTE. WE WILL RECEIVE FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS ALONG THE WAY. WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE TAKING NO CHANCES.
PARDON ME SAYING IT, BUT IT'S A LOT OF DANGER AND EXPENSE TO GO TO OVER A DEAD MAN.
C'MON. WATERS, FARGO'S THE FATHER OF JUSTICE — YOU CAN'T LEAVE HIS BODY IN CRIMINAL HANDS.
HOW DO WE KNOW THEY'VE GOT THE BODY ANYWAY?
WE HAVE... A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF PHYSICAL EVIDENCE.

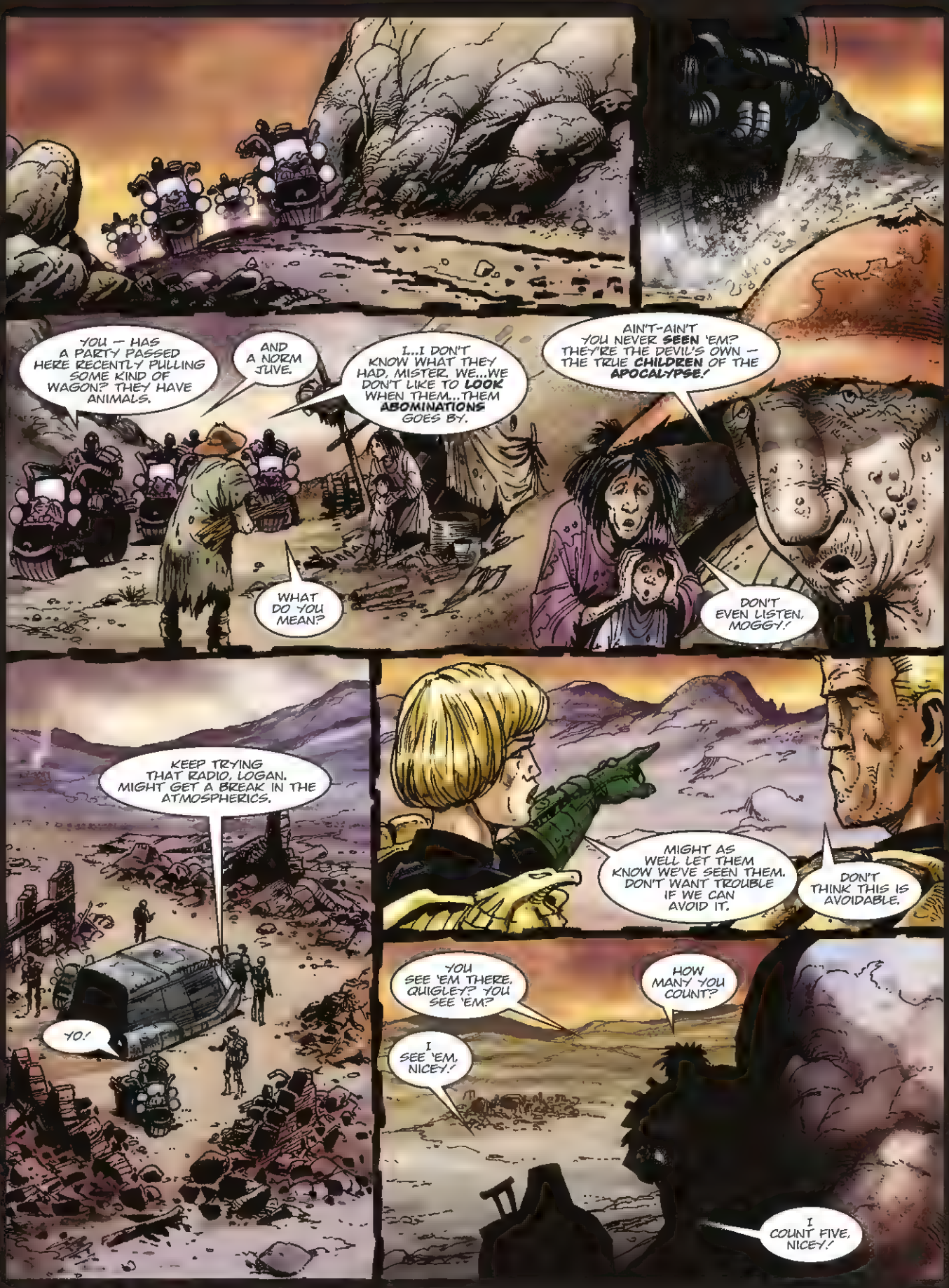
SOME 'DULT GIMME FIFTY CREDS TO GIVE YA THIS.
WHAT-?
DOWN! EVERYBODY DOWN!
HUH?
HASN'T GONE OFF - !
GET BACK, KID!
FRONT DESK! WE HAVE A SUSPECTED EXPLOSIVE DEVICE!
THE INNER CONTAINER WAS REFRIGERATED. IT HELD A SECTION OF HUMAN TISSUE. ITS DNA WAS IDENTICAL TO YOURS.
THIS CAME WITH IT.
YOU DON'T SEEM SURPRISED.
Fargo
Price for remainder one billion credits used currency only.
Funds leave Mega-City One tomorrow A.M., route specified below. Further instructions will be given en route.
Small escort only, no heavy armament.
No tricks.
LET'S SAY I HAD A SUSPICION FARGO MIGHT BE INVOLVED.
SO GANT PASSED THE BOX TO THE JUVE FOR DELIVERY. AND YOU THINK IT'S MY CLONE-FATHER?
IT'S HIGHLY PROBABLE.

THE AGE AND LEVELS OF ABSORBED CONTAMINANTS INDICATE A MAN WHO LIVED THROUGH MOST OF THE LAST CENTURY — AND THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO FAKE.
AND THERE'S ONE OTHER THING YOU SHOULD KNOW...
THE TISSUE WAS FRESH, DREDD, TAKEN FROM A LIVING ORGANISM.
JUDGE FARGO — IF INDEED IT IS FARGO — MAY STILL BE ALIVE!

THEY PRESS ON THROUGH THAT DESOLATE WASTELAND LITTERED WITH THE REMNANTS OF A LIFE THAT ONCE HAD BEEN —
— RUSTING, CRUMBLING MEMORIALS TO THE LAND THEY CALLED AMERICA.
24 Hours
HERE AND THERE SETTLEMENTS HAVE GROWN UP AMONG THE RUINS —
— THE CHILDREN OF THE APOCALYPSE, MADE WORN AND TWISTED AND BITTER BY THE HARSHNESS OF THE CURSED EARTH.
THEY GAVE THEM WIDE BERTH.
RIDE ON!

THIS TORTURED LAND...
NOT FARGO'S LEGACY, AS MANY THOUGHT, BUT DEMOCRACY'S — A PRODUCT OF THE CORRUPTION THE JUDGES HAD BEEN FORMED TO FIGHT.
IN THAT RESPECT AT LEAST, THEY HAD FAILED. TOO LATE. TOO LATE TO PREVENT DISASTER...
WHEN DO YOU RECKON THEY'LL MAKE CONTACT?
NOT TODAY. NOT FOR A WHILE. THEY WANT US WELL AWAY FROM THE CITY.
SOMETHING BURNING UP AHEAD.
LOOKS LIKE A RADWAGON.
MUTANT. ONE OF THE ATTACKERS. THAT'S HOME-MADE ARMOUR.
WOMAN'S DEAD. SHOT UP LIKE A PRACTICE DROID.
THE BUH...THE BABY. TH-THEY GOT THE BABY...

GUH... GOT SEPARATED FROM...FROM THE 'TREK. BIG DAMN MISTAKE...
SAVE HIM. DON'T LET THEM...HAVE MY...LITTLE BOY...
SO MUCH FOR THEIR NEW LIFE.
YOU GOTTA ASK, THE CITY WAS **THIS** BAD?
TRACKS EVERYWHERE. THESE ONES LOOK THE FRESHEST — HEADING INTO THE HILLS.
NOT OUR BUSINESS, RENGA. WE'VE GOT OUR INSTRUCTIONS.
DREDD TO JUSTICE WATCH. COME IN. ARE YOU READING ME?
NOTHING. TOO MUCH INTERFERENCE.
SO IT'S JUST US. WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING. WE CAN'T LEAVE THAT BABY TO THE MUTIES.
BRZZZ
I AGREE. I MEAN, WHAT'S SOME DEAD OLD **BONES** TO A JUVEY'S LIFE?
GOT TO SAY IT, DREDD. FATHER OF JUSTICE, SURE, BUT HE'S STILL OLD BONES. THAT LITTLE BOY COULD STILL BE ALIVE.
ALL RIGHT. CURZON, SANCHEZ, RENGA, YOU COME WITH ME. WATERS, YOU'RE IN CHARGE HERE.
FIND SOME DEFENSIBLE GROUND. WHOEVER DID THIS MAY BE BACK.
CHECK.


YOU — HAS A PARTY PASSED HERE RECENTLY PULLING SOME KIND OF WAGON? THEY HAVE ANIMALS.
AND A NORM JIVE.
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY HAD, MISTER. WE...WE DON'T LIKE TO LOOK WHEN THEM...THEM ABOMINATIONS GOES BY.
AIN'T-AIN'T YOU NEVER SEEN 'EM? THEY'RE THE DEVIL'S OWN — THE TRUE CHILDREN OF THE APOCALYPSE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
DON'T EVEN LISTEN, MOGGY!
KEEP TRYING THAT RADIO, LOGAN. MIGHT GET A BREAK IN THE ATMOSPHERICS.
MIGHT AS WELL LET THEM KNOW WE'VE SEEN THEM. DON'T WANT TROUBLE IF WE CAN AVOID IT.
DON'T THINK THIS IS AVOIDABLE.
YO!
YOU SEE 'EM THERE, QUIGLEY? YOU SEE 'EM?
HOW MANY YOU COUNT?
I SEE 'EM, NICEY!
I COUNT FIVE, NICEY!

AN' WHADDYA RECKON THEY GOT IN THAT THERE TRUCK?
SOMETHIN' REAL GOOD, I BET.
WELL, HOW ABOUT WE RIDE DOWN THERE, SLAUGHTER THEIR ASSES AN' FIND OUT? HOW DOES THAT SOUND FOR A PLAN?
WORKS FOR ME, NICEY.

NORMS COMIN'!
THEY'RE BAD TROUBLE!
GET HOME AN' WARN 'EM, BILLY!
GO BOY!
THEY LOOK LIKE THE DEVIL HISSELF!
WATCH IT!
KRAK!
YAAAAAAAAA!
THUMP!
JUST A KID. THAT'S QUITE A MUTATION.
THING LIKE THAT, OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN PUT DOWN AT BIRTH.
THAT'S ENOUGH, CURZON. GET HIM UP!

SOON, MY DEAR. PUSH AGAIN.
PUSH.!
PUSH.! BE BRAVE, NORMA. YOU CAN DO IT.!
BOY, RUN AND TELL THE WISEHEADS.! THE TIME OF THE BIRTHING IS ON US.!
YEZZIM.!
THE BIRTHING.!
WE'VE BEEN WAITING SO LONG FOR THIS MOMENT.!
HUSH, CHILD. HUSH, SO WE MAY HEAR THE CRY OF THE NEWBORN — THE NEXT GENERATION.!
THE NORMS ARE COMING.!
FOUR OF 'EM, RIDING UP THE TRAIL.!
WOE.! WHAT NEW CURSE IS THIS UPON US?

SPREAD OUT! NO KILLING IF WE CAN AVOID IT!
ROOFUS! THEY HAVE ROOFUS!
BDAM BDAM
EASE OFF THERE, PARTNER!
PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS! YOU CAN'T FIGHT US!
WE'RE HERE TO FIND THE ONES WHO DESTROYED THE RADWAGON — AND TO RECLAIM THE BABE-IN-ARMS YOU STOLE!
STOLE? NOT TRUE! WE TOOK THE CHILD FOR HIS PROTECTION!
SEE HOW YOU HAVE UPSET HIM WITH YOUR GUNS AND NOISE! HUSH, LITTLE ONE!
HE WILL BE RAISED AS ONE OF US, AS IS OUR WAY!
AS FOR THE REST, IT WAS NONE OF OUR DOING!
THESE PEOPLE COULD NEVER HAVE TOTALLED THE RADWAGON. THEY'RE PRACTICALLY STONE AGE.
SO WHO DID HIT THE RADWAGON?

SURE ARE A LOT OF THEM. DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS AT ALL.
ANY LUCK WITH DREDD, LOGAN?
NEGATIVE. JUST STATIC.
THEY MEAN BUSINESS! COHN — USE THE HOVER JETS! BURY THE TRUCK!
YO!
DAMN CARGO MAKES US A TARGET FOR EVERY RENEGADE BAND!
VRRRRRWWWWWWW
YOU WORRIED ABOUT THAT SCRAPYARD ARMY?
YOU'VE BEEN TOO LONG IN MED-DIV, VENABLES. YOU SEE WORSE EVERY DAY AT THE JUVIE CLUB.
YEAH?
YOU'RE GOING TO THE WRONG JUVIE CLUBS, WATERS!

ONE MORE PUSH, DEARIE!
MORE THAN A FEW NORMS HERE. LOOKS LIKE THEY MAKE A HABIT OF BABY-SNATCHING.
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM, KID? YOU'RE NO MUTIE.
GET YOUR HANDS OFF HIM!
HOLSTER IT, CURZON!
WE WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD IF THEY HADN'T FOUND US, AND CARED FOR US! WE LOVE THESE PEOPLE!
TELL HIM, JIMMY!
THEY'VE SHOWN US NOTHING BUT KINDNESS! THEY'RE GOOD PEOPLE — AND I'LL FIGHT BEFORE I LET YOU TAKE US AWAY!
YOU CAN FIGHT, BOY, BUT IT WON'T CHANGE THINGS. I CAN'T LEAVE YOU HERE.
THEN TRY TO TAKE ME! COME ON, I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU!
THE WISEHEADS ARE COMING!

NOW THAT'S A MUTATION!
JIMMY! PUT DOWN THAT SPEAR!
WE ARE THE ELDERS! WE WILL SPEAK FOR THIS VILLAGE!
BUT —
AND NO BUTS, YOUNG MAN!
AFTER THE WAR, I WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO BE BORN.
WE WERE.
ALL RIGHT, WE WERE.
I WOULDN'T HAVE LIKED TO BE THAT MOTHER.
PAINFUL.

THERE WERE A FEW LIKE US — ABOMINATIONS. ONLY WE HAVE SURVIVED. BUT THE POISON HAS RUN DOWN THROUGH US INTO OUR CHILDREN.
AND THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.
NONE ARE FREE OF THE **CURSE** — THE **CHILDREN** OF THE **APOCALYPSE!**
YES, WE HAVE RESCUED **BABES** AND YOUNG **NORMS**, AND BROUGHT THEM UP AS OUR OWN.
THEY ARE OUR **FUTURE.** THEY WILL BE THE **NEW GENERATION**, CLEAN OF THE **POISON** THAT INFECTS OUR **BODIES.**
IT'S OUR DUTY — THE ONE WAY WE CAN REPAY THEM.
THAT IS WHY WE CANNOT LET YOU TAKE THEM. THEY ARE OUR ONLY **HOPE.**
EVEN NOW THE **FIRST** OF OUR NEW CHILDREN GIVES **BIRTH.**
I'M SORRY FOR YOUR PLIGHT, BUT THAT DOESN'T ALTER THE FACTS. THEY CAN'T STAY HERE.
THEN WE MUST FIGHT, AND DIE IF NEED BE! FOR WHAT IS LIFE IF OUR PEOPLE REMAIN LIKE THIS?
STOP!
THERE IS NOTHING TO FIGHT FOR! ALL IS LOST!
MY BABY! LOOK AT MY BABY!

HEY! YOU JUDGES! WHADDA YOU GOT IN THAT THERE HOVER-BUGGY?
NOTHING OF INTEREST TO YOU! BUT I'LL MAKE YOU A PROMISE —
— YOU AND YOUR SCRAPYARD ARMY TRY FINDING OUT AND I GUARANTEE YOU'LL BE CRAWLING THROUGH YOUR OWN BLOOD!
OOOOHHH! TOUGH GUY!
WE AIN'T GONNA TAKE THAT, ARE WE, NICEY?
NO, BOYS, I LIKE TO DO THINGS NICE, BUT IF FOLKS WON'T DO THE DECENT THING AN' GIVE US ALL THEY GOT, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TA TREAT 'EM.
BLOW YOUR WAR HORN, QUIGLEY!
TAAAARRRRRRR
HERE THEY COME! CHOOSE YOUR TARGETS!

MEANWHILE, HIGH IN THE HILLS —
TWO HEADS! THE BABY BEARS THE CURSE!
WE HOPED IT WOULD BE FREE OF THIS BLIGHT — THE CHILD OF INCOMERS, WHOSE BODIES HAD NOT BEEN POISONED LIKE OURS!
ALL OUR HOPES GONE FOR NOTHING!
WHAT IS THERE TO LIVE FOR NOW?
SOIL ANALYSIS SHOWS LEVELS OF SIXTEEN DANGEROUS CONTAMINANTS WAY OVER THE LIMIT. I'M TALKING LIKE A THOUSAND TIMES OVER.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT WENT DOWN HERE DURING THE WAR, BUT IT SURE DOESN'T MAKE FOR A HEALTHY LIFESTYLE.
THEN THERE'S THE REASON FOR THE CURSE ON THESE PEOPLE.
THE POISON ISN'T IN YOUR GENES, IT'S HERE, IN THE EARTH — ALL AROUND YOU. IF YOU WANT THE CURE YOU HAVE TO MOVE AWAY.
BUT THIS IS OUR HOME! IT IS IN OUR HEARTS! HOW COULD WE LEAVE IT?
YOU MAY LOVE THIS LAND, BUT THE LAND DOESN'T LOVE YOU. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE WISE ONES — YOU MUST SEE THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION.
WE MUST BE CLEAR OF THE DEAD ZONE! I HAVE CONTACT WITH JUSTICE WATCH!
WE CAN HAVE YOU MOVED TO WHERE THE LAND IS CLEAN. WE CAN HELP YOU START A NEW LIFE. BUT THOSE YOU HAVE RESCUED MUST BE RETURNED TO MEGA-CITY ONE.
NO! I'M STAYING WITH THEM!
WHEN YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO MAKE THAT DECISION, YOU'LL BE FREE TO DO AS YOU LIKE.
THAT'S THE DEAL. MAKE YOUR CHOICE — USE THOSE WISE HEADS WELL. DECIDE WRONG AND THERE IS NO FUTURE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE APOCALYPSE.

FOR A MOMENT THERE I THOUGHT THEY WERE GOING TO BE DUMB ENOUGH TO SAY NO. THAT IS NO KIND OF LIFE.
THE HOVERSHIP'S ONLY GOING TO DUMP THEM SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE CURSED EARTH. NOT GOING TO BE ANY PICNIC.
BETTER THAN WHAT THEY HAVE.
AND SO THE EVILS OF THE WAR CARRY ON DOWN THE GENERATIONS. IF EVER WE NEEDED AN EXAMPLE OF MAN'S GENIUS FOR HARMING HIS FELLOW MAN, THEY'RE IT...
PICKING UP GUNFIRE! SOUNDS LIKE HEAVY ARTILLERY!
THE ESCORT! DAMN! I HAD A BAD FEELING —
LET'S MOVE!
LOGAN, TRY DREDD AGAIN!
GIMME A BREAK, WATERS, SOON AS I GET A MINUTE!
DON'T SAY OLD NICEY DIDN'T GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO CO-OPERATE!

THEY GOT VENABLES!
WE'RE GETTING SWAMPED!
THEN WE GO DOWN FIGHTING!
VARCCCOM
TARAN TARCCCCO
REINFORCEMENTS! GET 'EM!
MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!

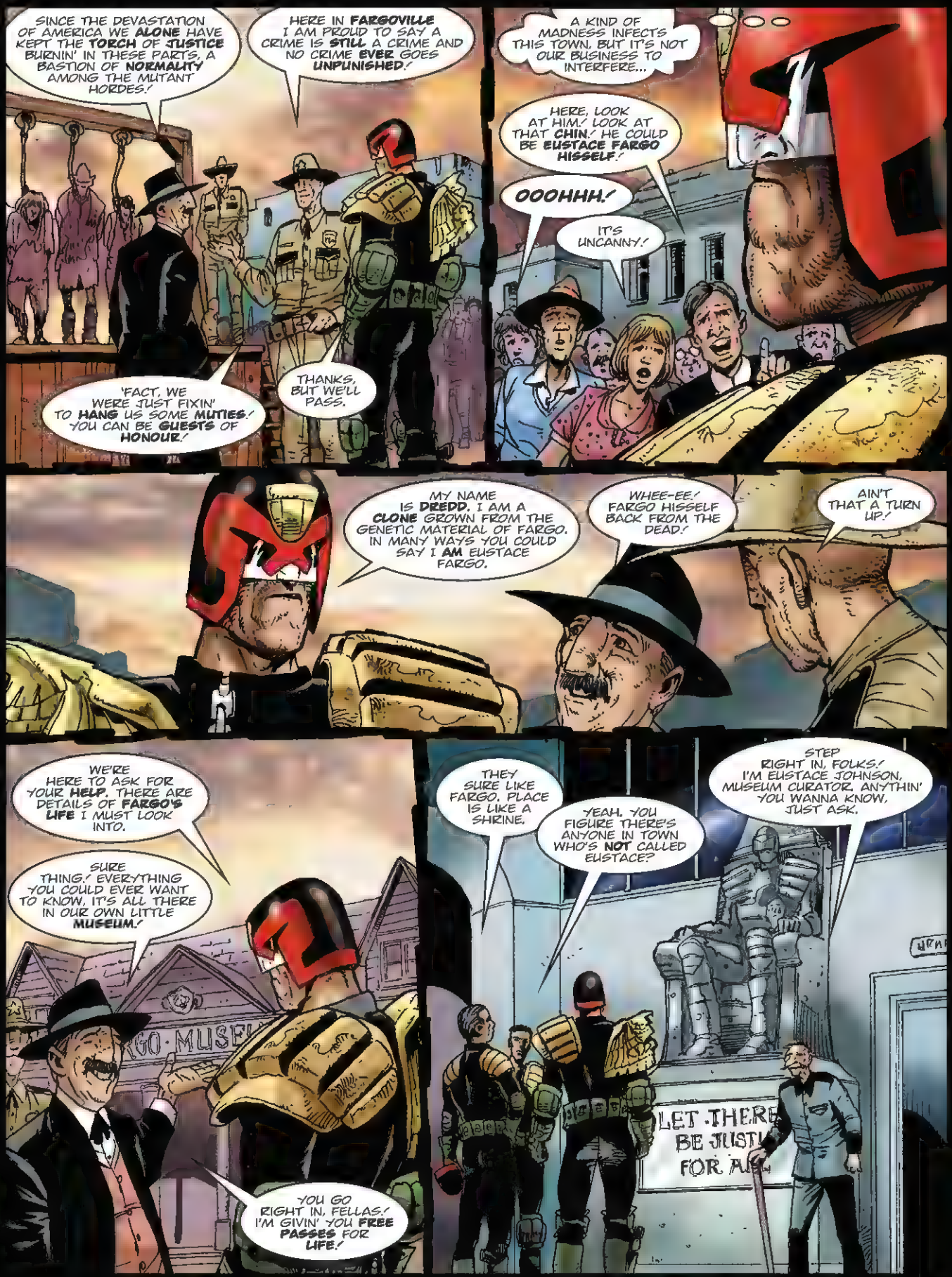
HE IS ANGRY, ANGRY WITH HIMSELF. HE HAD ALLOWED THEM TO BE SIDETRACKED, AND NOW THEIR MISSION WAS IN DANGER OF FAILING BEFORE THEY HAD BEGUN.
IT WAS CLEAR DERELICTION OF DUTY — AND SOMEBODY WAS GOING TO PAY!
THEY'RE LIKE FIGHTIN' DEMONS!
SCATTER, BOYS!
LET'S GET AFTER THEM!
NEGATIVE, CURZON! NO MORE WILD GOOSE CHASES!

I'M SORRY, VENABLES. REAL SORRY.
LOGAN, TAKE CURZON AND CHECK THE ENEMY WOUNDED. EXECUTE ANY YOU FIND ALIVE.
YO!
CAN YOU DO WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO DO WITHOUT VENABLES, COHN?
YES, SIR. MIGHT NEED SOME HELP, BUT NO PROBS.
GOOD.
HOVERSHIP COMING!
H...HELP ME...
YOU BET. ALL THE WAY TO HELL.
WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO MUTIE MOUNTAIN, WONDERED IF YOU NEEDED ASSISTANCE.
NEGATIVE. WE'RE ALL DONE HERE.
TAKE VENABLES' BODY AND GO. WRONG PERSON SEES YOU, IT COULD JEOPARDISE THE MISSION.
BLOW THE 'PORTER FREE AND LET'S GET READY TO RIDE. WE'VE LOST ENOUGH TIME.
ONE GONE. HOW MANY MORE BEFORE WE FIND FARGO — IF IT IS FARGO? IF THIS ISN'T JUST ANOTHER WILD GOOSE CHASE?

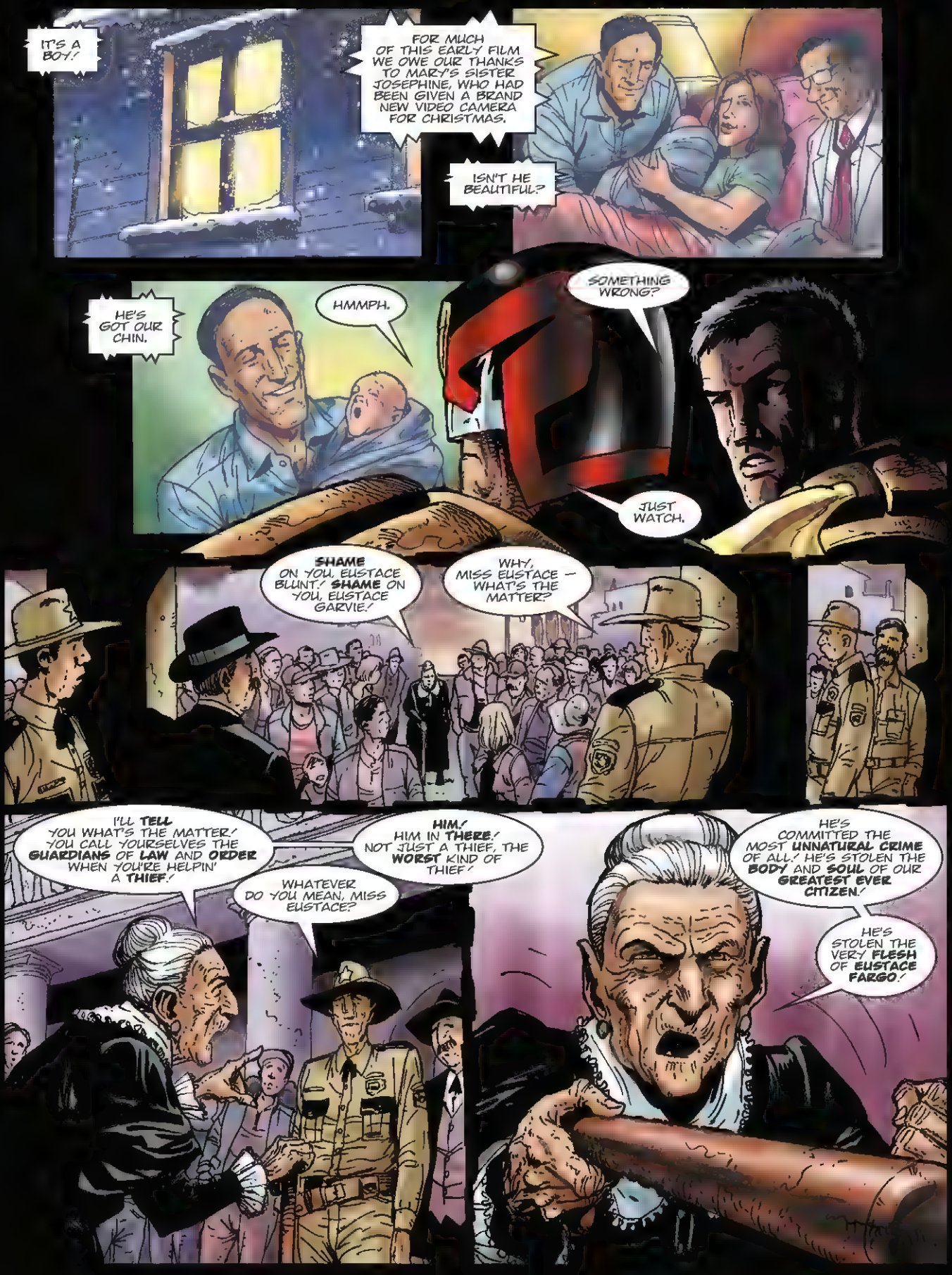
TRADING POST
YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FOR ME?
MEGA-CITY JUDGE, HUH? RECKON I MIGHT.
THEY SAID YOU'D GIVE ME FIFTY CREDS.
WHO'S THEY?
COUPLE OF GUYS, DROPPED IN ON A HOVERSKIMMER THREE DAYS AGO. FACES ALL WRAPPED UP LIKE THEY DIDN'T WANT TO BE RECOGNISED.
HMMPH.
ROUTE MAP. CREEPS AREN'T READY TO MAKE CONTACT YET.
KEEP RIDING WELL BE WATCHING
TRADING POST
CAMP, THAT NIGHT —
HAVE TO MAKE A LITTLE DETOUR, WATERS. I'LL TAKE LOGAN AND COHN WITH ME.
IN THE MORNING MOVE ON. WAIT FOR US HERE, AT THE RIVER CROSSING.
YOU THINK IT'S WISE, SPLITTING UP AGAIN?
RATHER AVOID IT, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO CHECK OUT.
SIGNALS ARE COMING THROUGH AGAIN. STAY IN CONTACT WITH AERIAL UNITS. ANY TROUBLE, CALL THEM IN.
NO CHANCE OF A LITTLE SLEEP, SIR? I'M PRETTY BUSHED.
"SLEEP IN THE SADDLE, COHN. TIME'S PRESSING."

MORNING —
RIDERS COMIN', BOSS!
I SAY YOU COULD TALK, BOY?
SOME O' THESE BOYS STILL GOTTA LEARN THE RULES! TAKE HIM TO THE HOTBOX!
NO! NOT THAT! I'M SORRY! I WON'T TALK AGAIN!
YOU'RE TALKIN' NOW, BOY!
DAMNED IF THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE BIG-CITY JUDGES. BETTER GO WARN THE TOWN.
YESSIR!
FARGOVILLE
BIRTHPLACE OF JUDGE EUSTACE FARGO
FARGO'S BIRTHPLACE!
FUNNY, NEVER THOUGHT OF HIM BEING BORN — LIKE NATURAL, I MEAN.

NO GUNS IN FARGOVILLE
NO LUDE OR
NO SPITTING SWEARING NAME-CALLING
NO EYEING UP OUR WIMMEN
LOOKS LIKE THEY CAUGHT THE LAW BUG REAL BAD.
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND YOUR WEAPONS READY. NO TELLING WHAT KIND OF RECEPTION WE'RE GOING TO GET.
PAPUM PAPUM
PUM PUMRUM
WELCOME, WELCOME FRIENDS!
I'M MAYOR EUSTACE BLUNT. THIS HERE'S SHERIFF EUSTACE GARVIE.
MAY I SAY WHAT A TRUE PLEASURE IT IS TO RECEIVE THE DISCIPLES OF EUSTACE FARGO BACK IN HIS BIRTHPLACE, THE TRUE CRADLE OF LAW IN THIS MODERN AGE.
DIDN'T EXPECT A MARCHING BAND. STILL, SURE BEATS A GUNFIGHT.


SINCE THE DEVASTATION OF AMERICA WE ALONE HAVE KEPT THE TORCH OF JUSTICE BURNIN' IN THESE PARTS, A BASTION OF NORMALITY AMONG THE MUTANT HORDES!
HERE IN FARGOVILLE I AM PROUD TO SAY A CRIME IS STILL A CRIME AND NO CRIME EVER GOES UNPUNISHED!
'FACT, WE WERE JUST FIXIN' TO HANG US SOME MUTIES! YOU CAN BE GUESTS OF HONOUR!
THANKS, BUT WE'LL PASS.
A KIND OF MADNESS INFECTS THIS TOWN, BUT IT'S NOT OUR BUSINESS TO INTERFERE...
HERE, LOOK AT HIM! LOOK AT THAT CHIN! HE COULD BE EUSTACE FARGO HISSELF!
OOOHHH!
IT'S UNCANNY!
MY NAME IS DREDD. I AM A CLONE GROWN FROM THE GENETIC MATERIAL OF FARGO. IN MANY WAYS YOU COULD SAY I AM EUSTACE FARGO.
WHEE-EE! FARGO HISSELF BACK FROM THE DEAD!
AIN'T THAT A TURN UP!
WE'RE HERE TO ASK FOR YOUR HELP. THERE ARE DETAILS OF FARGO'S LIFE I MUST LOOK INTO.
SURE THING! EVERYTHING YOU COULD EVER WANT TO KNOW, IT'S ALL THERE IN OUR OWN LITTLE MUSEUM!
YOU GO RIGHT IN, FELLAS! I'M GIVIN' YOU FREE PASSES FOR LIFE!
THEY SURE LIKE FARGO. PLACE IS LIKE A SHRINE.
YEAH. YOU FIGURE THERE'S ANYONE IN TOWN WHO'S NOT CALLED EUSTACE?
STEP RIGHT IN, FOLKS! I'M EUSTACE JOHNSON, MUSEUM CURATOR. ANYTHIN' YOU WANNA KNOW, JUST ASK.

GOT A WHOLE SELECTION OF HIS BIKES, RIGHT FROM WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BITTY KIDDIE.
MAN, A **LAWRANGER**! THAT WAS THE **PROTOTYPE** FOR THE LAWMASTER. LOOK AT THE ARMAMENT — RIGHT OUT OF THE DARK AGES.
THEY WERE PRONE TO JAMMING. HELD 200 ROUNDS, BLUNTNOSE .45s.
YOU SURE KNOW YOUR STUFF, YOUNG MAN.
THIS HERE WAS HIS FIRST BB GUN, GIVEN TO LITTLE EUSTACE FOR HIS FIFTH BIRTHDAY. BY THE TIME HE WAS **SIX** HE WAS A **DEAD SHOT.** USED TO ROAM THE COUNTRYSIDE, SHOOTIN' PRACTICALLY ANYTHIN' THAT **MOVED.**
AND HERE WE HAVE HIS MAMMY AN' PAPPY, **NATHAN** AN' **MARY.** NATHAN WAS **CIRCUIT JUDGE** ROUND THESE PARTS, AN' HE INSTILLED IN THE BOY A LOVE OF JUSTICE AN' FAIR PLAY.
MARY WAS A KINDLY WOMAN, BUT STRICT. NOT EXACTLY CHURCHY, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, BUT SHE WOULDN'T PUT UP WITH NO NONSENSE FROM THE BOY.
NEVER SAW A PICTURE OF THEM BEFORE. TOO MUCH OF THE ARCHIVE WAS DESTROYED IN THE WAR.
HIS PARENTS...**MY** PARENTS. APART FROM RICO, THE NEAREST THING I HAVE TO A FAMILY.
SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN, FOLKS. WE GOT A WHOLE FILM SHOW HERE. YOU MIGHT AS WELL SEE THINGS RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING.
JUST MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE AN' I'LL GO GET HER STARTED.
THE YEAR IS 1999. AT 20.45 ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 9, AT 16 MAIN STREET IN THE TOWN OF JAXVILLE, A HAPPY EVENT IS TAKING PLACE.
JAXVILLE?
THEY CHANGED THE NAME TO FARGOVILLE AFTER HIS DEATH, I KNOW THAT MUCH.


IT'S A BOY!
FOR MUCH OF THIS EARLY FILM WE OWE OUR THANKS TO MARY'S SISTER JOSEPHINE, WHO HAD BEEN GIVEN A BRAND NEW VIDEO CAMERA FOR CHRISTMAS.
ISN'T HE BEAUTIFUL?
HE'S GOT OUR CHIN.
HMMPH.
SOMETHING WRONG?
JUST WATCH.
SHAME ON YOU, EUSTACE BLUNT! SHAME ON YOU, EUSTACE GARVIE!
WHY, MISS EUSTACE — WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S THE MATTER! YOU CALL YOURSELVES THE GUARDIANS OF LAW AND ORDER WHEN YOU'RE HELPIN' A THIEF!
WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN, MISS EUSTACE?
HIM! HIM IN THERE! NOT JUST A THIEF, THE WORST KIND OF THIEF!
HE'S COMMITTED THE MOST UNNATURAL CRIME OF ALL! HE'S STOLEN THE BODY AND SOUL OF OUR GREATEST EVER CITIZEN!
HE'S STOLEN THE VERY FLESH OF EUSTACE FARGO!

WE'RE DOWN TO THE LAST PLAY IN THE STATE SCHOOLS GRIDIRON FINAL, AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE DREAM IS OVER FOR JAXVILLE!
31-26 DOWN AND EVEN WITH THEIR PHENOMENAL QUARTERBACK EUSTACE FARGO, I SEE NO WAY BACK FOR THE HICKS FROM THE STICKS!
AND THERE'S THE HIKE - !
A BULLET PASS FROM FARGO FINDS STUKELY! HE'S CUTTING CROSS-FIELD! BUT HE'S GOT THREE MARAUDERS CLOSING IN!
IT'S A LATERAL! AND IT'S FARGO! FARGO HIMSELF COMING THROUGH!
HE HANDS OFF ONE - TWO! HE'S HEADING FOR THE LINE! I DO NOT BELIEVE WHAT I AM SEEING!
COME ON, FARGO!
GO, GUY!
SHOULD'VE GOT YOU TWO SOME POPCORN.
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! EUSTACE FARGO HAS WON THE GAME FOR JAXVILLE!
THEY'RE LIFTING HIM ALOFT! THE CROWD IS GOING WILD!
FARGO! FARGO!
FARGO!
I'VE NEVER SEEN A PLAY LIKE THAT BEFORE! ONLY SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD, BUT THIS BOY COULD HAVE A HUGE FUTURE IN THE PROFESSIONAL GAME!

THOUGH MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR CONTRACTS WERE THROWN AT THE BOY, YOUNG EUSTACE'S FUTURE LAY ELSEWHERE — IN THE LAW. IN 2019, AT THE TENDER AGE OF TWENTY, HIS PROUD PARENTS TRAVELLED TO HARVARD TO WITNESS THEIR ONLY SON'S GRADUATION.
MANY THOUGHT HE WOULD FOLLOW HIS FATHER INTO HIS JAXVILLE LAW PRACTICE, BUT YOUNG EUSTACE HAD LONG AGO DECIDED THERE WAS ONLY ONE PLACE TO EXERCISE HIS BURGEONING TALENTS — WASHINGTON.
IN A NATION INCREASINGLY OVERWHELMED BY LAWLESSNESS, WHERE TRULY GOOD MEN WERE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN, FARGO'S SPECIAL TALENTS SOON ELEVATED HIM TO THE VERY HEART OF GOVERNMENT.
IN 2027 PRESIDENT THOMAS GURNEY — REACTING AGAINST THE TIDE OF CIVIL UNREST AND GANG WARFARE THAT HAD TURNED MAJOR CITIES INTO BATTLEGROUNDS — APPOINTED FARGO GOVERNMENT SPECIAL PROSECUTOR FOR STREET CRIME.
OUR POLICE ARE BELEAGUERED! OUR COURTS ARE A LAUGHING STOCK! OUR STREETS HAVE BECOME NO-GO AREAS!
I AM REMINDED OF THE WORDS: 'ALL THAT IS REQUIRED FOR EVIL TO PREVAIL IS FOR GOOD MEN TO DO NOTHING.'
I PROMISE YOU, I WILL NOT REST UNTIL I HAVE RECLAIMED THIS NATION FOR THE PEOPLE!
SHORTLY AFTER FARGO'S APPOINTMENT, ARMED GANGS LED BY THE NOTORIOUS P STREET POSSE STORMED THE WHITE HOUSE ITSELF. PRESIDENT GURNEY'S LIFE WAS ONLY SAVED BY A DARING RESCUE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE ROOF!
UNDER FARGO'S DIRECTION, HUNDREDS OF ARRESTS WERE MADE — BUT THROUGH INTIMIDATION AND OUTRIGHT MURDER OF THE JURORS, NOT ONE CONVICTION WAS UPHELD. THE PERPETRATORS WALKED FREE.

THIS OUTRAGE WAS THE FINAL STRAW. WITH THE PRESIDENT'S BLESSING, FARGO OUTLINED HIS 'NEW DEAL' TO CONGRESS —
THE LAW HAS FAILED US! TRIALS TAKE YEARS TO REACH THE COURTS — AND WHEN THEY DO IS THERE A JURY IN THIS LAND THAT DARES TO CONVICT?
OUR PROUD NATION IS BEING DESTROYED BY THE VERY PRINCIPLES WE ONCE HELD SO DEAR!
IF OUR JURIES ARE TOO FRIGHTENED TO ACT — IF OUR COURTS ARE POWERLESS — WE MUST FIND ANOTHER WAY!
IT IS TIME TO TAKE THE JUDGES OUT OF THE COURTS AND PUT THEM ONTO THE STREETS! WE MUST CHOOSE GOOD MEN AND WOMEN TRAINED TO ADMINISTER RETRIBUTION FAIRLY AND WITHOUT DELAY.
WE MUST ARM THEM WITH THE POWER TO DISPENSE INSTANT JUSTICE!
ABANDON DUE PROCESS? NEVER!
IT'S UNCONSTITUTIONAL!
WE WON'T APPROVE IT, FARGO!
IT'S A STEP TOO FAR!
THE PEOPLE DID NOT AGREE. IN THE ELECTION OF 2028, PRESIDENT GURNEY WAS RETURNED WITH A MASSIVE MAJORITY, AND THOSE SENATORS WHO OPPOSED HIM SWEPT FROM OFFICE!
SOME KIND OF COMMOTION OUTSIDE. SEE WHAT'S GOING ON, COHN.
YES, SIR.
IT WAS TO TAKE MORE THAN TWO YEARS BEFORE THE LAST PROTECTIONS ENSHRINED IN THE CONSTITUTION COULD BE SCRAPPED, TO BE REPLACED BY A STRINGENT NEW JUDICIAL CODE.
MEANWHILE FARGO PURSUED HIS TASK TIRELESSLY, SETTING UP CENTRES ACROSS THE NATION TO RAPIDLY TRAIN THE NEW BREED OF JUDGES.
IN TIME, ACADEMIES WOULD BE ESTABLISHED, WHERE ENTRANTS, SELECTED AT THE AGE OF FIVE, WOULD SPEND MANY GRUELLING YEARS LEARNING TO EXERCISE THEIR SWEEPING POWERS.
SURE IS INTERESTING, SEEING ALL THIS OLD ARCHIVE FOOTAGE.
IT'S INTERESTING ALL RIGHT.

BY APRIL 2031, THE NEW SYSTEM WAS READY TO ROLL. FARGO, APPOINTED **FIRST CHIEF JUDGE**, LED HIS NEW JUDICIAL FORCE ONTO THE STREETS —
LET JUSTICE BE DONE!
FOR THE GANGS THAT PREYED ON THE VAST CONURBATION THAT NOW STRETCHED FROM WASHINGTON TO NEW YORK — WHICH WOULD BECOME THE FIRST **MEGA-CITY** — IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END.
THE SENTENCE IS DEATH!
THAT'S ENOUGH! SWITCH IT OFF!
BUT — DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE THE REST?

I KNOW THE REST. WHAT I WANT NOW IS THE TRUTH.
T-THE TRUTH?
WHY HAVE THEY REWRITTEN HISTORY?
EUSTACE WAS NO ONLY CHILD. HE HAD A TWIN BROTHER — EPHRAM. AN IDENTICAL TWIN. WHY IS THERE NOTHING IN THAT FILM ABOUT HIM?
THAT'S NOT TRUE!
YOU'RE LYING, LITTLE MAN. THAT FILM'S BEEN DOCTORED TO REMOVE HIM. WHY?
I...I...I CAN'T SAY. WE-WE DON'T TALK ABOUT HIM HERE. IT-IT'S A CRIME TO MENTION HIS NAME.
WELL I'M GIVING YOU SPECIAL DISPENSATION. WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? WHERE'S EPHRAM?
HE'S D-DEAD. LONG DEAD. HE WENT BAD. WE KICKED HIM OUTA TOWN. H-HE WENT AWAY TO LIVE IN THE BACKWOODS WITH HIS ROTTEN BROOD.
WHERE?
PLEASE, DON'T MAKE ME SAY NO MORE. THEY'LL ARREST ME! I'LL GET HUNG! I NEVER SHOULDA TOLD YOU THIS MUCH!
I'LL FIND OUT! GET OUT OF HERE!
FARGO HAD AN IDENTICAL TWIN? THEN... THE TISSUE SAMPLE THEY SENT COULD HAVE BELONGED TO THE TWIN. THEY'D BE INDISTINGUISHABLE.
AND THE CONTAMINANT PROFILE WOULD HAVE BEEN SIMILAR. COULD BE WE'RE ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE, LOGAN. COULD BE THE BODY THEY'VE GOT BELONGS TO EPHRAM FARGO.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BOYS! RAISE 'EM OR DIE!
COHN -!
LOGAN - NO!
UNNHH!
BLAM! BLAM!
DAMN IT, LOGAN —
TAKE HIM DOWN!
THUD THUDD
WE'RE ARRESTIN' YOU, DREDD, FOR BEIN' IN ILLEGAL POSSESSION OF THE SACRED BLOOD AN' FLESH OF EUSTACE FARGO! THESE OTHER TWO ARE YOUR ACCOMPLICES IN CRIME!
WE GONNA HANG 'EM, SHERIFF? HUH? HUH?
RECKON WE ARE, EUSTACE, BOY. BUT FIRST THIS ONE'S GONNA PAY FOR HIS AFFRONT TO THE MEMORY OF OUR GREATEST EVER CITIZEN!
LOCK HIS BUDDIES HERE UP! TAKE HIM TO THE CORNFIELDS! GIVE HIM A TASTE OF WHAT HAPPENS TO FOLKS WHO BREAK THE LAW IN FARGOVILLE!

CRAAAK
SHERIFF THINKS THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE GONNA GET YOU, HE DIDN'T KNOW OL' EUSTACE STARK.' GONNA WORK YOU TILL YOU DIE.'
HEY, BOSS.' HOW COME THAT STINKIN' JUDGE GETS TA WEAR A HAT AN' WE DON'T?
THINK WE WANNA LOOK AT IT, BOY — THE FACE HE STOLE FROM OUR GREATEST EVER CITIZEN?
AN' SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO.'
CRAAAK
ON YOUR FEET, BODYSNATCHER.' NOBODY SAID YOU COULD HAVE NO BREAK.'
GOT TO PLAY ALONG, TRY TO LAST OUT TILL NIGHTFALL...
YES, BOSS.' I'M WORKING, BOSS.'

WE'RE IN A HELLUVA SPOT, LOGAN. WHY DID DREDD BRING US HERE?
TO FIND OUT...ABOUT EPHRAM. HE'S FARGO'S IDENTICAL TWIN.
IT COULD BE HIS BODY THEY'RE HOLDING, NOT EUSTACE'S. WHOLE THING COULD BE A BIG CON.
TWIN, HUH? LOT OF DIFFERENCE IT MAKES TO US NOW. THEY'RE GOING TO HANG US.
YEAH? THEY'VE GOT HIM ON A CHAIN GANG, REMEMBER.
DON'T WORRY. DREDD'LL GET US OUT OF THIS.
YOU DON'T KNOW HIM LIKE I DO. HE'LL GET US OUT...
NIGHT FELL, AND THE PRISONERS WERE MARCHED BACK TO THE JAIL — EXCEPT ONE...
KEEP WORKIN', BOY! JUS' COS BOSS STARK AIN'T HERE DON'T MEAN WE START GOIN' EASY!
AIN'T IT A SHAME! HE CAN'T TAKE NO MORE!
NO LYIN' DOWN ON THE JOB!
YES, BOSS...I'M... WORKIN, BOSS...
UNNH!

GUHH.!
THUNK
BDAM!
BDAM!
UNHOOK THESE CHAINS.!
Y-YES, BOSS.!
THUNK
NO LAWGIVER OR UTILITY BELT. HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH WHAT I'VE GOT...

IN TOWN —
WHEE-OOO! WATCH OUT THERE, MISS EUSTACE! WE GOT US SOME REAL WHEELS NOW!
YOUNG FOOL!
VRRMMMMMM
DANG IT, YOUNG EUSTACE! YOU STOP MONKEYIN' AROUND THERE OR I'LL PUT YOU ON THE CHAIN GANG!
YOU'LL HAVE TA CATCH ME FIRST!
SPAK!
SHRANGGGG
VRRMMMMMM
LOGAN! COHN! SOUND OFF!
HERE! THIS WAY!

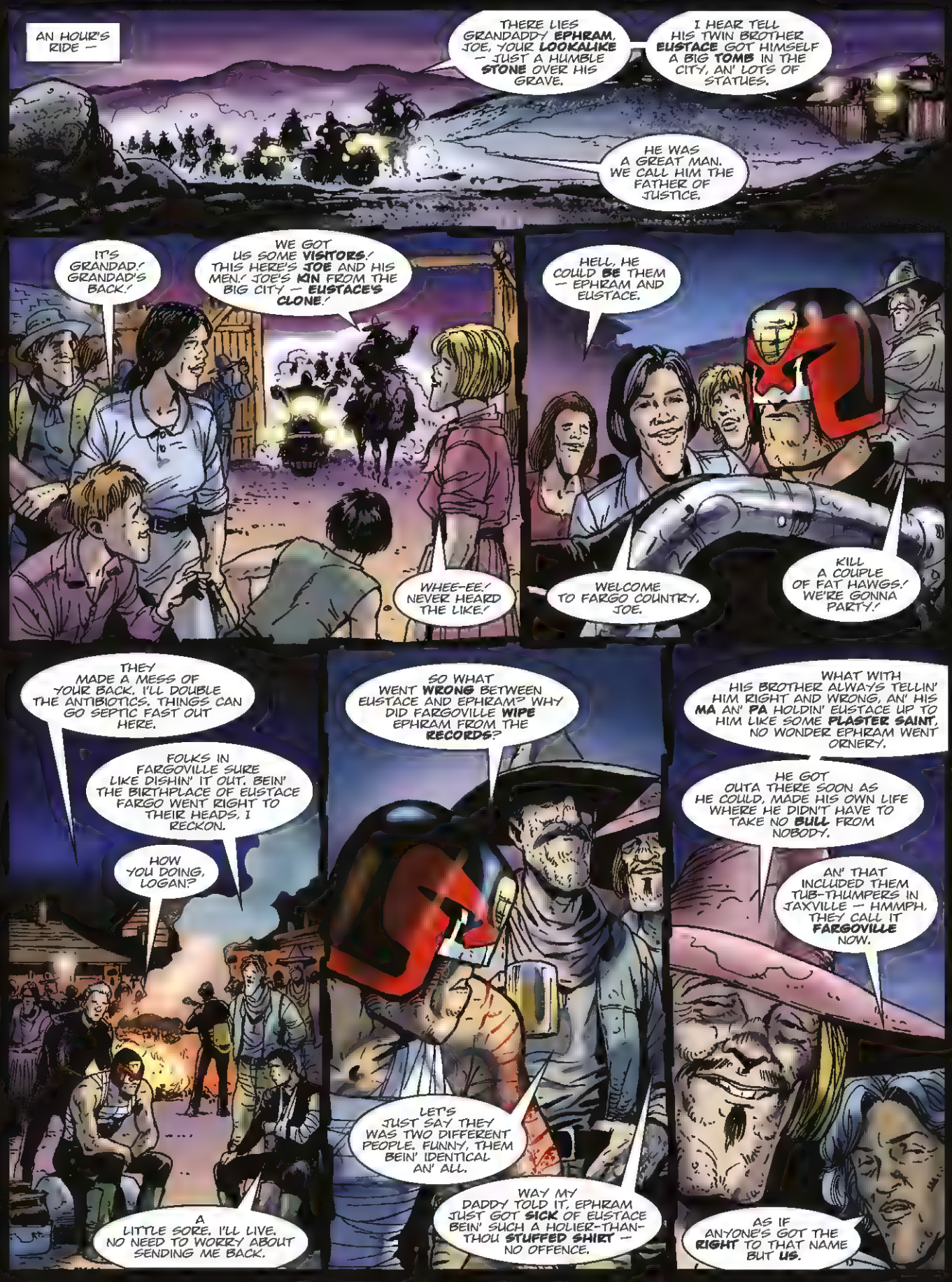
HELL —
AHHH!
BADOOM
I TOLD YOU HE'D DO IT.!
TAKE THOSE WARDERS' GUNS.! YOU FIT TO FIGHT, LOGAN?
DAMN RIGHT.!
I PATCHED HIM UP BEST I COULD.! BULLET WENT CLEAN THROUGH.!
GOOD.! FROM HERE ON IT'S NO MERCY!
BADOOM
AHHHH.!
WHAT DO WE DO — RUN FOR IT?
THREE ON ONE BIKE DOESN'T GO, COHN — AND I'M DAMNED IF I'M LEAVING GOOD JUSTICE DEPARTMENT EQUIPMENT HERE.!
IT'S A JAILBREAK!
SHOOT 'EM DOWN.!
TAKE COVER!
BAROOOM
AHHHH!

HE'S HELL ON WHEELS!
GEDOWDAHERE!
THEM DAMN WARDERS OF YOURS FOULED UP BUT GOOD!
DON'T BLAME ME! IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU SHOULDA HANGED 'EM RIGHT AWAY!
STOP ARGUIN'! SHOOT 'IM! SHOOT 'IM DOWN WITH THEIR OWN GUNS!
BARROOM
BARROOM
BARROOM
HUH?
B-BOOBY TRAPPED!
DANG!
LOOKS LIKE ALL HELL'S BREAKIN' LOOSE IN TOWN!
WHAT'RE THEM SONS O' SATAN UP TO?
MORE TO THE POINT, BOYS, WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GET US A PIECE OF IT!

MAYOR! SHERIFF! BOSS! WH-WHAT HAPPENED!
TH-THEM GUNS WAS BOOBY TRAPPED!
IT'S THAT DANGED FARGO CLONE! HE'S TROUBLE!
MORE LIKE EPHRAM THAN EUSTACE!
DROP YOUR GUN, BODY SNATCHER!
RAISE 'EM OR THESE TWO DANGLE!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, DREDD! SAVE YOURSELF!
WHAT, AND MISS OUT ON EXECUTING THE REST OF THEM?
WHICH IS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IF MY MEN AREN'T DOWN OFF THAT SCAFFOLD IN FIVE FLAT!
BDOW!
BDOW!
EASY AS SHOOTIN' THE HIND LEGS OFF A RADFLY!
AN' A WHOLE LOT MORE FUN!

ZING!
ZING!
IT'S THE FARGOS!
THE FARGOS! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
SEE 'EM OFF, BOYS!

YOU JUMPED-UP NORMS. WE HEARD TELL YOU WAS FIXIN' TO **HANG** ONE OF OUR **KINFOLK.**
WE **WARNED** YOU IF WE EVER HAD TO COME BACK HERE WE'D PUT AN **END** TO YOUR SHENANIGANS ONCE AN' FOR ALL.
Y-YOU WOULDN'T DARE!
BADOW
YOU AIN'T EXEMPT, SHERIFF.
BADOW
BADOW
BADOW
DON'T MIND THEM. THEY HAD IT COMIN' A LONG TIME.
THE NAME'S **RANDY FARGO.** I'M LEADER OF THIS PACK OF RUFFIANS. AN' **YOU'D** BE - ?
DREDD. JOE DREDD.
THE **SPIT** OF GREAT GRANDADDY **EPHRAM!**
LOOK AT THAT CHIN, PA! AIN'T NO DOUBTIN' IT, HE'S **BLOOD!**
CHINS HAVE KINDA **GROWN** SINCE THE BIG **RAD** HIT. THAT'S A FACT AN' NOTHIN' WE CAN DO ABOUT IT. BUT WE'RE STILL FAMILY.
PUT IT THERE, JOE.
WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS NECK OF THE WOODS?
WE CAME TO CHECK UP ON EPHRAM. THERE ARE THINGS WE NEED TO KNOW.
WELL, YOU FOUND THE RIGHT PEOPLE. GET YOUR BOYS TOGETHER, YOU CAN RIDE ON BACK WITH US.


AN HOUR'S RIDE —
THERE LIES GRANDADDY EPHRAM, JOE, YOUR LOOKALIKE — JUST A HUMBLE STONE OVER HIS GRAVE.
I HEAR TELL HIS TWIN BROTHER EUSTACE GOT HIMSELF A BIG TOMB IN THE CITY, AN' LOTS OF STATUES.
HE WAS A GREAT MAN. WE CALL HIM THE FATHER OF JUSTICE.
IT'S GRANDAD! GRANDAD'S BACK!
WE GOT US SOME VISITORS! THIS HERE'S JOE AND HIS MEN! JOE'S KIN FROM THE BIG CITY — EUSTACE'S CLONE!
WHEE-EE! NEVER HEARD THE LIKE!
HELL, HE COULD BE THEM — EPHRAM AND EUSTACE.
WELCOME TO FARGO COUNTRY, JOE.
KILL A COUPLE OF FAT HAWGS! WE'RE GONNA PARTY!
THEY MADE A MESS OF YOUR BACK. I'LL DOUBLE THE ANTIBIOTICS. THINGS CAN GO SEPTIC FAST OUT HERE.
FOLKS IN FARGOVILLE SURE LIKE DISHIN' IT OUT. BEIN' THE BIRTHPLACE OF EUSTACE FARGO WENT RIGHT TO THEIR HEADS, I RECKON.
HOW YOU DOING, LOGAN?
A LITTLE SORE. I'LL LIVE. NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT SENDING ME BACK.
SO WHAT WENT WRONG BETWEEN EUSTACE AND EPHRAM? WHY DID FARGOVILLE WIPE EPHRAM FROM THE RECORDS?
LET'S JUST SAY THEY WAS TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE. FUNNY, THEM BEIN' IDENTICAL AN' ALL.
WAY MY DADDY TOLD IT, EPHRAM JUST GOT SICK OF EUSTACE BEIN' SUCH A HOLIER-THAN-THOU STUFFED SHIRT — NO OFFENCE.
WHAT WITH HIS BROTHER ALWAYS TELLIN' HIM RIGHT AND WRONG, AN' HIS MA AN' PA HOLDIN' EUSTACE UP TO HIM LIKE SOME PLASTER SAINT, NO WONDER EPHRAM WENT ORNERY.
HE GOT OUTA THERE SOON AS HE COULD, MADE HIS OWN LIFE WHERE HE DIDN'T HAVE TO TAKE NO BULL FROM NOBODY.
AN' THAT INCLUDED THEM TUB-THUMPERS IN JAXVILLE — HMMPH, THEY CALL IT FARGOVILLE NOW.
AS IF ANYONE'S GOT THE RIGHT TO THAT NAME BUT US.

FUNNY — ONE BROTHER WENT ONE WAY, ONE ANOTHER. IT COULD HAVE BEEN HIM AND RICO. MUST RUN IN THE FAMILY.
YOU SAID YOU HAD TO KNOW SOME THINGS ABOUT EPHRAM — IS THAT IT, JOE?
I'M AFRAID NOT.
HE TOLD THEM ABOUT THE RANSOM DEMAND, AND THE HUMAN TISSUE SENT TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT —
I HAVE TO BE SURE THAT IT'S EUSTACE'S BODY THEY'RE HOLDING. I HAVE TO ASK YOUR PERMISSION TO EXHUME EPHRAM.
THE HELL YOU WILL!
SO YOU JUST COME HERE TO ABUSE OUR HOSPITALITY!
I'VE KILLED MEN FOR LESS!
EASY NOW. YOU'RE TAKIN' THE WRONG END OF THE STICK THERE, BOYS. JOE'S FAMILY — HE AIN'T HERE TO DO US NO INJUSTICE. ARE YOU, JOE?
I AM NOT. JUST TO LEARN THE TRUTH.
THAT'S ALL ANY MAN WANTS, AN' IF THAT AIN'T MY GRANDADDY BURIED UP THERE, I WANT TO KNOW IT TOO. AN' I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE.
NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE MEETIN' GREAT GRANDADDY FACE TO FACE.
IF IT IS YOUR GREAT GRANDADDY.
GET BUSY, COHN.

SKELETON'S MEASUREMENTS TALLY WITH WHAT WE KNOW. JUST GOT TO CONFIRM **DNA**...
CONFIRM.
DISREGARDING THE FAINT POSSIBILITY IT COULD BE **EUSTACE** IN THERE, THAT'S GOT TO BE **EPHRAM**.
MORNING —
WELL, JOE, IT'S BEEN A REAL SHORT VISIT BUT IT'S BEEN INTERESTIN'.
GOOD. THEY DIDN'T FIND MY BACK-UP.
MAYBE ONE DAY WE'LL MAKE US A TRIP TO THE BIG CITY, RETURN THE COMPLIMENT.
SURE LIKE TO MEET SOME OF THEM FANCY MEGA-CITY WOMEN.'
YOU DO THAT.'
BUT THEY'RE **MUTANTS**. THEY WOULDN'T BE ALLOWED IN THE CITY.
LET'S NOT GO INTO THAT, LOGAN.
MAYBE IT'S TIME THINGS CHANGED.
BIT DIFFERENT WHEN IT GETS **PERSONAL**, HUH?
WE'LL MAKE THAT THE LAST REMARK, COHN...

SOMETHING'S WEIRD. THE NEWSREEL GAVE FARGO'S BIRTHDATE AS 1999, RIGHT? BUT IT SAYS ON THE TOMB 2001. HOW COME?
I DON'T KNOW, COHN. 2001 IS THE DATE WE HAVE — THE DATE HE ALWAYS USED.
MAYBE HE WANTED TO BE THOUGHT A CHILD OF THE 21ST CENTURY.
THAT'S NOT ALL THAT'S WEIRD. YOU SAID FARGO WAS NEVER IN THAT TOMB ANYWAY.
SO WHERE DID WE BURY HIM? AND WHY ALL THE MYSTERY?
HE CAUGHT A BULLET IN A DRIVE-BY, I KNOW THAT MUCH.
HE DIDN'T. AND WE DIDN'T. BURY HIM, I MEAN.
MAINLY BECAUSE HE WASN'T DEAD.
BUT WE'VE ALL SEEN THE VID —
A SKILFUL SIMULATION. THE TRUTH IS RATHER MORE... BIZARRE.
THERE WAS A RUMOUR, WHEN I WAS IN THE ACADEMY, THAT HE WAS SEEN DURING THE WAR — ALIVE, AND THAT'S TWENTY YEARS AFTER HE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED. I NEVER BELIEVED IT, BUT...
NO ONE SAYS A WORD ABOUT THIS WHEN WE GET BACK — IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?
THERE ARE THINGS YOU MAY NEED TO KNOW, BUT THEY REMAIN TOP SECRET. IF THE TRUTH WERE TO GET OUT IT WOULD REFLECT BADLY ON JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

FARGO'S NEW JUDICIAL SYSTEM WAS HARSH. MISTAKES WERE MADE. BUT THE CITIZENS WAS PREPARED TO OVERLOOK A FEW TEETHING TROUBLES. THEY WERE TIRED OF THE COUNTRY LOOKING LIKE A WARZONE.
A HUGE CONSTRUCTION PROGRAMME GOT UNDER WAY, FORERUNNERS OF THE ISO-BLOCKS. THE PRISON POPULATION SOARED, BUT THANKS TO AUTOMATION COSTS ACTUALLY WENT DOWN. THE CITIZENS LIKED THAT TOO.
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT RAPIDLY GREW INTO AN ARM OF GOVERNMENT POWERFUL ENOUGH TO RIVAL CONGRESS ITSELF.
A LESSER MAN COULD NEVER HAVE ACHIEVED IT, BUT FARGO'S REPUTATION FOR INTEGRITY CARRIED IT THROUGH — A MAN OF UNSHAKABLE PRINCIPLE, WHO LIVED BY THE RULES HE SET FOR OTHERS.
NO TEMPTATION COULD LURE HIM FROM THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW, NO BRIBE OR FAVOUR CORRUPT HIM. THOSE WHO FELL BELOW HIS STANDARDS WERE QUICKLY DEALT WITH.
THE PEOPLE BELIEVED IN HIM. THAT WAS THE KEY. IN THE PAST THEY'D BEEN LIED TO BY POLITICIANS OF EVERY HUE. FARGO WAS DIFFERENT.
AND THERE LAY THE DANGER. ONE STEP OVER THE LINE, AND THE WHOLE EDIFACE COULD CRUMBLE.
EVEN NOW I CAN'T BE SURE OF THE FULL TRUTH — IT WAS ALL HUSHED UP. I GOT THIS FROM GOODMAN HIMSELF, BUT HE COULD HAVE BEEN HOLDING BACK.
THERE WAS A WOMAN, SEQUENTA TELLS, VICE-CHAIR OF THE COMMISSION ON LEGAL REFORM. SHE AND FARGO LIASED, WHEN HIS WORKLOAD PERMITTED...
YOU LOOK TIRED, EUSTACE.
HAVEN'T SLEPT FOR 48 HOURS. FUMIGATING WASHINGTON. HAD TO BE DONE.
MY TECHNICAL DIVISION IS WORKING ON A NEW SLEEP MACHINE — YOU GET A WHOLE NIGHT'S SLEEP IN HALF AN HOUR. I'LL BE THEIR FIRST CUSTOMER, I CAN TELL YOU.
LET'S LEAVE THIS FOR TONIGHT, THEN. I'LL HAVE MY STAFF DRAFT A MEMO IN THE MORNING.
YOU WORK TOO HARD. DON'T THINK WE DON'T APPRECIATE IT, BUT YOU'LL BURN YOURSELF OUT, EUSTACE.
YOU'RE A MAN, NOT A MACHINE. YOU'VE GOT TO RELAX SOMETIMES...

BIKE SENSORS ARE PICKING UP MOVEMENT. EAST NORTH EAST. RANGE 1000.
PUT OUT A SIDEWINDER, RENGA.
THEY NEVER FOUND OUT WHO MADE THE CALL. THEY HAD THEIR SUSPICIONS. FARGO WASN'T WITHOUT ENEMIES.
IT WAS A POTENTIAL HOMICIDE, WOMAN SCREAMING IN A JERSEYVILLE APARTMENT. TWO JUDGES WERE DISPATCHED. THIS WAS IN MARCH OF 2051.
DON'T MOVE!

S-SIR...!
WE'RE SORRY. WE HAD A REPORT.
DIDN'T REALISE IT WAS YOU, SIR..
WELL, I'LL BE. HYPOCRITICAL OLD DOG.
NOT SURE I AGREE WITH THE WHOLE MONK THING ANYWAY.
FARGO DID. AS DO I. LET'S NOT TURN THIS INTO A POLITICAL DEBATE, SANCHEZ.
WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO IT IS.
GONNA GET 'EM, QUIGLEY! GONNA MAKE 'EM PAY FOR SHOOTIN' US UP, OR MY NAME AIN'T NICEY NICEY!
GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT'S IN THAT HOVER-BUGGY, NICEY!
THERE'S THAT DADRADDED SNAKE AGAIN!
SHUNK!
YOU DIDN'T TELL US WE WAS GONNA HAFTA SPEND ALL NIGHT CHASIN' OFF SNAKES, NICEY!
SHUDDUP! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!

DIDN'T LEARN THEIR LESSON THE FIRST TIME.
SOME PEOPLE NEVER DO.
COHN, LOGAN, YOU STAY WITH THE TRUCK. WE'LL SPLIT UP, CATCH THEM FROM TWO SIDES. NO SURVIVORS THIS TIME.
RANGE 800.
LET'S GET CLOSER. NO SENSE WASTING BIKE CHARGE.
SO WHAT HAPPENED?
WITH FARGO...?
SOLOMON WAS JOINT DEPUTY CHIEF JUDGE AT THE TIME, WITH GOODMAN. HE CALLED IN THE OFFICERS INVOLVED...
'THEY'D BEEN DISCREET. THEY'D SPOKEN TO NO ONE. THEY UNDERSTOOD WHAT WAS INVOLVED...
WHAT YOU SAW NEVER HAPPENED. YOU WILL SAY NOTHING TO ANYONE. YOU WILL WIPE IT FROM YOUR MINDS.
'FARGO WAS ANOTHER MATTER. HE HAD INSTITUTED THE MONASTIC CODE THAT EVERY JUDGE MUST LIVE BY.
'TOO EXTREME, MANY THOUGHT, BUT THERE WERE GOOD REASONS FOR IT. AND NOW HE HAD FALLEN BELOW HIS OWN EXACTING STANDARDS.'
OF COURSE, SIR.
YES, SIR.
HE WAS OLD SCHOOL — AND HE NEVER HAD THE BENEFIT OF THE **ACADEMY**.
SELF-DENIAL IS **DRUMMED** INTO US UNTIL IT BECOMES NATURAL. IT'S AN ESSENTIAL PART OF WHAT MAKES US JUDGES. IT MAKES US STRONGER.
AND LONELIER.
YES, PERHAPS.

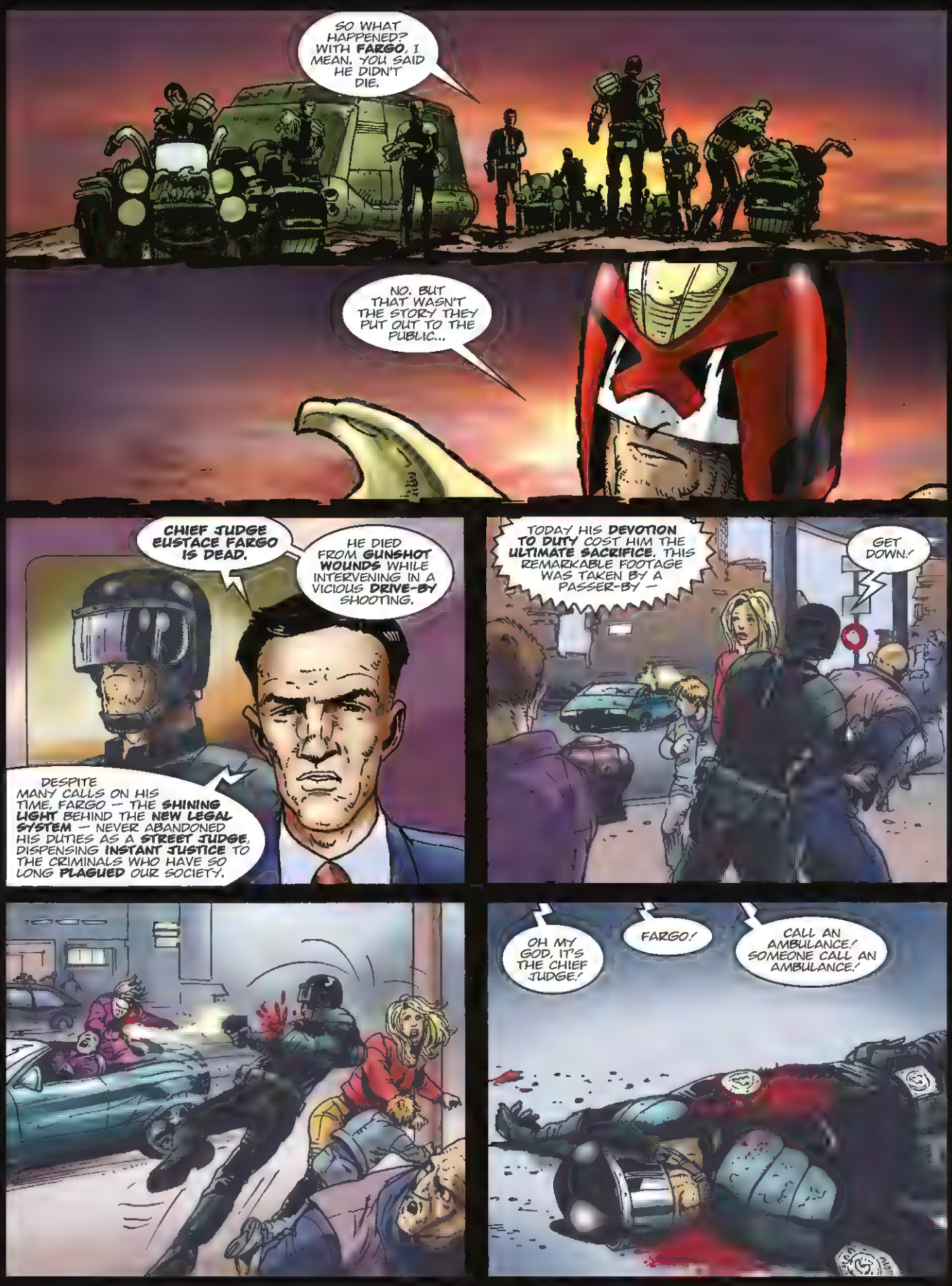
'IN 2051 PIERCE WAS IN OFFICE. HE HAD BUILT HIS WHOLE CAMPAIGN ON THE INSTANT JUSTICE TICKET.'
MY RESIGNATION, MR PRESIDENT.
YOUR RESIGNATION? I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND, EUSTACE...
PERSONAL REASONS, SIR.
I'VE INFORMED THE PRESIDENT THAT YOU ARE RECONSIDERING. THIS IS AN OVER-REACTION, EUSTACE. GIVE YOURSELF TIME, THINK ABOUT IT.
YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO DO THAT, SOLOMON. I HAVE ALREADY THOUGHT LONG AND DEEPLY.
SO YOU MADE A MISTAKE. GOOD GRIEF, MAN, WE'RE ALL HUMAN. CUT YOURSELF A LITTLE SLACK.
WHEN I DENY IT TO OTHERS? THAT I CANNOT DO.
WE'RE NOT ACCEPTING IT. THIS DEPARTMENT NEEDS YOU, EUSTACE — THE COUNTRY NEEDS YOU.
THANK YOU, SOLOMON. I'LL GIVE YOUR COMMENTS DUE CONSIDERATION.
BDAM
GODMAN

EUSTACE!
HE'S SHOT HIMSELF!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, SOLOMON?
HE'S DESTROYED MUCH OF THE LEFT TEMPORAL LOBE. THERE ARE SKULL FRAGMENTS EMBEDDED MUCH DEEPER. WE'RE TRYING TO GET THEM OUT.
THERE IS STILL BRAIN ACTIVITY BUT HE IS IN DEEP SHOCK. EVEN IF HE PULLS THROUGH IN ALL PROBABILITY HE WILL NEVER RECOVER HIS FACULTIES.
OUR ENEMIES WILL HAVE A FIELD DAY WHEN THEY FIND OUT THE CIRCUMSTANCES. AND BY GOD WE'VE MADE ENOUGH OF THEM.
THEY'LL USE IT TO CRUSH US. WHAT WE'RE DOING IS TOO **IMPORTANT** TO ALLOW THAT, CLARENCE. NONE OF THIS MUST GET OUT.
PUT OFFICERS WE CAN TRUST ON FARGO'S OFFICE. I'LL SPEAK TO MRS TELLS PERSONALLY. WE MUST ENSURE HER SILENCE.

DREDD'S ACCOUNT IS BRIEFLY INTERRUPTED —
TAKE 'EM.!
BDAM
BDAM
HOLYYYY MERDE.!
A LITTLE FRENCHY TALK — THAT'S CLASS, NICEY.!
SHAWAMMMMM

BUDDA BUDDA
AIEEEE!
THERE'S NO FIGHTIN' 'EM —
AHHHHH!
KAWCOOM
BDAM!
THAT FREAKIN' NICEY! I KNEW WE SHOULDN'TA LISTENED TO HIM!
SOME FLED TOWARD THE CAMP —
WRONG CHOICE!
GET AFTER THOSE RUNNERS! NO PRISONERS! THE CURSED EARTH CAN WELL DO WITHOUT THEM!
FROM INFRA-RED VISORS, NIGHT WAS NO PROTECTION —

HUH...HELP ME...
BDAM
PRETTY SURE WE GOT 'EM ALL.
GOOD.
THIS IS THEIR LEADER.
WE...WE CAN DO A DEAL, LAWMAN. LUH-LET'S PARLAY...
I'VE HEARD ALL I WANT FROM YOU.
BDCHWW
DAWN'S COMING. WE RIDE IN FIVE MINUTES. IF YOU NEED SLEEP, DO IT IN THE SADDLE.


SO WHAT HAPPENED? WITH FARGO, I MEAN. YOU SAID HE DIDN'T DIE.
NO. BUT THAT WASN'T THE STORY THEY PUT OUT TO THE PUBLIC...
CHIEF JUDGE EUSTACE FARGO IS DEAD.
HE DIED FROM GUNSHOT WOUNDS WHILE INTERVENING IN A VICIOUS DRIVE-BY SHOOTING.
DESPITE MANY CALLS ON HIS TIME, FARGO — THE SHINING LIGHT BEHIND THE NEW LEGAL SYSTEM — NEVER ABANDONED HIS DUTIES AS A STREET JUDGE, DISPENSING INSTANT JUSTICE TO THE CRIMINALS WHO HAVE SO LONG PLAGUED OUR SOCIETY.
TODAY HIS DEVOTION TO DUTY COST HIM THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE. THIS REMARKABLE FOOTAGE WAS TAKEN BY A PASSER-BY —
GET DOWN!
OH MY GOD, IT'S THE CHIEF JUDGE!
FARGO!
CALL AN AMBULANCE! SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE!

EUSTACE FARGO DIED AS HE LIVED, STANDING UP FOR THE RIGHTS AND LIVES OF ORDINARY CITIZENS.
HIS HONESTY, HIS INTEGRITY, HIS COURAGE AND HIS WILLINGNESS TO SACRIFICE ALL FOR THE GOOD OF THIS NATION WILL STAND FOREVER AS AN EXAMPLE TO EVERY AMERICAN.
HIS DEATH CAN ONLY REINFORCE THE CASE FOR THE LAWS THAT HE INTRODUCED. SO LET ANY WHO THINK INSTANT JUSTICE TOO IS DEAD BE DISABUSED OF THAT NOTION.
I HAVE TODAY APPOINTED JUDGE HOLLINS SOLOMON TO THE POST OF CHIEF JUDGE.
FARGO IS GONE, BUT HIS LEGACY WILL LIVE ON.
SO WE FAKED THE SHOOTING TO COVER UP THE FACT THAT FARGO COULDN'T LIVE BY HIS OWN RULES. OUR WHOLE SYSTEM'S BUILT ON A LIE.
HARDLY. FARGO WAS ONLY HUMAN. HUMAN BEINGS ARE FALLIBLE. DOESN'T MEAN THE SYSTEM'S WRONG.
BUT WHAT SOLOMON AND GOODMAN DID — THE COVER-UP. THAT WAS WAY OUT OF LINE.
I DISAGREE. UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES IT WAS ALL THEY COULD DO.
WOULD YOU HAVE EVERYTHING THAT HAD BEEN CREATED DESTROYED BECAUSE OF ONE MAN'S WEAKNESS, SANCHEZ?
WELL... NO...I GUESS NOT.
LOOK ON IT AS A SMART P.R. MOVE.
BUT WHY SAY HE WAS DEAD?
IN RETROSPECT, IT WAS PERHAPS UNWISE. SOLOMON WAS TOO CLEVER FOR HIS OWN GOOD SOMETIMES. BUT AT THE TIME IT APPEARED UNLIKELY THAT FARGO WOULD RECOVER.
AS SOLOMON SAW IT, A MARTYR — A NOBLE SACRIFICE — WOULD BE A MORE POWERFUL TOOL THAN A LIVING VEGETABLE IN THE BATTLE FOR THE SURVIVAL OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. AND A BATTLE WAS SURELY COMING.
ONCE THE DECISION WAS MADE, OF COURSE, IT WAS TOO LATE TO GO BACK.
AS FOR WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARDS, AND THE PART FARGO PLAYED IN IT, I CAN TELL YOU THAT FIRST HAND — BECAUSE I WAS THERE.
LET'S RIDE!

JUDGE FARGO IS OUT OF DANGER NOW.
THE PROGNOSIS IS A LITTLE MORE HOPEFUL TODAY. WHEN HE RECOVERS — IF HE RECOVERS — HE COULD REGAIN SOME DEGREE OF LUCIDITY, PERHAPS EVEN MOBILITY.
YOU SAY 'COULD'?
THE LEFT AND RIGHT TEMPORAL LOBES PERFORM SIMILAR FUNCTIONS. IN CASES WHERE ONE IS DESTROYED, THE OTHER CAN OFTEN TAKE OVER.
THERE IS, HOWEVER, SIGNIFICANT COLLATERAL DAMAGE. IT IS FAR MORE PROBABLE THAT HE WILL BE A VIRTUAL VEGETABLE.
"THEY'RE DOING EXCELLENT WORK ON STEM CELL REGENERATION IN OUR FACILITY IN TENNESSEE. FOR THE MOMENT, THAT IS HIS BEST HOPE."
"IT'S OUT OF THE WAY AT LEAST. NONE OF THIS MUST GET OUT. AS FAR AS THE PUBLIC IS CONCERNED, FARGO DIED IN THE SHOOTING."
TOP FIGURES FROM THE WORLD OF POLITICS AND SHOWBUSINESS TURNED OUT TODAY, AND MILLIONS MORE GATHERED OUTSIDE THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, FOR THE FUNERAL OF CHIEF JUDGE EUSTACE FARGO.
FARGO, WHO PERISHED AS HE HAD LIVED, FIGHTING FOR THE LIVES AND LIBERTY OF THE CITIZENS, WAS LAID TO REST IN A SPECIALLY BUILT TOMB WITHIN THE GRAND HALL.
PRESIDENT FOREMAN PIERCE HIMSELF GAVE THE EULOGY...

FOR TWENTY YEARS EUSTACE FARGO HAS NURTURED AND GUIDED THIS NATION. HE HAS MASTERMINDED THE REPLACEMENT OF TRIAL BY JURY WITH INSTANT JUSTICE, A SYSTEM NOW WIDELY COPIED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
HE HAS SEEN US THROUGH GREAT CHANGES. HE HAS WATCHED OVER THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MEGA-CITIES, MAINTAINING THE PEACE ON OUR STREETS IN TROUBLED TIMES.
AND THOUGH HE HAS HIS ENEMIES, HIS DETRACTORS, LET NONE BE IN ANY DOUBT, FARGO'S LEGACY WILL NOT DIE WITH HIM. THERE CAN BE NO TURNING BACK.
CHIEF JUDGE, WE'VE TALKED ABOUT A CLONING PROGRAMME BEFORE. WE HAVE A SIGNIFICANT QUANTITY OF FARGO'S PHYSICAL MATERIAL. YOUNG JUDD HERE HAS SOME EXCELLENT IDEAS.
NOW IS NOT THE TIME, ATTICUS.
WITH RESPECT, SIR, THERE'LL NEVER BE A BETTER TIME — TO START WITH THE FATHER OF JUSTICE HIMSELF. WE CAN MAKE ENDLESS COPIES.
AND OUR ENEMIES WILL USE IT AGAINST US. THEY WILL SAY WE'RE TRYING TO CREATE A SUPER RACE. THE PEOPLE ARE NOT READY FOR THAT.
JUDD
YOU'RE YOUNG, JUDD. YOU'LL LEARN. THE TIME MAY COME, BUT THIS IS NOT IT.
2052 —
CONGRESS TODAY APPROVED THE AUTONOMY ACT, GIVING AMERICA'S THREE GREAT MEGA-CITIES VIRTUAL SELF-GOVERNMENT ON ALL BUT FOREIGN AND MILITARY AFFAIRS.
TEXAS CITY GOVERNOR ROBERT L. BOOTH WELCOMED THE CHANGE —
SOME SAY THIS IS THE END FOR THE AMERICAN SUPERSTATE. I SAY IT IS MERELY THE END OF THE BEGINNING. LET US NEVER FORGET THAT UNITED WE ARE STILL THE MOST POWERFUL NATION ON EARTH.
I...I WOGGED TODAY, HOLLINS. THREE ST-STEBBS. DOGGERS SAY IS...IS GOOOD...
I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR IT, EUSTACE. PERHAPS IN TIME, IF YOU KEEP UP THE PROGRESS, WE'LL SEE YOU BACK HERE.
WE'VE REACHED THE LIMIT OF WHAT WE CAN DO. INDEED, BRAIN FUNCTION IS BEGINNING TO DETERIORATE AGAIN. IN TEN YEARS — FIFTEEN, PERHAPS — WE'LL KNOW SO MUCH MORE.
I'M ASKING PERMISSION TO PLACE JUDGE FARGO IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

FLUSHING.
THE CRYOGENIC FLUID PREVENTS DAMAGE AT SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES.
JUST IMAGINE IF WE COULD HAVE FROZEN LINCOLN — KENNEDY. ONE DAY WE COULD HAVE BROUGHT THEM ALL BACK.
WOULD THAT HAVE BEEN A GOOD THING? I DON'T KNOW. THEY WERE GIANTS IN THEIR DAY. WHAT WOULD THEY MAKE OF IT NOW?
PERHAPS WE HOPE FOR TOO MUCH. THE WORLD MOVES SO FAST. PERHAPS EVEN EUSTACE FARGO'S DAY IS GONE FOREVER...
2055 —
SCENES OF **VIOLENT CONFRONTATION** TODAY ON ROUTES INTO **MEGA-CITY ONE** AS NEW **IMMIGRATION CONTROLS** CAME INTO FORCE.
ON ROUTE THREE ALONE OVER 400 ARRESTS WERE MADE.
NON-CITIZENS MUST COMPLY WITH PROPER VISA REGULATIONS. ALL THOSE ATTEMPTING TO ENTER ILLEGALLY WILL BE DOCUMENTED, QUESTIONED AND DEPOSITED BEYOND THE CITY LIMITS.
THE **MAYOR** AND **COUNCIL** OF MEGA-CITY ONE ARE **FULLY BEHIND** THE JUDGES IN THIS EXERCISE.
WE'RE NOT TOTALLY AGAINST IMMIGRATION. NATURALLY, THOSE WITH **QUALIFICATIONS** WILL BE GIVEN PRIORITY. BUT RESIDENTS OF THE **OUTLANDS** MUST ACCEPT THERE IS A **LIMIT** TO THE NUMBERS THE MEGA-CITIES CAN HOLD.

2057 —
HOLLINS SOLOMON TODAY STEPS DOWN AS CHIEF JUDGE OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
SOLOMON, WHO WITHSTOOD MANY STORMY BATTLES IN CONGRESS TO CONTINUE BUILDING JUSTICE DEPARTMENT INTO THE AWESOME LAW ENFORCEMENT TOOL IT IS TODAY, ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION IN AUGUST TO RETURN TO HIS FIRST LOVE, THE STREETS.
HE WILL REMAIN AS A MEMBER OF THE NEW COUNCIL OF FIVE, THE GUIDING COMMITTEE TO BE SET UP UNDER HIS REPLACEMENT, FORMER DEPUTY CHIEF JUDGE CLARENCE GOODMAN.
ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND, HOLLINS?
I'M TIRED, CLARENCE — TIRED OF ALL THE IN-FIGHTING AND BACKSTABBING, ALL THE POLITICS.
I USED TO ENJOY IT, FOR MY SINS, BUT NOW...SOMEHOW THE STREETS SEEM A MORE HONEST PLACE.
YOU'VE SEEN THIS MAN BOOTH? THEY SAY HE'LL BE HARVISSON'S RUNNING MATE IN '60. AMERICA IS NOT ENOUGH FOR HIM. HE HAS BIGGER AMBITIONS. AND HE IS NO FRIEND OF OURS.
ARM US. THAT IS MY ADVICE TO YOU. BUILD JUSTICE DEPARTMENT INTO A FORCE CAPABLE OF TAKING ON THE MILITARY. THERE'S A BATTLE COMING, ONE WE MUST NOT LOSE.
ON A LIGHTER NOTE, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TODAY ANNOUNCED THE ESTABLISHMENT OF AN EXPERIMENTAL PSI DIVISION. THE DIVISION WILL CONDUCT RESEARCH INTO THE USE OF EXTRA-SENSORY POWERS IN THE FIGHT AGAINST CRIME.
NO HIDING PLACE FOR TOMORROW'S CRIMINALS? BEWARE — IT COULD HAPPEN!
2060 —
THE VOTE OF THE NORTHERN STATES HAS JUST COME IN, CONFIRMING THE LANDSLIDE WIN FOR HARVISSON AND BOOTH.
AND WE UNDERSTAND THAT PRESIDENT CHAMBERS HAS JUST FORMALLY CONCEDED VICTORY TO HER OPPONENTS.
HARVISSON BOOTH
HARVISSON
MR BOOTH, AS THE NEW VICE PRESIDENT, WILL YOU BE PURSUING A HARD LINE WITH THE GROWING ANTI-AMERICAN ALLIANCE?
GET THIS STRAIGHT: WE'RE NOT OUT TO BULLY ANYONE. NEITHER WILL WE BE GANGED UP ON. LET THOSE BANDING TOGETHER TO OPPOSE US TAKE THAT AS A WARNING.

2064 –
CHIEF JUDGE GOODMAN, IT'S AN HONOUR TO HAVE YOU HERE, SIR.
I'M SORRY I COULDN'T SPARE THE TIME BEFORE, JUDD.
SORRY ABOUT ATTICUS, OF COURSE, BUT I'M SURE HE LEAVES THE PROGRAMME IN GOOD HANDS.
SIX VIABLE CLONES SO FAR. WE'VE HAD OUR FAILURES – THE ACCELERATED BIRTHING PROCESS IS BREAKING NEW GROUND – BUT THESE ARE COMING ON WELL.
AT PRESENT WE'RE ESTIMATING SIXTEEN MONTHS FOR FULL GESTATION. THEY'LL EMERGE AT ROUGHLY AGE FIVE TO SIX.
IN THE MEANTIME WE HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OVER PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT AND DATA INPUT. THEY'RE BETTER VERSED NOW IN THE LAW THAN ANY STREET JUDGE. FIT, FOCUSED AND 100 PER CENT LOYAL.
TOMORROW'S SUPER JUDGE.
DREDD, JOSEPH [STRAIN 0001/ FARGO]
DREDD, RICO [STRAIN 0001/ FARGO]
THESE ARE FARGO'S. YOU'VE NAMED THEM ALREADY?
IT HELPS TO GIVE THEM INDIVIDUAL IDENTITIES, DREDD – WE THOUGHT THE NAME WAS APT. DESIGNED TO INSTILL FEAR IN THE POPULACE.
I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU SOLOMON STILL HAS DEEP RESERVATIONS...
HE'S WRONG, SIR. HOW CAN ANYONE LOOK AT THEM AND NOT BELIEVE THIS IS THE FUTURE?

2066 –
WELCOME TO THE ACADEMY OF LAW. IT IS THE FERVENT DESIRE OF EVERY YOUNGSTER IN THE CITY TO BE WHERE YOU ARE NOW.
AND YOU ARE ESPECIALLY PRIVILEGED. TO YOU HAS BEEN GRANTED THE HONOUR OF CARRYING ON THIS DEPARTMENT'S MOST EXCEPTIONAL BLOODLINES. I AM CERTAIN YOU WILL NOT DISGRACE THEM.
ACADEMY OF LAW
TEST THEM, PRINCIPAL. ASK THEM ANYTHING YOU LIKE.
YOU, BOY – DREDD. 54D, DEFINE.
54D – CRIME BLITZ. JUDGES ARE ENTITLED TO ENTER AND SEARCH ANY CITIZEN'S HOME AT ANY TIME, SIR.
DREDD
RICO
CRIME BLITZ IS VALUABLE NOT ONLY FOR UNCOVERING CRIME, BUT ALSO FOR DETERRING FUTURE WRONGDOING.
AND IT GIVES THEM RESPECT, SIR. PUTS THE FEAR OF THE LAW INTO THEM.
THANK YOU, RICO. QUITE RIGHT. AND YOU, UH – MCVEY – CURRENT PENALTY FOR JAYWALKING, CONSTITUTION AVENUE, SECTOR SIX.
CONSTITUTION IS FAST TRACK, SIR. PENALTY IS AT JUDGE'S DISCRETION BUT MINIMUM TWO YEARS IS LAID DOWN. PERSONALLY, I FEEL THAT IS TOO LENIENT.
EXCELLENT. I CAN SEE WE MAY HAVE TO MOVE YOU ALL ON A LITTLE QUICKER. THAT IS GOOD.
WE ARE ENTERING DANGEROUS TIMES. WE WILL REQUIRE EVERY BIT OF AVAILABLE MANPOWER FOR THE STRUGGLE AHEAD.
WE'RE READY, SIR!
DREDD
RICO

EARLY AFTERNOON, AND DREDD'S PARTY IS FORCED TO TAKE SHELTER —
FIRESTORM!
I'VE SEEN PICTURES BEFORE, NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE CAUGHT IN ONE.
CHEMICALS IN THE ATMOSPHERE, WATER DROPLETS GET COATED, LIGHTNING SETS THEM OFF.
NO WONDER THEY CALL IT THE CURSED EARTH. PRESIDENT ROBERT L. BOOTH'S GIFT TO A GRATEFUL NATION...
BREAK OUT THE RATIONS. MIGHT AS WELL TAKE LUNCH.
SO BOOTH GOT ELECTED.
BOOTH. YES. 2068...
OUR LAST PRESIDENT, AND THE WORST.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS WERE ALREADY BAD — BOOTH TOOK THEM TO A NEW LOW. THE WORLD WAS LIVING OFF OUR BACKS, THAT WAS HIS LINE.
TRUTH WAS, WE'D ALWAYS USED OUR MUSCLE TO MAKE SURE AMERICA'S INTERESTS CAME FIRST. BUT THAT WASN'T ENOUGH FOR BOOTH. HE WANTED EVERYTHING.
THEY SAY POWER CORRUPTS, ABSOLUTE POWER CORRUPTS ABSOLUTELY.
I'D LIKE TO THINK WE'RE DIFFERENT.
SO WOULD I, SANCHEZ. WE TRY.
BUT BOOTH...HE'D BEEN SPOILING FOR A FIGHT RIGHT FROM THE START. AND HE GOT ONE — THOUGH IT WAS A LITTLE MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR...
FOREIGN STATES HAVE BEEN GIVEN EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO COME TO A REASONABLE SETTLEMENT OVER THEIR RESERVES. FOOLISHLY, THEY INSIST ON HOLDING OUR COUNTRY TO RANSOM.
GO GET 'EM, BOB!
I HAVE THEREFORE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO ORDER OUR TROOPS TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE MACHINERY OF PRODUCTION.
WE TAKE THIS ACTION IN OUR LEGITIMATE NATIONAL INTERESTS. LET ME THEREFORE ISSUE THIS WARNING —
ANY OPPOSITION — FROM ANY EXTERNAL AGENCY — WILL BE CONSIDERED AN ACT OF HOSTILITY.
TO HELL WITH CIVILIAN CASUALTIES! YOU GOTTA CRACK A FEW EGGS TA MAKE GOULASH!

THE UNION OF SOVIET MEGA-CITIES HEREBY ISSUES OUR OWN WARNING! REMOVE YOUR TROOPS IMMEDIATELY OR A STATE OF WAR WILL EXIST BETWEEN US!
THE EUROPEAN CITY-STATES WILL NOT — CAN NOT — STAND IDLY BY!
THE SINO BLOCK IS READY TO RESPOND TO THIS ACT OF BARBARITY!
WE WILL WIPE THE GREAT SATAN FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
BRIT-CIT IS RELUCTANT TO CONDEMN THE ACTIONS OF OUR AMERICAN ALLIES. LET US APPROACH THIS CRISIS IN A SPIRIT OF COMPROMISE.
"THERE WAS OPPOSITION EVEN IN BOOTH'S OWN OFFICE — "
WITH RESPECT, MR PRESIDENT, I BELIEVE YOU'RE LEADING US INTO A WAR FROM WHICH THE WORLD MAY NEVER RECOVER. IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO PULL BACK.
YOU DAMNED YELLOWBELLY, BENEDICT! YOU THINK WE CAN'T HANDLE THE SOVS AND THE REST? GET HIM THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
WHY DIDN'T JUSTICE DEPARTMENT INTERVENE? WHY DIDN'T WE STOP IT?
WASN'T OUR PROVINCE, RENGA. IT WAS TOO BIG A STEP, ONE WE COULDN'T RIGHTFULLY TAKE, NOT THEN.
GOODMAN HAD BUILT UP THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ARSENAL, AS SOLOMON HAD ADVISED. BUT WE HAD NO LEGAL RIGHT TO INTERFERE IN GOVERNMENTAL MATTERS. OUR CONCERN WAS THE LAW, NOTHING MORE.
ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 10, 2070, JUDGES WERE CALLED TO THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN. THEY FOUND THE BODY OF SPECIAL ADVISOR ARNOLD BENEDICT FLOATING IN THE PRESIDENT'S CATFISH POOL.
IT LOOKED, ON THE FACE OF IT, A CASE OF SUICIDE. BENEDICT HAD AN ALCOHOL PROBLEM AND A MESSY DIVORCE. HE WAS KNOWN TO BE ANTI-WAR. THE PROSPECT HAD DRIVEN HIM OVER THE EDGE.
WHAT THEY WOULD EVENTUALLY FIND — TOO LATE, SADLY — WAS A TRAIL OF MURDER AND DECEPTION THAT LED STRAIGHT BACK TO BOOTH HIMSELF...

"BUT AT THE TIME THEY WERE MORE CONCERNED WITH MORE IMMEDIATE MATTERS. ON JUNE 12, CHIEF JUDGE GOODMAN CONVENED A MEETING OF THE JUDGES OF AMERICA'S THREE GREAT MEGA-CITIES..."
SOME OF YOU HAVE ALREADY MET MARLON HUNNICUT AND GABE SUAREZ.
GRIM TIMES, SOLOMON.
THEY'VE BEEN BETTER, MARLON, THAT'S FOR SURE.
ARLOW, JOHANSSEN, LOWTHER, JUDD.
WE'VE BEEN TAKING A KEEN INTEREST IN YOUR PROGRAMME, JUDD.
IT'S LOOKING VERY PROMISING, SIR. OUR FIRST **CLONES** ARE CURRENTLY DISTINGUISHING THEMSELVES AT THE ACADEMY.
WHO KNOWS IF THEY'LL LIVE TO SERVE? WE COULD ALL BE GOING TO HELL IN A HOVERCRAFT.
THE PRESIDENT IS INTENT ON WAR. I HAVE PERSONALLY MADE REPRESENTATIONS — HE PRACTICALLY LAUGHED ME OUT OF THE OFFICE.
WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING WE DO, CLARENCE — **ARREST** HIM?
WOULD THAT WE COULD, BUT ON WHAT GROUNDS?
INSANITY!
THE MAN IS CLEARLY **MAD!** HE BELIEVES OUR **SHIELDS** CAN STOP EVERYTHING. EVEN IF THEY COULD, WHAT KIND OF WORLD WILL WE BE LEFT WITH AFTERWARDS?
THIS WAR WILL BE **GLOBAL**, GENTLEMEN. IT WILL BE THE GREATEST **DEVASTATION** THE EARTH HAS KNOWN SINCE THE **EXTINCTION** OF THE **DINOSAURS**. IT IS OUR **DUTY** TO PREVENT IT, ANY WAY WE CAN.
I THOUGHT IF WE APPROACHED HIM **TOGETHER** HE MIGHT LISTEN TO REASON.
SADLY, I DOUBT ROBERT L. BOOTH IS **OPEN** TO REASON.
HE'S THREATENED TO **DISBAND** US! THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS! TO RETURN THIS CITY TO THE OLD WAYS — TRIAL BY JURY AND RAMPANT CORRUPTION!
COULD HE DO IT?
WE ARE NOT AS POPULAR AS WE ONCE WERE, AND HE'S GOT THE PEOPLE WORKED UP TO FEVER PITCH. THEY BELIEVE WE CAN WIN THIS WAR.
IF WE'RE GOING TO CONFRONT HIM, LET US NOT DELAY.
CHIEF JUDGE, THE **PRESIDENT** IS MAKING AN ANNOUNCEMENT, SIR.

THE FIRST MISSILES ARE SPEEDING TOWARDS THEIR TARGETS. THE WAR TO END ALL WARS HAS BEGUN. MY FELLOW AMERICANS, WHEN IT IS OVER WE WILL BE RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE ENTIRE GLOBE.
IT'S STARTED.
WE DIDN'T WANT THIS WAR — WE DIDN'T ASK FOR IT — BUT AS SURE AS GOD IS MY JUDGE WE WILL FINISH IT!
IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING NOW. WE MUST RETURN TO OUR CITIES WHILE WE STILL CAN.
THE SHIELDS DEFLECTED THE FIRST INCOMING STRIKES. YOU WERE WITH ME AT EERIE, RENGA — YOU SAW THE RESULT.*
YES...
*THARGNOTE: SEE 'FOG ON THE EERIE', PROGS 1037-1040.
SUAREZ'S SHIP WAS CAUGHT IN A BLAST OVER THE MID-WEST. HE NEVER REACHED MEGA-CITY TWO.

"PERHAPS HE WAS THE LUCKY ONE. HE NEVER LIVED TO SEE WHAT WAS LEFT WHEN THE BOMBS STOPPED FALLING..."

2070. THE GREAT ATOM WAR HAS BEGUN. AND THE WORLD WILL NEVER BE THE SAME...
WE HAVE STRIKES CONTINENT WIDE, MR PRESIDENT.
APART FROM THE STRIKE ON ERIE — AND ONE HERE IN THE SAN DIEGO QUAD — THE MEGA-CITIES' DEFENCES ARE HOLDING.
SOUTH SECTOR LASER SCREEN IS BREACHED!
SCRATCH BALTIMORE QUADRANT!

THAT'S D-DAMN CLOSE! IT COULD BE **US** NEXT! GOD HELP US!
THE HELL WITH GOD, I'M TRUSTIN' IN YOUR DAMN **SCREENS**, GENERAL!
NOTHING IS FOOLPROOF, SIR —
INCOMING! WE HAVE STRIKES ON **HARRISBURG** — **LONG ISLAND** —
THE **CHIEF JUDGE** A SHORT WHILE AGO DECLARED A **STATE OF EMERGENCY**. ALL **CADETS** ABOVE THE AGE OF **FOURTEEN** ARE ASSIGNED WITH IMMEDIATE EFFECT TO **FULL ACTIVE SERVICE**.
WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN THIS **WAR** IS OVER I DREAD TO IMAGINE. FOR NOW, WE MUST PUT OUR FEARS ASIDE AND CONCENTRATE ON OUR **DUTY**. REPORT TO YOUR SECTION HEADS FOR ASSIGNMENT.
SIR — WE REQUEST TO JOIN THE OLDER CADETS.
I APPRECIATE YOUR SPIRIT, DREDD — ALL OF YOU. IT IS NO LESS THAN I WOULD EXPECT FROM OUR **CLONES**. BUT AT YOUR TENDER YEARS —
THEY ARE EXTREMELY **CAPABLE** FOR THEIR AGE, PRINCIPAL. THEY KNOW THE **LAW** INSIDE OUT. PERHAPS, CONSIDERING THE SITUATION, BETTER THAT THEY SHOULD BE OCCUPIED USEFULLY.
YES, YES, YOU HAVE A POINT...
VERY WELL. ALL OF YOU, REPORT TO THE ARMOURY.
YES, SIR!
THANK YOU, SIR!

I'M ISSUING YOU WITH REGULATION STREET UNIFORM AND FULL COMBAT ARMAMENT. YOU WILL BE ASSIGNED IN PAIRS TO A SERVING OFFICER WITH THE TEMPORARY RANK OF JUDGES OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
KINNISON.
SO YOU'RE THE FARGO CLONES, EH? WELL, I'M HONOURED.
THE HONOUR'S OURS, SIR.
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW PROUD WE FELT.
SCARED, TOO. WE WERE RIDING INTO A NIGHTMARE...

"THERE WAS PANIC ON THE STREETS. TRAFFIC WAS SNARLED UP DEAD. PEOPLE WERE JUST ABANDONING THEIR VEHICLES. WE HAD TO GET VITAL ROUTES MOVING AGAIN.
"FORTUNATELY, BY THEN MOST VEHICLES HAD AUTO-PILOTS.
RETURN TO YOUR PRIMARY RESIDENCE.
INSTRUCTION UNDERSTOOD.
GET OFF THE STREETS.! GET IN YOUR CARS.! GET HOME.!
AAAHHHHH.! AAAHHHHH.! AAAHHHHH.!
THAT'S ENOUGH, CITIZEN.! SCREAMING'S NOT GOING TO GET YOU ANYWHERE.! ON YOUR FEET.!
AAAIEEEEEEE.!
WASTING YOUR TIME, JOE.! SHE'S TOO FAR GONE.! GRAB HER.!
THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.!

SHE LIVES IN APARTMENT 12E, COOPER CENTRE, SECTOR 12.
GO TO COOPER CENTRE.
COOPER CENTRE. INSTRUCTION UNDERSTOOD.
BEST WE CAN DO WITH HER.
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.
SKACHHHHHH!
LOOTERS! NO MERCY! TAKE 'EM DOWN.
"TO KILL IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE — UNTIL THEN IT HAD JUST BEEN AN IDEA, A THEORETICAL IMPERATIVE. FORTUNATELY, WHEN THE TIME CAME, NEITHER OF US WAS FOUND WANTING."
DREDD
RICO
DREDD
SUCK ON THAT, JAYBIRD SCUM!
RICO!

AHHHHH!
BDAM BDAM BDAM
CLEAR 'EM OUT!
WE PUT A STOP TO IT. HAD 'EM JUMPING OUT OF SECOND-FLOOR WINDOWS JUST TO GET AWAY FROM US.
OF COURSE, IT WAS LIKE TRYING TO HOLD BACK THE TIDE, BUT WE DID WHAT WE COULD.
FIGURED I'D PULLED THE SHORT STRAW, BABYSITTING YOU TWO, BUT YOU CAN HANDLE YOURSELVES. HOW OLD ARE YOU — TEN? ELEVEN?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT, SIR.
ACCELERATED CLONING. KIND OF HARD TO SAY.
HELP ME! I...I'M DYING HERE!
HANDS OFF!
NOT ENOUGH MEDS FOR LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS — WE'RE GOING TO WASTE OUR TIME ON YOU?
UNHH!
YOU'VE GOT THE ATTITUDE, THAT'S FOR SURE.
LET'S JUST HOPE WHEN THIS IS OVER THERE'S STILL A CITY LEFT FOR YOU TO JUDGE!

STOPPPP-!
GOD DAMN YOU —
DOGS AND CORPSES — BAD MIXTURE.
BLAM!
BLAM!
GRUDDAMN ANIMALS! ONE DAY WE'LL BAN THEM!
DON'T THINK THEY KILLED HIM, SIR. LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER SUICIDE.
RICO
YOU HEAR SOMEONE SCREAM-?

NO GOOD CRYIN', LITTLE LADY! NO ONE GONNA HELP YOU NOW!
BOOTH DELIVERS ULTIMATUM
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD, BABY.
JUST LIE STILL AN' DO YOUR BIT FOR UNCLE SAM!
YOU SOLDIERS BACK OFF!
OH GOD HELP ME —
IT'S THE LAW, BOYS.
HEY, MAN, TAKE IT EASY. DON'T MATTER NO MORE. WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE.
YOU SURE AS HELL ARE!
BDAM
BDAM
UNWISE!
WATCH YOUR FLANK, SIR!
UNGGGGH!
BRRAAPPPP

UHHH!
BDAM
BDAM
RAISE YOUR HANDS!
WE WONT HESITATE TO SHOOT!
TH- THEY'RE JUST KIDS!
DREDD TO CONTROL! JUDGE KINNISON'S BEEN SHOT! IT LOOKS BAD!
HEY, C'MON, BOYS, WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME SIDE HERE —
WATCH 'EM, RICO!
BDAM
BDAM
TAKE 'EM — UNHHHH!
NUH...NICE WORK, YOU TWO...
YOU TWO WILL... MAKE IT...
DREDD
DREDD
HE...HE'S DEAD.

DAMN MILITARY. WORSE THAN SAVAGES.
YOU DID WELL HERE, SORRY ABOUT KINNISON. THAT'S THE LIFE, I'M AFRAID.
SHELTERING FROM A FIRESTORM, DREDD CONTINUED TO RECOUNT THE EVENTS OF THAT FATEFUL JUNE —
BY THE 13TH THE BOMBS HAD STOPPED FALLING. THE WORLD HAD BEEN NUKED INTO SUBMISSION.
WE WEREN'T MUCH BETTER. VAST TRACTS OF THE COUNTRY WERE UNINHABITABLE — RADIATION POCKETS NO ONE COULD GO NEAR.
A PALL OF SMOKE HUNG OVER THE CITIES. POWER WAS CUT OFF. THEY PUT TROOPS ON THE STREETS TO HELP RESTORE ORDER, AND ALL TOO OFTEN WE FOUND OURSELVES FIGHTING THEM.
HOWARD LINT, CHIEF JUDGE. UP TILL THIS MORNING HE WAS A SENIOR AIDE TO THE PRESIDENT.
HE CAME IN OF HIS OWN VOLITION?
YES, SIR.
MR LINT, WOULD YOU TELL THE CHIEF JUDGE WHAT YOU'VE JUST TOLD US?
YES...YES, CERTAINLY.
ARNOLD... ARNOLD BENEDICT, THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL ADVISOR, WAS MURDERED ON THE ORDERS OF THE PRESIDENT.
THAT IS A SERIOUS ACCUSATION, MR LINT. YOU CAN PROVE IT?
NOT AS SUCH, NO. BUT I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. I SAW ENOUGH...

MR PRESIDENT, I BELIEVE YOU'RE LEADING US INTO A WAR FROM WHICH THE WORLD MAY NEVER RECOVER. IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO PULL BACK.
YOU DAMNED YELLOWBELLY, BENEDICT! YOU THINK WE CAN'T HANDLE THE SOVS AND THE REST? GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
YOU WON'T REMAIN SILENT. NOW THAT SOUNDS KINDA LIKE A THREAT, ARNOLD. I WISH YOU HADN'T SAID THAT.
WITH RESPECT, I...I'M NOT JUST ADVISING YOU, SIR. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN LOYAL, BUT IF YOU PERSIST IN THIS COURSE OF ACTION I...I WON'T REMAIN SILENT ANY LONGER.
WHAT YOU HAFTA UNDERSTAND IS, THIS IS A GREAT MISSION I HAVE EMBARKED ON — THE GREATEST IN OUR HISTORY. BECAUSE WHEN IT IS OVER THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BELONG TO US.
NOW THAT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR, ARNOLD. THAT IS WHY I CANNOT ALLOW ANYTHING — OR ANY ONE — TO GET IN THE WAY...
I WAS PASSING ARNOLD'S OFFICE A SHORT WHILE LATER. I SAW THEM TAKING HIM — MCCRACKEN, FRANK LEVINE, TWO OTHERS I DIDN'T RECOGNISE...
WHERE ARE WE GOING? I'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG.
OF COURSE YOU HAVEN'T, MR BENEDICT. NOT YET.
WHEN YOU'VE SEARCHED HIS OFFICE, CHECK HIS HOME.
HE WAS DIVORCED — HE MAY HAVE LEFT SOMETHING WITH THE EX-WIFE. CHECK OUT HIS MOTHER'S APARTMENT TOO.
POOR ARNOLD. PERSONAL PROBLEMS. ON THE EVE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST TRIUMPH, HE JUST COULDN'T WAIT AROUND TO SEE IT...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AS YOU KNOW, BENEDICT WAS FOUND FLOATING IN THE PRESIDENT'S CATFISH POOL.
BUT YOU DIDN'T SEE THE ACTUAL CRIME, MR LINT?
NO.
THEN THERE'S STILL NOTHING TO DIRECTLY LINK THE PRESIDENT WITH THE CRIME. HAVE WE INTERVIEWED THE SECURITY STAFF?
CHIEF OF WHITE HOUSE SECURITY DICK MCCRACKEN WAS ABOARD A HOVERSHIP WITH LEVINE AND TWO OTHERS ON THE MORNING OF THE 12TH WHEN IT BLEW UP OVER CHESAPEAKE BAY.
THE BODIES HAVE NOT YET BEEN RECOVERED.
I SEE. MAXIMUM DENIABILITY.
WHAT WAS IT BENEDICT KNEW, MR LINT? WHAT MADE HIM SUCH A DANGER TO THE PRESIDENT?
THE ELECTION — IT WAS RIGGED.
THE '68 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION?
YES.
ARNOLD TOLD ME. BOOTH'S MEN RIGGED THE VOTE COUNTERS. IT SWUNG MEGA-CITY ONE, THREE OF THE TERRITORIES.
TEXAS CITY WAS SOLID FOR BOOTH ANYWAY. BUT WITHOUT MEGA-CITY ONE AND THE TERRITORIES, DONNELLY WOULD HAVE ROMPED HOME.
YOU'RE SAYING ROBERT BOOTH STOLE THE PRESIDENCY?
YES! SO HELP ME GOD, YES!

2070. THE GREAT ATOM WAR HAS BEGUN, LEAVING THE WORLD IN CHAOS. IN MEGA-CITY ONE'S GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, SHOCKING TESTIMONY HAS COME TO LIGHT —
REPEAT YOUR STATEMENT FOR THE RECORD, CITIZEN LINT.
PRESIDENT BOOTH HAD THE VOTE COUNTERS TAMPERED WITH. IT SWUNG MEGA-CITY ONE AND THREE OF THE TERRITORIES IN BOOTH'S FAVOUR.
WITHOUT THAT, KYLE DONNELLY WOULD BE OUR PRESIDENT, AND WE'D NEVER HAVE HAD THIS DAMNED WAR.
IT WAS ONE MAN'S WORD, BASED ON HEARSAY, TO MAKE A CASE AGAINST THE PRESIDENT. THEY NEEDED HARD EVIDENCE.
THEY FOUND IT IN A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX REGISTERED TO ARNOLD BENEDICT...
IT'S A COPY OF A WHITE HOUSE SECURITY TAPE DATED TWO DAYS BEFORE THE ELECTION. WE CAN ONLY ASSUME BENEDICT STORED IT AWAY BEFORE HIS DEATH, AS INSURANCE.
RAY MARGOLES, AS YOU KNOW, WAS BOOTH'S CAMPAIGN ORGANISER IN '68.
PRE-ELECTION POLLS ARE COMING IN SOLID FOR DONNELLY. UNLESS WE CAN TURN IT AROUND IN THE NEXT 24 HOURS, MR PRESIDENT, YOU WILL LOSE THIS ELECTION.
WHAT THE HELL ARE WE GONNA DO, RAY?
I SUGGEST WE HAVE A WORD WITH BILL SURTEES AT ELNOR COMPUTECH. HE OWES US.
BILL SURTEES...?

ELNOR SUPPLIED THE VOTING MACHINERY IN MOST OF THE TERRITORIES AS WELL AS MEGA-CITY ONE.
YOU MEAN...FIX THE VOTE? COULD WE DO IT? NO — SURTEES WOULD NEVER GO ALONG WITH IT.
YOU HELPED HIM SWEEP THAT BLACKWATER SCANDAL UNDER THE CARPET, SIR. YOU CAN JUST AS EASILY SWEEP IT OUT AGAIN.
THAT WOULD BE BLACKMAIL, RAY.
POLITICS IS A DIRTY BUSINESS. YOU'VE GOT TO ASK YOURSELF, MR PRESIDENT, WHAT'S BEST FOR AMERICA.
I JUST NEED YOUR OKAY.
JESUS... JESUS...
YOU...YOU NEVER HEARD IT FROM ME, YOU UNDERSTAND? I HAD NOTHING PERSONALLY TO DO WITH THIS. WHAT YOU DO, YOU DO ON YOUR OWN INITIATIVE.
UNDERSTOOD, SIR.
WE HAVE SO FAR FAILED TO LOCATE MARGOLES OR SURTEES. THE STATE THE COUNTRY'S IN, WE MAY NEVER DO SO.
YOU NOTICE THE PRESIDENT DID NOT EXPRESSLY GIVE HIS CONSENT. THAT COULD BE A PROBLEM.
I DISAGREE. IN THIS CASE, LACK OF A CLEAR AND UNEQUIVOCAL REJECTION OF THE SUGGESTION IS TANTAMOUNT TO APPROVAL.
THIS MAY BE AN UNPOPULAR VIEW, BUT AREN'T WE IN DANGER OF SHOOTING OURSELVES IN THE FOOT?
WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. WHAT GOOD PURPOSE IS SERVED BY EXPOSING OUR PRESIDENT NOW? WHAT MESSAGE WOULD THAT SEND TO OUR ENEMIES?
THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF UNPRINCIPLED, MORALLY BANKRUPT SUGGESTION I'D EXPECT FROM YOU, JUDD!
WE ARE JUDGES, DAMMIT! OUR PRIME DUTY TO THIS NATION — OUR WHOLE REASON FOR EXISTENCE — IS TO UPHOLD THE LAW, WHATEVER THE CONSEQUENCES!
SOLOMON, PLEASE!
YOU'VE MADE YOUR CASE. I DON'T THINK THERE IS ANY DOUBT. OUR CLEAR DUTY NOW IS TO CONFRONT THE PRESIDENT AND DEMAND HIS RESIGNATION.

BOOTH LAUGHED IN THEIR FACES. THE TAPE, HE CLAIMED, WAS A FORGERY. IN THAT CASE, THE ONLY WAY TO REMOVE A PRESIDENT WAS **IMPEACHMENT**, AND THAT WAS OUTSIDE THE JURISDICTION OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
THAT'S RIDICULOUS! THE GUY WAS A CROOK!
RIDICULOUS OR NOT, IT WAS THE **LAW**. THEY WERE STILL BOUND BY IT, HOWEVER FLAWED.
NONE OF THEM HAD THE AUTHORITY, LEGAL OR MORAL, TO STEP BEYOND IT. PERHAPS ONLY **ONE** MAN DID...
AT THE TIME RICO AND I HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO CENTRAL SECTORS. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ON, FOUR HOURS OFF, GRABBING WHAT LITTLE SLEEP WE COULD...
DREDD! RICO! UP AND AT 'EM!
COLLECT YOUR BIKES, GO TO THE **MED RESEARCH FACILITY** ON HOOVER — YOU KNOW IT?
YES, SIR.
HUH-?
WHAT'S UP?
NO QUESTIONS. REPORT TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER WHEN YOU GET THERE.
THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE US OFF THE STREETS. WE'RE TOO YOUNG. I KNEW IT WAS COMING. TOO GOOD TO LAST.
BUT WE'VE DONE ALL RIGHT. WE GOT A COMMENDATION JUST THIS MORNING.
THEY'LL HAVE US CHANGING BED BOTTLES AND CLEANING UP AFTER BASKET CASES.
GUESS WE'VE GOTTA GO WHERE WE'RE NEEDED, RICO.

GOOD GRUD. IS THIS THE BEST YOU CAN PRESENT YOURSELVES?
WE'VE BEEN WORKING HARD, SIR. NO NEW ISSUE AVAILABLE.
YES, I SUPPOSE THINGS ARE PRETTY DIFFICULT OUT THERE. CLEAN YOURSELVES UP IN THE RESTROOM, THEN COME WITH ME.
TOLD YOU. PLAYING NURSEMAID.
THE CLONES, SIR. YOU WANTED TO SEE THEM.
JOE... RICO...I HAVE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU.
JUDGE F-FARGO-?
B-BUT YOU'RE DEAD!
DREDD
RICO

SO I AM TOLD. SOMETIMES IT...SEEMS TO ME IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER..
BUT... COME CLOSER. LET ME LOOK AT YOU...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR. I'VE BEEN TO YOUR TOMB.
THEN YOU'RE ONE UP ON ME, JOSEPH.
YOU SEE, I DID SOMETHING I SHOULD...SHOULD NOT HAVE DONE. AND IN DESPAIR I SHOT MYSELF WITH MY OWN GUN.
THEY... THOUGHT IT WAS BETTER TO CONCEAL THE TRUTH. THEY WANTED A GLORIOUS DEATH FOR THE CAUSE, NOT A MOMENT OF HUMAN FRAILTY. WHAT TANGLED WEBS WE WEAVE...
SINCE THEN THEY HAVE BEEN TRYING TO REPAIR ME. WHY, I DO NOT KNOW...
SIR, THEY REQUIRE YOU AT THE GRAND HALL.
CALLAN, SHOW DREDD AND RICO TO THE STREET ENTRANCE.
NO, LET THEM ACCOMPANY ME. WE'VE HAD SUCH A SHORT ACQUAINTANCE. WHO KNOWS HOW MUCH LONGER IS LEFT TO ME?
YOU CAN BE MY BODYGUARDS. I HAVE HEARD YOU HAVE... ALREADY DISTINGUISHED YOURSELVES, DESPITE YOUR YOUNG AGE.
THANK YOU, SIR.
WE'RE HONOURED, SIR.
RICO

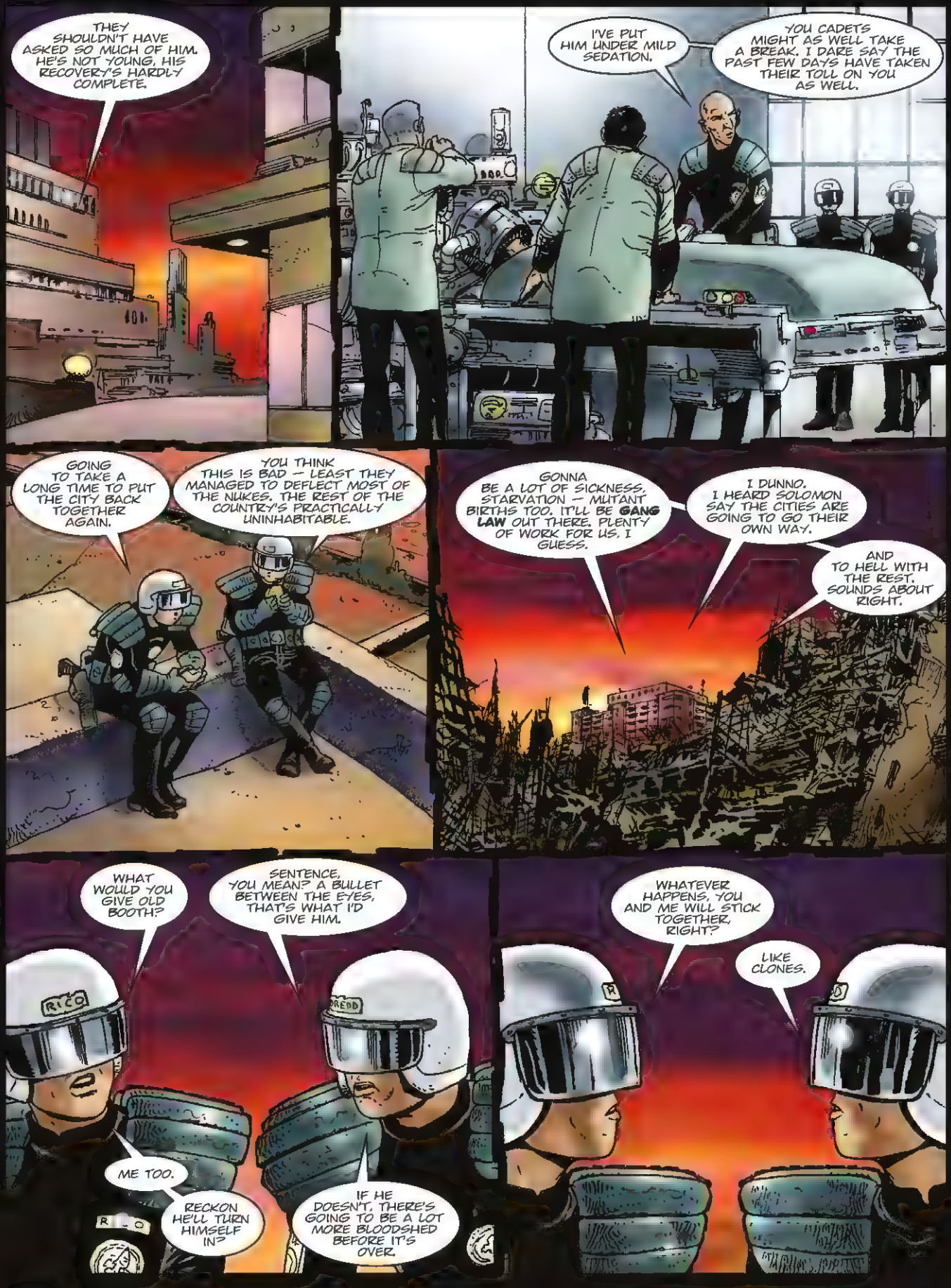
WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME, CLARENCE?
YOU KNOW THE SITUATION. FOR THE GOOD OF THIS NATION THE PRESIDENT MUST GO, AND GO NOW.
HE INSISTS ON A FORMAL IMPEACHMENT. AND WHILE THAT PROCESS GRINDS ITS WAY ALONG HE INTENDS TO USE THE TIME TO ABOLISH US.
WE BELIEVE HE WOULD LISTEN TO YOU, EUSTACE.
BUT I'M DEAD, HOLLINS.
MY EXISTENCE IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, I TAKE IT?
ONLY BY A FEW INSIDERS, AND THOSE SWORN TO SECRECY.
THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN MY RESURRECTION WITHOUT DESTROYING OUR REPUTATION FOR ABSOLUTE PROBITY? NO, IT WILL NOT DO. WE MUST LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE.
BUT TO LEAVE THIS MAN — THIS CRIMINAL — IN POWER WOULD BE A BETRAYAL OF EVERYTHING OUR NATION STANDS FOR! WE ARE HAMSTRUNG BY OUR OWN LAWS!
THERE IS A WAY — A LAWFUL WAY — BOOTH CAN BE REMOVED. BUT IT IS A PERILOUS STEP TO TAKE. IT COULD SPARK A CIVIL WAR AS BLOODY AS THE LAST. ARE YOU PREPARED FOR THAT?
I WOULD HOPE TO AVOID IT.
IT MAY NOT BE POSSIBLE.
I CAN ONLY ADVISE. IT MUST BE YOUR DECISION. BUT IF YOU ARE DETERMINED TO TURN 300 YEARS OF HISTORY ON ITS HEAD — THEN YOU MUST INVOKE THE OLDEST LAW OF ALL...

2070. THE GREAT ATOM WAR HAS BEGUN, LEAVING THE WORLD IN CHAOS. IN MEGA-CITY ONE —
IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.
The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America
WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO BE SELF-EVIDENT: THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL, THAT THEY ARE ENDOWED WITH CERTAIN UNALIENABLE RIGHTS, THAT AMONG THESE ARE LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.
THAT WHENEVER ANY FORM OF GOVERNMENT BECOMES DESTRUCTIVE OF THESE ENDS, IT IS THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE — IT IS THEIR DUTY — TO THROW OFF SUCH GOVERNMENT.
I QUOTE THESE WORDS FROM THE DECLARATION SIGNED NEARLY THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. TODAY AMERICA, THE NATION OUR FOREFATHERS FOUGHT AND DIED FOR, LIES IN RUINS — DESTROYED BY THE CRIMINAL MACHINATIONS OF ONE MAN — PRESIDENT ROBERT L. BOOTH!
I HAVE ISSUED PRESIDENT BOOTH WITH AN ULTIMATUM — THAT HE RESIGN AND SURRENDER HIMSELF IMMEDIATELY FOR TRIAL! IN THE MEANTIME I DECLARE HIS TENURE TO BE AT AN END!
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE — AND WITH YOUR CONSENT — THE GOVERNANCE OF MEGA-CITY ONE WILL BE ASSUMED BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT!

I CALL ON THE MILITARY TO PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE NEW AUTHORITY. FURTHERMORE, I HAVE INITIATED DISCUSSIONS WITH OTHER WORLD POWERS TO BRING THIS DISASTROUS WAR TO A FAIR AND JUST CONCLUSION.
SUCH A DRASTIC STEP! I KEEP ASKING MYSELF, HAVE WE DONE THE RIGHT THING?
HISTORY IS WRITTEN BY THE VICTORS, CLARENCE. FOR THE SAKE OF THE CITY, THAT MUST BE US.
THE FOLLOWING FOOTAGE OF A PRIVATE WHITE HOUSE MEETING BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND CAMPAIGN ORGANISER RAYMOND MARGOLES HAS BEEN RELEASED BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
UNLESS WE CAN TURN IT AROUND IN THE NEXT 24 HOURS, MR PRESIDENT, YOU WILL LOSE THIS ELECTION.
WHAT THE HELL ARE WE GONNA DO, RAY?
FIX THE VOTE? COULD WE DO IT? NO – SURTEES WOULD NEVER GO ALONG WITH IT.
YOU HELPED HIM SWEEP THAT BLACKWATER SCANDAL UNDER THE CARPET, SIR. YOU CAN JUST AS EASILY SWEEP IT OUT AGAIN.
THAT WOULD BE BLACKMAIL, RAY.
WE MUST HOPE THE PUBLIC EXPOSURE WILL FORCE HIM OUT PEACEFULLY. IT IS THE ONLY WAY OF AVERTING TERRIBLE BLOODSHED...
HE STOLE THE PRESIDENCY!
YOU...YOU NEVER HEARD IT FROM ME, YOU UNDERSTAND? I HAD NOTHING PERSONALLY TO DO WITH THIS. WHAT YOU DO, YOU DO ON YOUR OWN INITIATIVE.
YOU TWISTED BASTARD, BOOTH!

I HAD NOTHING PERSONALLY TO DO WITH THIS. WHAT YOU DO, YOU DO ON YOUR OWN INITIATIVE.
WHERE DID THEY GET IT? I THOUGHT WE'D WIPED IT ALL!
THE RECORDING WAS SECRETLY DUPLICATED AND HIDDEN AWAY BY WHITE HOUSE SPECIAL ADVISOR ARNOLD BENEDICT, WHO WAS FOUND DEAD SHORTLY BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF WAR.
HE WAS MURDERED — MURDERED ON THE ORDERS OF THE PRESIDENT.
THEY HAVE GENERATORS WORKING AGAIN. THIS IS GOING OUT TO EVERY HOME CAPABLE OF RECEIVING IT.
HOW DARE THEY! HOW DARE THEY!
BOOTH OUT!
BOOTH OUT!
BOOTH OUT!
BOOTH OUT!
HANGING'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU, BOOTH!
LET US THROUGH!
BOOTH OUT!!
BOOTH OUT!!
BAD BOB'S GOTTA PAY!
OUT
HANG BOOTH
HOLD THEM BACK!

FRAKKA
AK AK
AK AK
NO ONE PASSES!
AHHHHHHH!
DAMN THEM! DAMNED IF I LET THEM DO THIS TO ME!
IF WE LOSE THE PEOPLE IT MAY BE HARD TO HOLD ON.
MR PRESIDENT, THIS JUST CAME IN —
ALIVE? SURELY NOT.
THIS SAYS EUSTACE FARGO NEVER DIED. HE'S BEEN IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION. NOW THEY'VE REVIVED HIM. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT, GENERAL?
SOUNDS PRETTY FAR FETCHED. TO KEEP SUCH INFORMATION SECRET FOR SO LONG IS WELL NIGH IMPOSSIBLE. BESIDES, WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO? MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL.
IT'S FROM OUR MAN IN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, SIR. HE'S NORMALLY VERY RELIABLE.
IF ANYONE COULD CONCEAL SUCH A THING, OUR JUDGES COULD. AND IF IT IS TRUE, THEIR OWN CLAIMS WILL LOSE ALL CREDIBILITY.
MOST OF THEM, SIR. YES.
GENERAL, YOU CAN STILL RELY ON YOUR TROOPS?
ACCORDING TO OUR INFORMATION THEY'RE KEEPING HIM AT A RESEARCH FACILITY IN SECTOR 2. IF HE IS THERE, BRING HIM TO ME — ALIVE.


THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE ASKED SO MUCH OF HIM. HE'S NOT YOUNG, HIS RECOVERY'S HARDLY COMPLETE.
I'VE PUT HIM UNDER MILD SEDATION.
YOU CADETS MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A BREAK. I DARE SAY THE PAST FEW DAYS HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL ON YOU AS WELL.
GOING TO TAKE A LONG TIME TO PUT THE CITY BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.
YOU THINK THIS IS BAD — LEAST THEY MANAGED TO DEFLECT MOST OF THE NUKES. THE REST OF THE COUNTRY'S PRACTICALLY UNINHABITABLE.
GONNA BE A LOT OF SICKNESS, STARVATION — MUTANT BIRTHS TOO. IT'LL BE GANG LAW OUT THERE. PLENTY OF WORK FOR US, I GUESS.
I DUNNO. I HEARD SOLOMON SAY THE CITIES ARE GOING TO GO THEIR OWN WAY.
AND TO HELL WITH THE REST. SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.
WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE OLD BOOTH?
SENTENCE, YOU MEAN? A BULLET BETWEEN THE EYES, THAT'S WHAT I'D GIVE HIM.
RICO
DREDD
ME TOO.
RECKON HE'LL TURN HIMSELF IN?
IF HE DOESN'T, THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT MORE BLOODSHED BEFORE IT'S OVER.
WHATEVER HAPPENS, YOU AND ME WILL STICK TOGETHER, RIGHT?
LIKE CLONES.

TO BE CONTINUED IN JUDGE DREDD CASE FILES 04

CONTENTS & CREDITS

JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE

223 **SPLASHDOWN**
Script: Simon Spurrier **Pencils:** Laurence Campbell
Inks: Kris Justice **Colours:** Chris Blythe
Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 245

233 **REGIME CHANGE**
Script: Gordon Rennie **Artist:** Inaki Miranda
Colours: Eva De La Cruz
Letters: Tom Frame, Annie Parkhouse & Simon Bowland
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 246-249

273 **CADET**
Script: John Wagner **Artist:** Colin MacNeil
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 250-252

THE WAY IT BEGAN WAS: A STAR FELL FROM HEAVEN.

THAT'S THE PRETTY WAY OF SAYING AN UNIDENTIFIED ARTEFACT CAME SHOOTING OUT OF THE OORT CLOUD A TOUCH FASTER THAN LIGHT'S STEROIDAL COUSIN. SOUNDS MORE MYTHIC, IS ALL.

IN THE POINT-NOTHING OF A SECOND BEFORE IT OFFBLIPPED, THE TEKS GOT ENOUGH TELEMETRY TO FIGURE THE FOLLOWING:

A) IT WAS METALLIC, B) IT WAS MORE COMPLEX THAN ANYTHING THEY'D SEEN BEFORE, AND C) BY SWEET GRUD'S TEATS, THEY WANTED IT BAD.

PROBLEM WAS, THEY HAD NO IDEA WHERE IT WENT. CUE TWO WEEKS OF DULL.

THEN RIGHT OUT OF THE BLUE -- OR RATHER BLACK, HAH -- THEY GOT A MESSAGE, COURTESY OF PIRATE CAPTAIN BOREK STRAGG.

HE'S GOT THE ARTEFACT, HE SAYS, AND HE SHARES JUST ENOUGH SCANFORMATION TO MAKE IT JUICY. "ALIEN PROBE, DORMANT TECHNOLOGY, SUPERINTRICATE DATA RESERVES. BLAH BLAH BLAH."

WISEGUY LAID ANCHOR RIGHT BETWEEN THE BIG MEG AND BRIT-CIT SO NO DROKKER COULD CLAIM TERRITORIAL RIGHTS, THEN CALLED FOR MONEY.

SO BOTH CITIES SENT ENVOYS: TWO LITTLE PIGGIES, BENT DOUBLE WITH CREDS.

THREE SECONDS LATER THE PIGGIES TRANSFORMED INTO HOSTAGES AND THE PRICE DOUBLED.

ANYONE TRIES TO TAKE THE THING BY FORCE, SO SAYS STRAGG, THE ENVOYS ARE SQUIDBAIT.

NOW, NOBODY WANTS TO MAKE A DEAL WITH A PERP, AND NOBODY WANTS TO CAUSE A DIPLOMATIC BROUHAHA. BUT WHAT NOBODY ESPECIALLY WANTS IS TO SHARE THE PROBE WITH ANYSPLUGGER-ELSE.

TRICKY, SEE? SO THEY SCRAMBLE THE DIPLOMATS TO SORT IT OUT.

LOOKS LIKE THE YANKS ARE COMING TO SAY HELLO. WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY SENT?

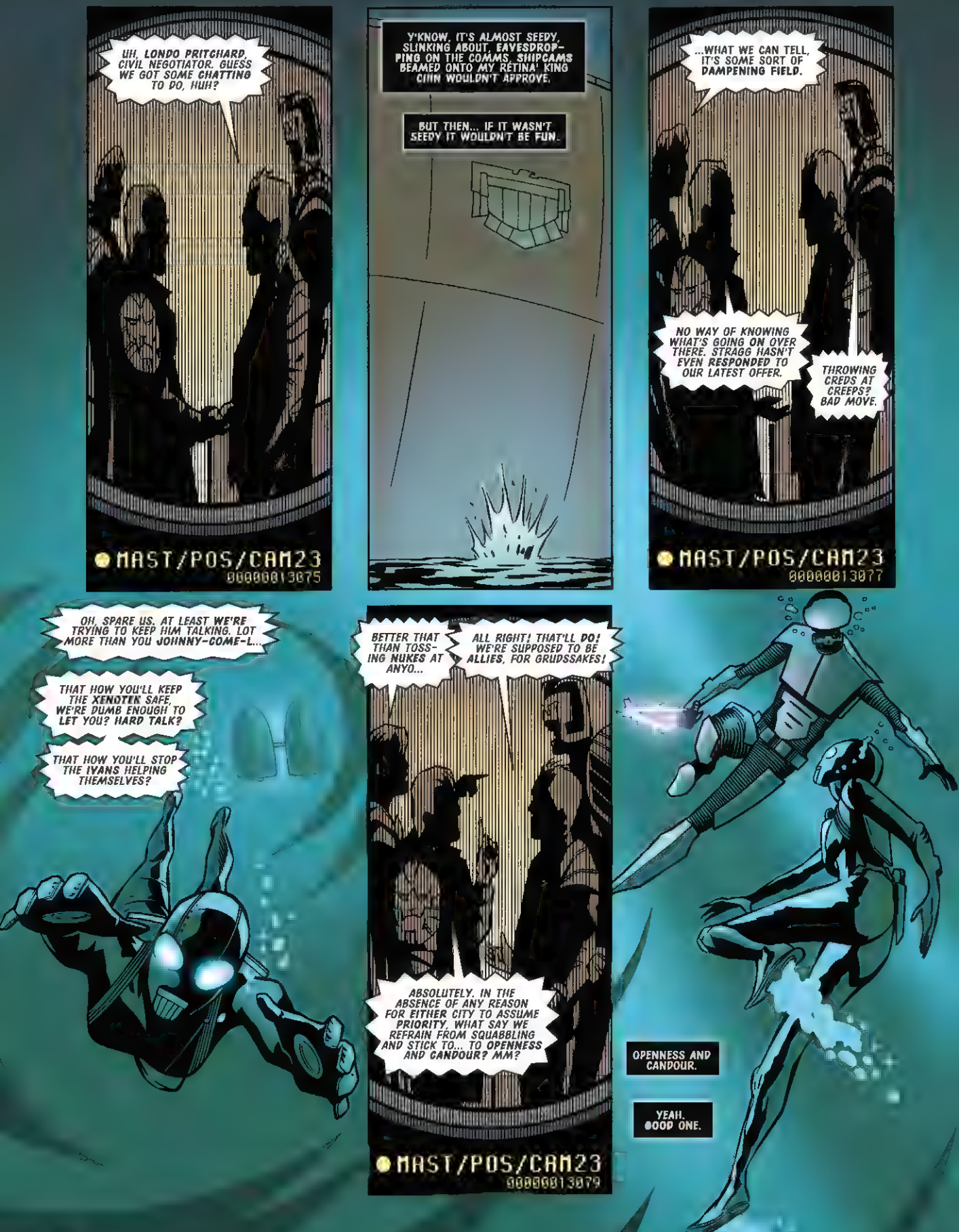
SCRIPT
SIMON SPURRIER
PENCILS
LAURENCE CAMPBELL
INKS
KRIS JUSTICE
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
TOM FRAME

WHICH BRINGS US RIGHT UP TO SPEED. AND INTO FOCUS. AND SWEETMOTHEROFJOVIUS WOULD YOU JUST LOOK AT HIM?

MAGNIFICENT. MORE AUTHORITY IN HIS LITTLE TOE THAN THE IMPERIAL TYRANT OF SEQVAL II HAD IN HIS ENTIRE THORACIC NODE.

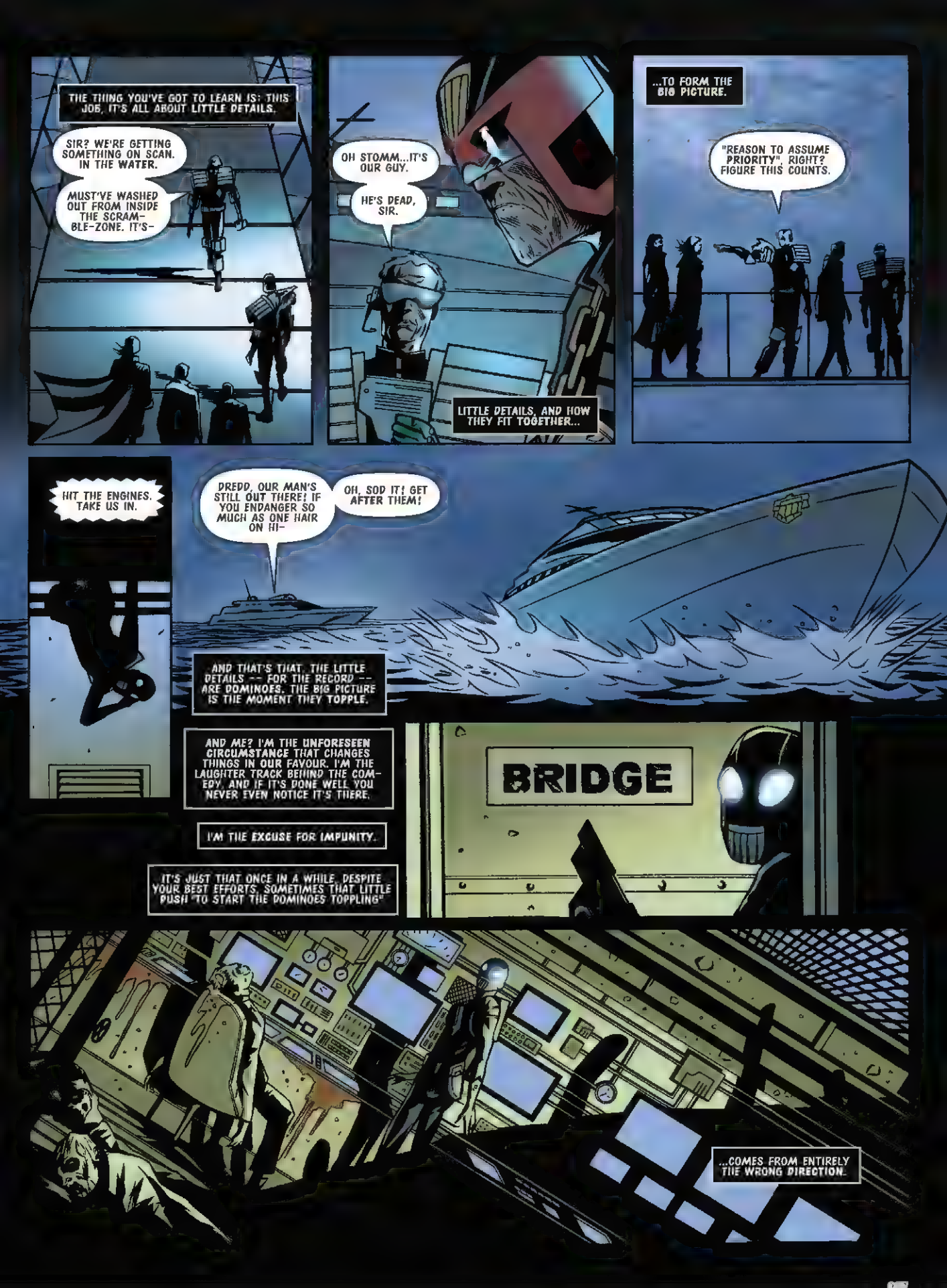
(WHICH IS WHERE I STABBED HIM, JUST FOR THE RECORD.)

JUDGE DREDD
SPLASHDOWN


UH, LONDO PRITCHARD, CIVIL NEGOTIATOR. GUESS WE GOT SOME CHATTING TO DO, HUH?
MAST/POS/CAM23
00000013075
Y'KNOW, IT'S ALMOST SEEDY, SLINKING ABOUT, EAVESDROPPING ON THE COMMS, SHIPCAMS BEAMED ONTO MY RETINA' KING CINN WOULDN'T APPROVE.
BUT THEN... IF IT WASN'T SEEDY IT WOULDN'T BE FUN.
...WHAT WE CAN TELL, IT'S SOME SORT OF DAMPENING FIELD.
NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE. STRAGG HASN'T EVEN RESPONDED TO OUR LATEST OFFER.
THROWING CREDS AT CREEPS? BAD MOVE.
MAST/POS/CAM23
00000013077
OH, SPARE US. AT LEAST WE'RE TRYING TO KEEP HIM TALKING. LOT MORE THAN YOU JOHNNY-COME-L...
THAT HOW YOU'LL KEEP THE XENOTEK SAFE, WE'RE DUMB ENOUGH TO LET YOU? HARD TALK?
THAT HOW YOU'LL STOP THE IVANS HELPING THEMSELVES?
BETTER THAT THAN TOSSING NUKES AT ANYO...
ALL RIGHT! THAT'LL DO! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ALLIES, FOR GRUDSSAKES!
ABSOLUTELY. IN THE ABSENCE OF ANY REASON FOR EITHER CITY TO ASSUME PRIORITY, WHAT SAY WE REFRAIN FROM SQUABBLING AND STICK TO... TO OPENNESS AND CANDOUR? MM?
MAST/POS/CAM23
00000013079
OPENNESS AND CANDOUR.
YEAH. GOOD ONE.

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?
WELL, I-
PERHAPS WE COULD CONSIDER A JOINT OPERATION? SHARE THE RESEARCH BENEFITS...?
MAST/POS/CAM23
00000013081
KOFF
UM.
NO. NO, I DON'T SUPPOSE SO...
WELL, WE HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING. WITHOUT A COMPROMISE WE'LL BE OUT HERE FOREVER.
MAST/POS/CAM23
00000013083
AND I HARDLY NEED MENTION HOW DISASTROUS IT'D BE FOR OUR TWO GREAT CITIES TO SUCCUMB TO... AH...
VIOLENCE.
DEAR ME. YES. DISASTROUS.
AND QUICK.
LISTEN: BACK IN THE ACADEMY, RIGHT AFTER THE NEUROSURGERY AND THE DIDACTIC THERAPY, THEY TAUGHT ME A NURSERY RHYME.. IT WENT LIKE THIS:
MAST/POS/CAM23
00000013085
"MEGA-CITY ONE. MEGA-CITY ONE. MEGA-CITY ONE. WE TAKE WHAT WE WANT."
DOESN'T REALLY SCAN, NOW I COME TO THINK OF IT, BUT STILL... ALWAYS MADE ME SLEEP LIKE A BABY, THAT.

SCRAMBLESUIT'S HOLDING UP NICELY. CAN'T SAY I'M A FAN OF ENTRUSTING MY LIFE TO SCAN-BLIND LYCRA, THOUGH IT DOES LIFT AND SEPARATE.
YOU'D BE AMAZED HOW MUCH EXTRA KILLTIME YOU GET WHEN THE MARK'S TOO BUSY PERVING TO CALL FOR HELP.
HEH. GOOSEBUMPS. THERE'S AN INSTANT LIKE THIS ON EVERY MISSION. LITTLE MOMENT TO STOP AND APPRECIATE IT ALL.
I LOVE MY JOB. I LOOK GREAT, THE DEPARTMENT GIVES ME TOYS AND SWEETS AND DRUGS AND KITTENS WHENEVER I WANT... AND I GET TO MAKE PEOPLE DEAD IN THE NAME OF THE GODCITY.
I'M THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD.
BINGO.
I SAY! W-WHAT-S...?
YOU MEGA-CITY? ENVOY QUILLIAM QUILLIAMS?
WH-? YES! YES!
Y-YOUR ACCENT... YOU'RE A MEGGER TOO! OH, THANK GRUD! I'M SAVED! I'M SA-
SLISSH
COULD'VE USED A GUN, I GUESS. I GET EXCITED, IS ALL.
AND BEFORE YOU ACT SURPRISED: DO I LOOK LIKE A RESCUE SQUAD?


THE THING YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN IS: THIS JOB, IT'S ALL ABOUT LITTLE DETAILS.
SIR? WE'RE GETTING SOMETHING ON SCAN. IN THE WATER.
MUST'VE WASHED OUT FROM INSIDE THE SCRAM-BLE-ZONE. IT'S-
OH STOMM...IT'S OUR GUY.
HE'S DEAD, SIR.
LITTLE DETAILS, AND HOW THEY FIT TOGETHER...
...TO FORM THE BIG PICTURE.
"REASON TO ASSUME PRIORITY", RIGHT? FIGURE THIS COUNTS.
HIT THE ENGINES. TAKE US IN.
DREDD, OUR MAN'S STILL OUT THERE! IF YOU ENDANGER SO MUCH AS ONE HAIR ON HI-
OH, SOD IT! GET AFTER THEM!
AND THAT'S THAT. THE LITTLE DETAILS -- FOR THE RECORD -- ARE DOMINOES. THE BIG PICTURE IS THE MOMENT THEY TOPPLE.
AND ME? I'M THE UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCE THAT CHANGES THINGS IN OUR FAVOUR. I'M THE LAUGHTER TRACK BEHIND THE COM-EDY. AND IF IT'S DONE WELL YOU NEVER EVEN NOTICE IT'S THERE.
I'M THE EXCUSE FOR IMPUNITY.
IT'S JUST THAT ONCE IN A WHILE, DESPITE YOUR BEST EFFORTS, SOMETIMES THAT LITTLE PUSH "TO START THE DOMINOES TOPPLING"
BRIDGE
...COMES FROM ENTIRELY THE WRONG DIRECTION.

BACK OFF, BRIT-CIT CRAFT!
THIS VESSEL HAS BEEN *SEIZED* BY MEGA-CITY ONE IN JUSTIFIED RETALIATION AGAINST *TERRORIST AGGRESSION!*
THE DROKK IT HAS!
SOMETIMES, THIS JOB GOES AND GETS SERIOUS.
ALL THE JOY GOES RIGHT OUT OF IT. LIKE, SAY, WHEN A KITTEN GOES LIMP FROM HAVING TOO MUCH FUN.
USUALLY, WHEN THAT HAPPENS, IT MEANS YOU HAVE TO REARRANGE THE DOMINOES IN A HURRY...
...EVEN IF IT MEANS BREAKING THE FLOW.
DREDD? WE HAVE A PROBLEM.
WHO'S THIS?
IT'S MY ADVICE THAT YOU ADOPT DEFENSIVE PATTERN ECHO-OSCAR-NINER. YOU HAVE WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL AN INCOMING THREAT SITUATION.
WHO IS THIS, GRUDDAMMIT?
THAT DOESN'T MATTER! THE ARTEFACT, IT'S... LOOK, IT'S NOT A PROBE!
MY GUESS IS WE'RE DEALING WITH A GENUINE DATA-ABSORPTIVE NANO-GESTALT. A SEEDING COLONY. IT'S... OH GRUD, IT'S COMPLICATED. YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.
JUST THINK BIG DROKKING MONSTER, THEN THINK COMING YOUR W--
IDENTIFY YOURSELF!
GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN. THEY MIGHT FIRE ME FOR THIS.
DOMINO BLANK-ONE. BLACK OPS. I'M ON YOUR SIDE, SIR.
NOW, SERIOUSLY...

-RUN!
-EAT YOUR DATA, I-
-QUOTE: "AVAST, YE SCURVY ROCK-TUPPERS!"-
-HUNGER. MUCH QUERY-
-LURE MOSTBIG SWARM. EATLEARN-
BDAM BDAM BDAM
-JUDTCH LARRY THYME. SSSITASHUN (COURAGE UNNNN FIRE) 2118-
-LIKE JUVIES TOO MUCH-
SOMETIMES, EVEN WHEN YOU'VE REARRANGED THE DROKKING DOMINOES, THEY FALL IN ALL KINDS OF WEIRD PLACES-
ARMOUR-PIERCING!
N-NOTHING WORKS! NOTHING DROKKING WORKS!
THE WAY YOU GET TO BE GOOD AT MY JOB -- BESIDES A LOBOTOMY SCAR THE SIZE OF ANTARCTICA AND A HYPNOTIC CONVICTION IN THE DIVINITY OF YOUR HOMETOWN--

...IS THAT YOU KNOW WHEN TO LET THE DOMINOES FALL WHERE THEY WILL...
-QUERY: CAPTAIN BOSSMAN LEADER? HUNGRY EAT SOURCE BIGDATA-
SIR? I THINK IT WANTS Y-
YOU THINK?
...AND WHEN TO SWEEP THE LITTLE DROKKERS UP AND START OVER.
DREDD? DUCK.
'COURSE, EVEN THAT'S KIND OF TRICKY...
THWIP
THWIP
IN ORDER TO BE REALLY REALLY REALLY GOOD AT THIS JOB...
GRENADE!
...YOU'VE ALSO GOT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF BROOM TO BRING ALONG.
VVZZZZK
THE HELL-?
UH. E.M. GRENADE, I MEAN.
MACHINE-KILLER. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
FORGOT TO MENTION.
SORRY.

IT TAKES THE BRIT-CIT CONTINGENT EXACTLY THIRTY SECONDS TO KICK IN WITH THE MORAL INDIGNATION.

COVERT OPS THIS. DESPICABLE YANKEE TACTICS THAT. IT'S ALL KIND OF A BLUR. I'M NOT USED TO THE ATTENTION.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER. A COUPLE THOUSAND MILES AWAY. IT'S LIKE A REPEAT PERFORMANCE. WITH EXTRA GRIT.

-EMBARRASSED THE CITY, NIXED THE MISSION AND KILLED THE GRUDDAMN ORGANISM. IT'S DOWN TO HER THE BRITS GOT TO KEEP THE CORPSE. DROKKING FACE-SAVING.

THAT'LL DO. THE REMAINS AREN'T WORTH SQUAT WITHOUT A MIND ATTACHED.

NOT THE POINT. WHY SEND A SPOOK AT ALL? I HAD THE MISSION COVERED.

VERY LEAST I SHOULD'VE BEEN TOLD.

COME ON, JOE. THEIR LIE-DETECTORS WORK THE SAME AS OURS

AS FOR WHY...

PLAY

blip

DOMINO BLANK-ONE, REPORTING ON OPERATIONAL IRREGULARITIES. BLACK ATLANTIC RETRIEVAL MISSION.

AT 1123HRS -- FOLLOWING A SUCCESSFUL LEAD-IN -- IT BECAME OBVIOUS SOMETHING WAS AWRY.

THE VESSEL'S CREW WERE DEAD AND THE "PROBE" DEMONSTRATED A MOBILE AND AGGRESSIVE AGENDA.

THE TEKS HAVE SINCE HYPOTHESIZED IT LURED IN AGENTS OF BOTH CITIES TO MAXIMISE THE DATA AVAILABLE FOR ABSORPTION.

AS IT BECAME CLEAR THE ORGANISM WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SUBDUE, I CONCLUDED THE SITUATION JUSTIFIED ITS ERADICATION -- DESPITE THE DATA LOSS.

-AND TO BRIT-CIT THE SPOILS. STINKS OF A SET-UP, HERSHEY.

HOW ELSE DID SHE KNOW TO TAKE AN E.M.?

blip

BLANK-ONE HAS CERTAIN...TALENTS. AN ABILITY TO ANTICIPATE THE UNEXPECTED.
FOR EXAMPLE...
blip
PAUSE
I IMAGINE DREDD'S SMELLING FOUL PLAY ABOUT NOW, SO LET ME PUT HIS MIND AT REST.
IT WASN'T JUST AN E.M. GRENADE.
IT WAS LACED WITH A VIRAL CARRIER TRACE.
THE INSTANT THE BRITS START ANALYSING THE CORPSE, WE'VE GOT ACCESS TO THEIR SYSTEMS.
THAT HOW IT GOES NOW, HERSHEY? SPYING ON ALLIES?
HIDDEN AGENDAS TO EVERY MISSION?
THAT'S HOW IT'S ALWAYS GONE, JOE.
THAT'S POLITICS.
HE IS THE LAW.
THAT'S HIS LITTLE THING, ISN'T IT? IT SUITS HIM. IT SUITS THE GODCITY.
YOU BE THE LAW, JOE. YOU BE THERE FOR THE MEG, OUT IN THE LIGHT, OUT WHERE IT NEEDS YOU.
FOR EVERYTHING ELSE...
...IT'S GOT ME.
THE END

LA CIUDADELA DEL DESAPARECIDO.
THE SO-CALLED "CITADEL OF THE DISAPPEARED", CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA'S NOTORIOUS DETENTION AND INTERROGATION FACILITY.
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE
PENCILS INAKI MIRANDA
INKS KRIS JUSTICE
COLOURS EVA DE LA CRUZ
LETTERS TOM FRAME & SIMON BOWLAND & ANNIE PARKHOUSE
READY WEAPONS! PREPARE TO FIRE!
NO! WAIT!
COMMANDANTE! YOU CANNOT DO THIS! THOSE ARE YOUR CITIZENS, YOUR OWN PEOPLE!
IF YOU OPEN FIRE ON THEM, THOUSANDS WILL DIE!
I HAVE MY ORDERS FROM SUPREME JUSTICE SANGRENEGRA. BESIDES, WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES TEN THOUSAND LESS CAMPESINOS MAKE?
YOU THINK YOU ARE STILL IN YOUR EURO-CITY? THEY ARE THE WEAK, AND WE ARE THE STRONG. HERE, THAT IS THE ONLY LAW THAT MATTERS.
OPEN FIRE. THEY CAME HERE TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DISAPPEARED. SO LET US GRANT THEM THEIR WISH

VABBOOOOM
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND SURRENDER! DO NOT ATTEMPT TO MAKE ANY FURTHER HOSTILE ACTION!
JUDGES! JUDGES FROM EL NORTE!
CHILLING

ATTENTION, ALL FORCES OF CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA JUSTICE DEPARTMENT -- THIS AREA IS NOW UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF MEGA-CITY ONE!
JUDGE DREDD
REGIME CHANGE

MEGA-CITY ONE, THREE DAYS EARLIER:
"NO END TO THE WAVE OF CIVIL UNREST IN CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA"
"DEATH TOLL ESTIMATED TO BE TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND PLUS, AND RISING"
"CHIEF JUSTICE SANTIAGO SANGRENEGRA'S INCREASINGLY WEAKENING GRASP ON THE REINS OF POWER"
"OPEN WARFARE BETWEEN RIVAL FACTIONS WITHIN THE CITY'S NOTORIOUSLY CORRUPT JUDGE FORCE HAS NOW BROKEN OUT IN SEVERAL PARTS OF THE CITY"
"NO OFFICIAL RESPONSE YET FROM OTHER MEGA-CITIES TO THE GROWING CRISIS IN SOUTH-AM"
THAT LAST PART IS ABOUT TO CHANGE. I'VE BEEN IN COMMUNICATION WITH OUR ALLIES IN BRIT-CIT, TEXAS CITY, OZ AND THE EURO-STATES. THEY'RE IN AGREEMENT WITH ME...
A MULTINATIONAL PEACEKEEPING FORCE UNDER MEGA-CITY LEADERSHIP WILL BE DISPATCHED TO CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA TO STABILISE THE SITUATION AND ENSURE THE SECURE DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD AND MEDICAL AID TO THE CIVILIANS CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE.
THIS WILL BE A HUMANITARIAN MISSION, TO SHOW THE REST OF THE WORLD THE LARGER MEGA-CITIES DO CARE ABOUT WHAT GOES ON BEYOND THEIR WALLS.
ANY COMMENTS?
DIRECT INTERVENTION IN THE AFFAIRS OF ANOTHER MEGA-CITY -- IT'S A RISKY MOVE, CHIEF JUDGE.
IS THE SITUATION REALLY BAD ENOUGH TO WARRANT IT?
DEFENCE CHIEF VOTTEN?
DESPITE HIS PURGES OF THE RANKS OF THE BARRANQUILLA JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, SANGRENEGRA'S NEVER MANAGED TO CONSOLIDATE HIS GRIP ON POWER SINCE HE OVERTHREW HIS PREDECESSOR.
OUR BEST ESTIMATES ARE THAT HIS REGIME WILL FALL WITHIN THE MONTH. AFTER THAT, THE CITY WILL BECOME A FREE FOR ALL, WITH THE NARCO-GANG CARTELS AND COMPETING FACTIONS WITHIN THE JUDGE FORCE FIGHTING OVER THE SPOILS.
CASUALTY ESTIMATES?
IN THE MILLIONS, MOST OF THEM NON-COMBATANTS. THAT'S NOT INCLUDING THE POST-WAR DEATH TOLL, WHEN THE VICTOR WILL BEGIN MASS EXECUTIONS OF ANY REMAINING POSSIBLE OPPOSITION.
ALL THIS IS BEST-CASE SCENARIO, OF COURSE. A COUP IN BARRANQUILLA IS NOTHING NEW, BUT THIS ONE IS SPILLING OVER INTO CIVIL WAR. IT'S POSSIBLE WE MIGHT LOSE THE CITY ENTIRELY.

I'M STILL UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE IDEA OF MILITARY ACTION AGAINST ANOTHER CITY, EVEN ONE AS DESERVING AS THE BARRANQUILLAS.
WE'RE MEGA-CITY ONE. WE DON'T DO FOREIGN INTERVENTION.
I AGREE. THAT'S WHY WE WILL STRESS THIS IS A PEACEKEEPING MISSION WITH HUMANITARIAN AIMS, NOT A MILITARY OCCUPATION.
THE BRITS AND THE EUROS ARE PROVIDING THE BULK OF THE MEDICAL AND TECHNICAL PERSONNEL. WE'RE SUPPLYING THE MUSCLE.
DEFENCE DIVISION'S CONTRIBUTION WILL BE VITAL, BUT FOR THE REASONS I'VE JUST STATED, THE COUNCIL AND I HAVE DECIDED THAT THIS OPERATION WILL COME UNDER STREET JUDGE COMMAND
I SEE. AND WHICH MEMBER OF STREET DIVISION DID YOU HAVE IN MIND TO TAKE COMMAND OF A LARGE-SCALE MILITARY ACTION AGAINST MULTIPLE ENEMY FACTIONS IN A HOSTILE FOREIGN WARZONE?
WHICH DID YOU THINK?

...THE EUROS HAVE TAKEN OVER ESCOBAR STRATBAT PORT, AND ARE SETTING UP REFUGEE STATIONS THERE.
THE BRITS HAVE GOT SEVERAL OF THEIR SPECIAL JUDICIAL SERVICE COMMANDO UNITS ON THE GROUND, AND ARE CONCENTRATING ON QUELLING THE WORST OF THE NARCO-GANG RESISTANCE, BUT THEIR MANPOWER'S PRETTY LIMITED.
TELL THE BRITS WE'LL PROVIDE ANY ADDITIONAL JUDGE TROOPER FORCES THEY NEED.
WHAT ABOUT PROTECTION FOR THE BRIT CONVOYS?
ALREADY BEING TAKEN CARE OF.
GIANT -- DREDD. NEED TO GET GROUND ROUTES OPENED UP FOR THOSE AID CONVOYS TO THE SOUTHERN BARRIO SECTORS.
LOCAL NARCO-GANGS HAVE BLOCKADED THE ROADS AND ARE DEMANDING PAYMENT TO PASS THROUGH.
WE'RE NEGOTIATING A DEAL WITH THEM NOW.

MOVING ONTO THE NEXT TOLL POINT. TELL THE BRITS THEY CAN GET THEIR CONVOYS ROLLING, DREDD.
GOOD WORK, GIANT.
BACHMAN, WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN AT BATISTA SQUARE?
RAN INTO A SANGRENEGRA LOYALIST FORCE. SEEMED THEY HAD ISSUES WITH US TRYING TO INTRODUCE THE CONCEPTS OF PROPER LAW AND ORDER TO THEIR DUMP-CUBE OF A CITY.
AND?
WE'RE STILL SHOWING 'EM THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS.

BARRANQUILLA H-WAGON REQUESTING PERMISSION TO LAND, DREDD. IT'S UNARMED AND CARRYING THE INSIGNIA OF SUPREME JUSTICE SANGRENEGRA.
THAT'LL BE CHOLO, SANGRENEGRA'S CHIEF LIEUTENANT AND PERSONAL ASSASSIN.
I KNOW YOU? YOU'RE WITH EURO-CIT JUSTICE?
USED TO BE. I'M LASALLE. I'VE BEEN HERE FOR THREE YEARS AS AN OBSERVER FOR THE PEACE RANGERS.
UP UNTIL YOU ARRIVED, I MOSTLY JUST COLLECTED THE NAMES OF THE DEAD AND DISAPPEARED, AND MADE THE USUAL POINTLESS PROTESTS TO THE BARRANQUILLA JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
I STILL CANT BELIEVE YOU'RE ACTUALLY HERE...
MAKES TWO OF US. WELCOME TO THE SHARP END OF PEACEKEEPING, LASALLE.
WHAT ELSE DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS CHOLO?
HE'S HEAD OF SANGRENEGRA'S PRIVATE BODYGUARD FORCE, AND BAGMAN BETWEEN THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT AND THE NARCO-GANG CARTELS.
RUMOURED TO ONE OF SANGRENEGRA'S ILLEGITIMATE SONS. SUPPOSEDLY, HE CAME TO HIS FATHER'S NOTICE AFTER MURDERING THREE OF HIS HALF-BROTHERS ON HIS WAY UP THE RANKS.
A REAL CREDIT TO THE FAMILY NAME, HUH? NO GUESSES FOR WHAT HE'S HERE TO SAY.

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! YOU HAVE INVADED OUR CITY! MURDERED OUR JUDGES! ILLEGALLY OCCUPIED OUR
WE TOOK ACTION TO PREVENT A MASSACRE. YOU TURN YOUR GUNS ON UNARMED CIVILIANS, WE WON'T HESITATE TO DO IT AGAIN.
WE'RE SETTING UP CIVILIAN SAFE ZONES ACROSS THE CITY. ANY ATTEMPT BY BARRANQUILLA JUSTICE DEPARTMENT FORCES TO ENTER THEM OR TO INTERFERE WITH OUR AID OPERATIONS WILL MEET WITH HEAVY RETALIATION.
YOU, THE REBELS IN YOUR DEPARTMENT AND THE NARCO-GANGS ARE FREE TO KILL EACH OTHER AS MUCH AS YOU WANT. WE'RE JUST HERE TO KEEP OTHERS OUT OF THE CROSSFIRE.
YOU ARE HOLDING OUR MEN PRISONER! WE DEMAND THEIR IMMEDIATE RETURN!
YOU'RE STANDING ON MEGA-CITY SOIL NOW, CREEP. YOU DON'T "DEMAND" ANYTHING.
WE'RE HOLDING ONTO YOUR MEN, PENDING FURTHER INVESTIGATION. THEY'LL BE KEPT SAFE. I KNOW HOW THINGS WORK HERE. BUT THROWING PERPS OUT OF FLYING H-WAGONS ISN'T OUR WAY OF DOING THINGS.
GO TELL YOUR FATHER WHAT I SAID. TELL HIM NEXT TIME HE WANTS TO NEGOTIATE, I WANT TO SPEAK TO THE ORGAN GRINDER, NOT THE MONKEY.
THINK HE GOT THE MESSAGE?
THAT WAS—
THIS IS REALLY HOW YOU DO THINGS IN MEGA-CITY ONE?
STICK AROUND, LASALLE. I NEED SOMEONE WITH LOCAL KNOWLEDGE.
THERE'S A PLACE HERE, EL HUERTO DOS HUESOS. I WANT YOU TO HELP ME FIND IT.
EVERYONE IN CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA KNOWS ABOUT IT, ALTHOUGH NOT MANY WILL EVER SPEAK OF IT.
DREDD, JUST PROMISE ME ONE THING...
...JUST TELL ME THAT YOU ARE REALLY HERE TO HELP THESE PEOPLE, AND NOT FOR ANYTHING ELSE.

MEGA-CITY ONE, THREE DAYS EARLIER:
YOU DON'T APPROVE, DO YOU?
IT'S OUR JOB TO GET IN HARM'S WAY. BUT A JUDGE'S LIFE SHOULD ONLY BE EXPENDED FOR THIS CITY AND ITS CITIZENS.
BARRANQUILLA'S AN OPEN SEWER, JOE. EVERY TIME SANGRENEGRA AND HIS GANG OF BUTCHERS CALL THEMSELVES JUDGES, IT'S AN INSULT TO THE UNIFORM.
YOU WANT A LIST OF FOREIGN JUDGE SYSTEMS I'D BE HAPPY TO SEE TAKE A FALL BEFORE THE END OF THIS GRAVEYARD SHIFT, YOU CAN HAVE IT.
STILL DOESN'T CHANGE ANYTHING. WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE IS THEIR PROBLEM, NOT OURS.
IF WE DON'T STEP IN, SOMEONE ELSE WILL. THEN IT WILL BE OUR PROBLEM.
VOTTEN'S PET SOV BEEN SINGING FOR HIS SUPPER AGAIN?
WE KNOW THE SINOS WANT A FOOTHOLD IN SOUTH-AM. WE KNOW THEY PROVIDE SANGRENEGRA WITH MILITARY AID. AND WE SUSPECT THAT THEY'RE GETTING READY TO STEP IN TO SAVE HIM.
WHAT WE DIDN'T KNOW -- UNTIL KAZAN TOLD US -- IS THAT THIS COUP IS ALMOST CERTAINLY SOV-BACKED. THE SOVS WANT SANGRENEGRA OUT, AND THEIR CHOSEN PUPPET IN.
BOTTOM LINE, IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING, WE'LL HAVE A NEW SOV OR SINO SATELLITE STATE DOWN THERE IN SOUTH-AM.
"AS FAR AS THE BRITS AND EUROS ARE CONCERNED, THIS REALLY IS A HUMANITARIAN MISSION, BUT IF BARRANQUILLA'S GOING TO FALL, I WANT TO MAKE SURE IT FALLS IN OUR DIRECTION.
"FOR THE SECURITY OF THIS CITY, I'M AUTHORISING YOU TO DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO BRING ABOUT A REGIME CHANGE IN CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA..."

JUST UNDER A THOUSAND MILES OFF THE BLACK ATLANTIC COAST OF SOUTH-AM, AND A MAJOR INTERNATIONAL CRISIS IS BREWING --
-- REPEAT AGAIN: THIS IS MEGA-CITY ONE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TO SINO-CIT MILITARY TRANSPORTS. YOU DO NOT HAVE PERMISSION TO ENTER CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA AIRSPACE. TURN BACK NOW, OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO TAKE ACTION
REPEAT AGAIN: THIS IS MEGA-CITY ONE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
SO WHERE ARE WE?
ABOUT EIGHT MINUTES AWAY FROM THE START OF THE SECOND APOCALYPSE WAR. THAT'S HOW LONG UNTIL THE GUNSHIPS WE'VE SCRAMBLED MEET THEM ON AN INTERCEPT COURSE
SO FAR, THEY'VE IGNORED ALL OUR WARNING CALLS
THEY'LL LISTEN TO THIS ONE. PATCH DREDD THROUGH TO THEM
THIS IS DREDD OF MEGA-CITY ONE, COMMANDING THE ALLIED PEACEKEEPER FORCE IN CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA
YOU KNOW ME, YOU KNOW MY REPUTATION. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A FIGHT, YOU'RE HEADING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

THEY'RE TURNING BACK, MA'AM! THEY'RE HEADING BACK TO THEIR CARRIER FLEET!
SIGNAL DREDD. OFFER HIM MY CONGRATULATIONS FOR WINNING THE SHORTEST WAR IN MEGA-CITY HISTORY
CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA --
GUESS THAT'S THE THREAT FROM SINO-CIT OVER WITH...
EL HUERTO DOS HUESOS -- "THE BONE ORCHARD".
...LET'S GET BACK TO WHAT WE CAME HERE TO DO.

HOW MANY OF THEM ARE THERE?
GRUD KNOWS. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS. MILLIONS, MAYBE.
IT'S LIKE AN ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG. YOU CAN ALMOST READ THE HISTORY OF CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA FROM THE DIFFERENT LAYERS OF CORPSES, EACH ONE DATING BACK TO REPRISALS AND PURGES CARRIED OUT BY THE VARIOUS CHANGING REGIMES OVER THE YEARS.
WHAT I DON'T GET IS WHY THEY DUMP THEM ALL HERE...
IN THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS, THEY SAY YOU CAN SMELL *EL HUERTO DOS HUESOS* FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY.
A PLACE LIKE THIS EXISTS TO REMIND PEOPLE WHO'S IN CHARGE OF THEIR LIVES.
HOW LONG TO SEARCH THROUGH THEM ALL AND CHECK IDENTITIES FROM DNA RECORDS?
WITH THE NUMBER OF PERSONNEL I CAN SPARE FROM OTHER DUTIES? MONTHS, I'D SAY. AND THAT'S BEING OPTIMISTIC.
WE DON'T HAVE MONTHS, CORSON -- LET'S SEE WHAT TEK-DIV CAN GIVE US.
I CALL THEM CARRION CRAWLERS. PROGRAMMED TO SEARCH OUT ANY REMAINS CARRYING ANY DNA CODE YOU WANT TO GIVE IT.
WE SET THEM LOOSE AND THEY DO THE REST. IF THOSE STIFFS ARE HERE, THESE LITTLE CRITTERS WILL FIND THEM.
CORSON

KIND OF CUTE, AREN'T THEY? AFTER A WHILE, YOU ACTUALLY GET QUITE ATTACHED TO THEM.
TCHKT
TCHKT
TCHKT
TCHKT
TCHKT
MY ADVICE, CORSON -- TRY TO GET OUT THE TEK LABS MORE OFTEN.
LET ME KNOW SOON AS YOU FIND ANYTHING.
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR CRIME SCENE EVIDENCE? TAKE A LOOK AROUND YOU, DREDD. WE'RE WALKING ACROSS TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PIECES OF EVIDENCE THAT MASS MURDER HAS BEEN COMMITTED HERE!
IT'S NOT OUR JOB TO INVESTIGATE SANGRENEGRA'S CRIMES AGAINST HIS OWN PEOPLE.
THIS IS A PEACEKEEPING OPERATION. WE'RE HERE TO STOP THIS CITY FROM DESTROYING ITSELF.
THEN WHAT ARE WE DOING AT *EL HUERTO DOS HUESOS*? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR BACK THERE?
GUNFIRE TO OUR NORTH. YOU USED TO BE A JUDGE, LASALLE. LET'S SEE WHAT YOU REMEMBER ABOUT TAKING LAW TO THE LAWLESS.
THAT'S REBEL-HELD TERRITORY. THE CONTRANISTAS, THE FACTION LED BY SANGRENEGRA'S EX-HEAD OF INTERNAL SECURITY.
GOOD A PLACE TO START AS ANYWHERE ELSE ROUND HERE.

VIVA BARRANQUILLA! SEND THE INVADERS BACK TO EL NORTE!
KABOOOOOMMM
WHAT'S THE SITUATION HERE? WHY ISN'T THIS CONVOY MOVING?
WE'RE PINNED DOWN BY CONTRANISTA HEAVY-WEAPONS FIRE! WE NEED GUNSHIP SUPPORT!
YOU'RE RELIEVED OF CONVOY COMMAND. I WANT YOU ON THE NEXT TRANSPORT BACK TO BRIT-CIT.
THE REST OF YOU -- WITH ME.
GUNSHIPS ARE NEEDED ELSEWHERE. YOU CALL YOURSELF A JUDGE, YOU NEVER HESITATE TO PUT YOURSELF IN HARM'S WAY

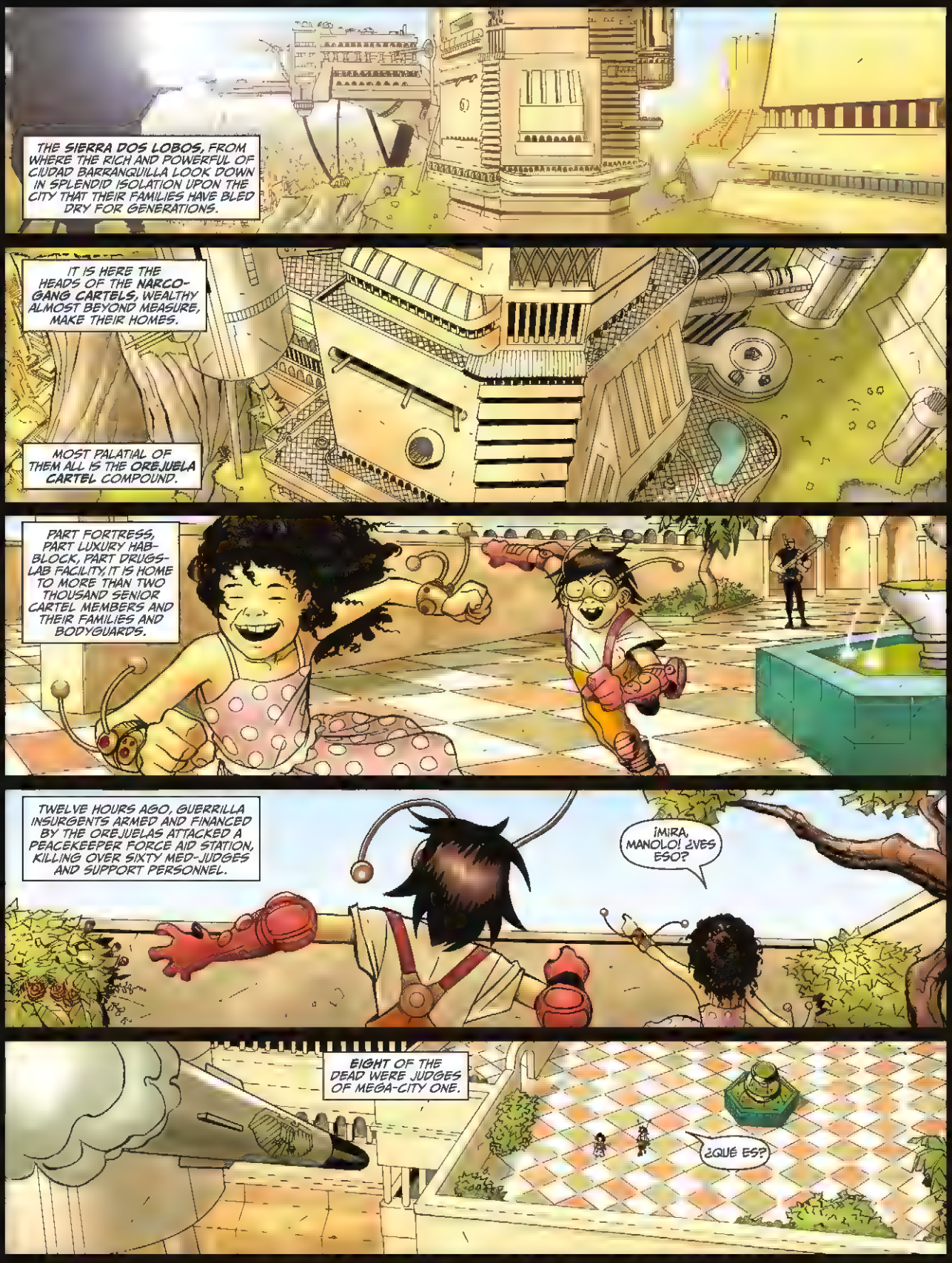
CONCENTRATE YOUR FIRE ON THE HEAVY CANNONS! I'LL DEAL WITH THE PLASOOKA TEAMS!
AND WATCH YOUR CROSSFIRE -- I WANT COLLATERAL CASUALTIES KEPT TO A MINIMUM!
DREDD -- ABOVE YOU!
VAYA CON DIOS, NORTE LAWMAN!
MIERDA!
CLICK
BDAM!
YOU FIRST, SPITBALL.
BADDOOOM

THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM. GET THAT CONVOY BACK ON THE ROAD.
HOW LONG SINCE YOU LAST SAW ACTION?
FOUR YEARS, WHEN I WAS STILL WITH THE EURO-FORCE WHEN I JOINED THE PEACE RANGERS, I PROMISED MYSELF I'D NEVER FIRE A SHOT IN ANGER AGAIN.
TAKE A LOOK AROUND YOU, LASALLE...
...ONLY ONE WAY TO KEEP THE PEACE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS -- PUT A GUN TO THE OTHER CREEP'S HEAD AND YOU'LL BE AMAZED HOW SOON HE STARTS SEEING SENSE
THAT'S A DANGEROUS STRATEGY, DREDD. FORCE IS A DOUBLE-EDGED WEAPON.

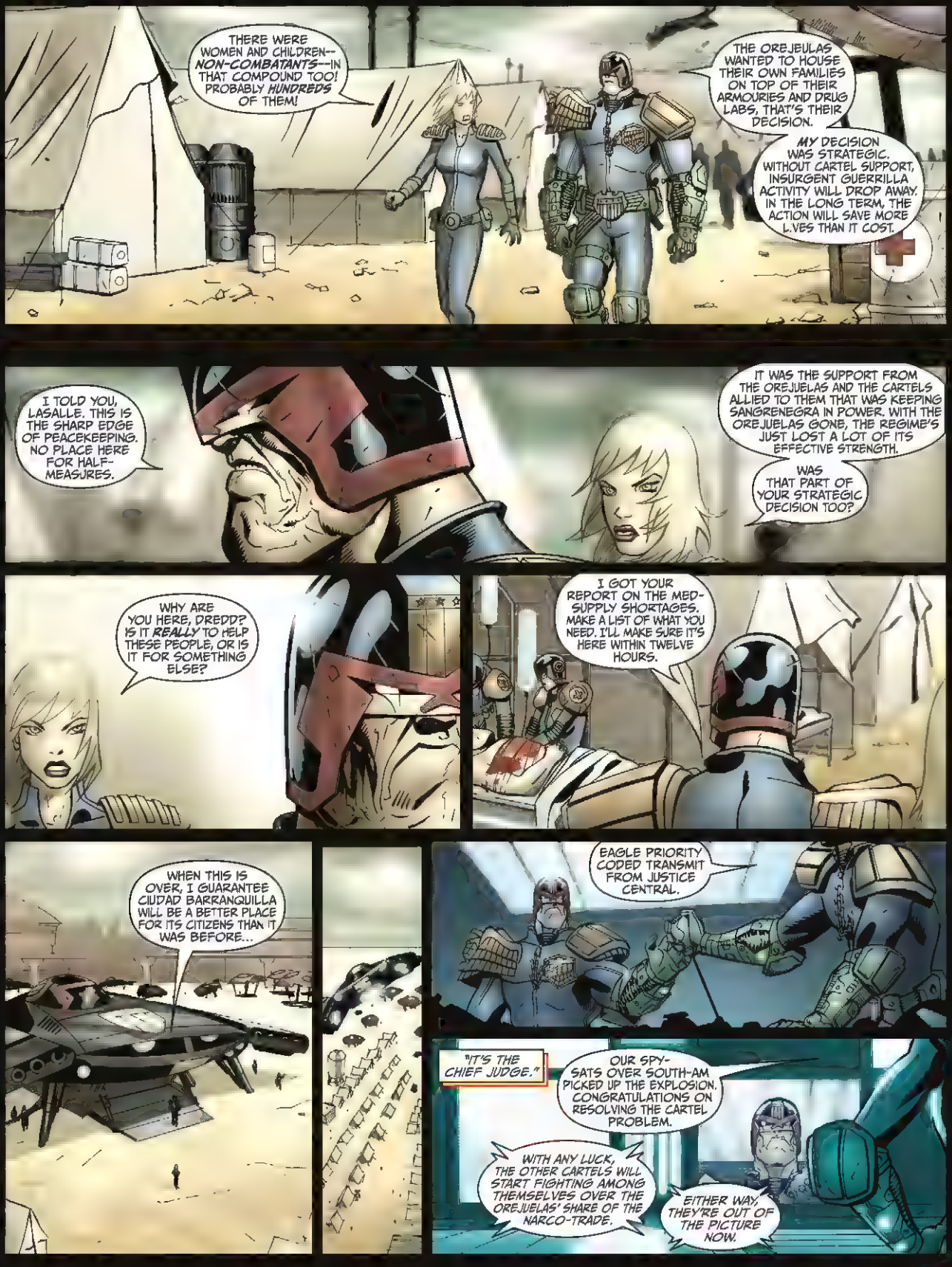
"DON'T BE SURPRISED WHEN SOMEONE TRIES USING IT BACK AGAINST YOU..."
GET THEM DOWN FROM THERE NOW.
"DEATH TO ALL INVADERS." THAT SOUND LIKE THE WORDS OF SOMEONE WHO CAN BE MADE TO SEE SENSE?
MUERTE A TODOS LOS INVASORES
BEEN SEEING TOO MANY OF THESE REPRISAL ATTACKS RECENTLY.
TERROR TACTICS BY LOCAL INSURGENTS. WE ALWAYS EXPECTED IT AT THIS STAGE OF THE OPERATION.
NOT LIKE THIS. AND NOT SO WELL EQUIPPED.
YESTERDAY, SOMEONE SHOT DOWN AN OZ-CITY H-WAGON WITH AN E-SHELL. THE DAY BEFORE THAT, WE LOST A FOUR-MAN CHECKPOINT UNIT TO A DROID BOMB DISGUISED AS A FIVE-YEAR-OLD JUVE.
YOU SEE ANY MONEY ROUND HERE TO BUY THAT KIND OF HARDWARE? WE'RE DEALING WITH SOMETHING MORE THAN A FEW BARRIO GANGBANGERS.
THE NARCO-GANG CARTELS RECRUIT MOST OF THEIR FOOTSOLDIERS FROM BARRIO SLUMS LIKE THIS.
AND THE CARTELS OPERATE UNDER LICENCE FROM THE BARRANQUILLA JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
SEE ANY CONNECTION YET?
SANGRENEGRA'S USING THE CARTELS TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK FOR HIM.
RIGHT.

AND HERE COMES HIS PET MESSENGER BOY, TO CHECK UP ON HOW THE DEAL'S GOING.
BETTER HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR BEING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE GREEN LINE.
YOU CAN INSPECT MY PERMIT, IF YOU WISH, ALTHOUGH IT SEEMS STRANGE TO HAVE TO ASK PERMISSION FROM FOREIGN INVADERS TO TRAVEL AROUND MY OWN CITY.
SAYS HERE YOU'RE SUPERVISING A ROUND-UP OF RADICAL SOCIAL MALCONTENTS.
I AM CARRYING OUT NORMAL INTERNAL LAW-ENFORCEMENT DUTIES UNCONNECTED TO THE CURRENT CIVIL DISTURBANCES, AS AGREED WITH YOUR JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
DANGEROUS-LOOKING BUNCH OF PERPS YOU'VE GOT THERE. YOU SURE JUST THE FIFTY ARMED JUDGES WILL BE ENOUGH TO HANDLE THEM?
MY CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR HANDLING OF THIS MORNING'S INCURSION BY THE SINOS. IT WAS DEFTLY DONE, EVEN IF EVERYONE KNOWS THE SINOS HAVE LITTLE STOMACH FOR A FIGHT.
WHAT'S YOUR STORY, CREEP? EAST-MEG TWO SEND YOU HERE TO PICK UP SOME TIPS FROM THE LOCAL THUGS?
I AM HERE AS AN INDEPENDENT OBSERVER, TO ENSURE YOUR SO-CALLED "PEACEKEEPING FORCE" DOES NOT EXCEED ITS STATED PURPOSE
GOT PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE IN ENDING WARS. JUST ASK YOUR EAST-MEG ONE PALS.

I SEE YOU HAVE SUFFERED LOSSES AGAIN. WE SHOULD BE CAREFUL, FRIEND DREDD. BARRANQUILLA CAN BE A DANGEROUS PLACE FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT BELONG HERE.
YOU KNOW THAT CREEP?
VYACHESLAV KOLSIN. IT WAS HIM THE EAST-MEGGERS SENT IN TO SUPERVISE THE MONGOLIAN CLEARANCES THREE YEARS AGO.
OVER HALF A MILLION DIED IN THE STORMING OF ULAN BATOR. JUSTICE-WATCH INTERNATIONAL HAS HIM AT NUMBER SEVEN ON THEIR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY LIST.
STRANGE CHOICE TO SEND HERE AS AN INTERNATIONAL PEACE OBSERVER.
JUST ANOTHER SOY BULLY-BOY, LASALLE HE DOESN'T SCARE ME ANY MORE THAN THE OTHERS DID...
...NOT WHEN I'M STILL THREE PLACES ABOVE HIM ON THE SAME LIST.
MORTINA -- DREDD. ANY WORD YET?
GOOD NEWS, DREDD. CORSON'S LITTLE PETS HAVE FOUND ONE OF THEM.
BIG-MEG CITIZEN CORA PIERRO. KNOWN DEM ACTIVIST, AND MEMBER OF JUSTICE-WATCH INTERNATIONAL. DISAPPEARED DOWN HERE BACK IN 2016, ALONG WITH HER BOYFRIEND AND TWO BRIT-CITTERS.
FULL AUTOPSY, MORTINA. I NEED EVERYTHING YOU CAN GIVE ME ON THE CAUSE OF DEATH.
THAT'S ONE. STILL THIRTEEN MORE TO FIND. I NEED THEM ALL FOUND BEFORE WE MAKE OUR MOVE...


THE SIERRA DOS LOBOS, FROM WHERE THE RICH AND POWERFUL OF CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA LOOK DOWN IN SPLENDID ISOLATION UPON THE CITY THAT THEIR FAMILIES HAVE BLED DRY FOR GENERATIONS.
IT IS HERE THE HEADS OF THE NARCO-GANG CARTELS, WEALTHY ALMOST BEYOND MEASURE, MAKE THEIR HOMES.
MOST PALATIAL OF THEM ALL IS THE OREJUELA CARTEL COMPOUND.
PART FORTRESS, PART LUXURY HAB-BLOCK, PART DRUGS-LAB FACILITY, IT IS HOME TO MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND SENIOR CARTEL MEMBERS AND THEIR FAMILIES AND BODYGUARDS.
TWELVE HOURS AGO, GUERRILLA INSURGENTS ARMED AND FINANCED BY THE OREJUELAS ATTACKED A PEACEKEEPER FORCE AID STATION, KILLING OVER SIXTY MED-JUDGES AND SUPPORT PERSONNEL.
¡MIRA, MANOLO! ¿VES ESO?
EIGHT OF THE DEAD WERE JUDGES OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
¿QUÉ ES?

POSITIVE IMPACT! SWEET JOVIS, THAT PLACE IS GONE!
SO MUCH FOR THE OREJUELAS. FIGURE NOW THE REST OF THE CARTELS WILL GET THE MESSAGE ABOUT STAYING OUT OF OUR WAY.


THERE WERE WOMEN AND CHILDREN--NON-COMBATANTS--IN THAT COMPOUND TOO! PROBABLY HUNDREDS OF THEM!
THE OREJEULAS WANTED TO HOUSE THEIR OWN FAMILIES ON TOP OF THEIR ARMOURIES AND DRUG LABS, THAT'S THEIR DECISION.
MY DECISION WAS STRATEGIC. WITHOUT CARTEL SUPPORT, INSURGENT GUERRILLA ACTIVITY WILL DROP AWAY. IN THE LONG TERM, THE ACTION WILL SAVE MORE LIVES THAN IT COST.
I TOLD YOU, LASALLE. THIS IS THE SHARP EDGE OF PEACEKEEPING. NO PLACE HERE FOR HALF-MEASURES.
IT WAS THE SUPPORT FROM THE OREJUELAS AND THE CARTELS ALLIED TO THEM THAT WAS KEEPING SANGRENEGRA IN POWER. WITH THE OREJUELAS GONE, THE REGIME'S JUST LOST A LOT OF ITS EFFECTIVE STRENGTH.
WAS THAT PART OF YOUR STRATEGIC DECISION TOO?
WHY ARE YOU HERE, DREDD? IS IT REALLY TO HELP THESE PEOPLE, OR IS IT FOR SOMETHING ELSE?
I GOT YOUR REPORT ON THE MED-SUPPLY SHORTAGES. MAKE A LIST OF WHAT YOU NEED. I'LL MAKE SURE IT'S HERE WITHIN TWELVE HOURS.
WHEN THIS IS OVER, I GUARANTEE CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA WILL BE A BETTER PLACE FOR ITS CITIZENS THAN IT WAS BEFORE...
EAGLE PRIORITY CODED TRANSMIT FROM JUSTICE CENTRAL.
"IT'S THE CHIEF JUDGE."
OUR SPY-SATS OVER SOUTH-AM PICKED UP THE EXPLOSION. CONGRATULATIONS ON RESOLVING THE CARTEL PROBLEM.
WITH ANY LUCK, THE OTHER CARTELS WILL START FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES OVER THE OREJUELAS' SHARE OF THE NARCO-TRADE.
EITHER WAY, THEY'RE OUT OF THE PICTURE NOW.

THE BRITS ARE UNHAPPY THAT WE ACTED *UNILATERALLY* ON THIS ONE. THEY WANT ASSURANCES THIS IS STILL A PEACEKEEPING MISSION, NOT A MILITARY OPERATION.
THE BRITS LOST GOOD JUDGES IN THAT AID STATION ATTACK TOO. ONE OF US HAD TO DO SOMETHING. TELL THEM--
WAIT. SOMETHING HAPPENING HERE...
EXPLOSIONS ON THE GROUND. SOMEONE'S SHELLING THE SOUTH-WEST SAFE ZONE.
THE CONTRANISTAS ARE BOMBARDING SANGRENEGRA LOYALIST POSITIONS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SAFE ZONE. SOME OF THEIR ROUNDS MUST BE FALLING SHORT.
THEY'RE FIRING AGAIN! SECOND SALVO COMING IN!

TAKING EVASIVE ACTION! CONTROL CAN SEND UP GUNSHIPS TO DEAL WITH THEM--
SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS WAGON'S WEAPONS SYSTEMS?
WE'RE A COMMAND FLYER, NOT A COMBAT WAGON! WE SHOULD--
WE'RE JUDGES. IF WE'RE ARMED, WE'RE DANGEROUS. BRING US AROUND FOR AN ATTACK RUN.
SORRY, HERSHEY. GO AHEAD.
THE BRITS WE CAN HANDLE. IT'S THE SOVS THAT ARE THE PROBLEM.
THEY'RE DEMANDING AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE CONGRESS OF MEGA-CITIES TO DISCUSS OUR INTERVENTION IN BARRANQUILLA.
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH VOTES ROUND THE TABLE TO BLOCK ANY RESOLUTION THEY'LL TRY TO GET PASSED, BUT THAT ISN'T REALLY THE POINT OF THE MEETING...
WHILE THE CONGRESS IS IN SESSION, THEY'LL IMPOSE A MORATORIUM ON ANY FURTHER PEACEKEEPING OPERATIONS UNTIL THE MATTER IS SETTLED.
RIGHT...
...GIVING THE SOV-BACKED CONTRANISTAS JUST THE WINDOW THEY NEED TO LAUNCH THEIR FINAL ASSAULT ON THE REGIME, WHILE WE STAND BY AND WATCH THEM TAKE OVER THE CITY.

THEY'RE TRYING TO OUTMANEOUVRE JS, JOE. I NEED AN HONEST ANSWER--
CAN YOU DO WHAT I SENT YOU DOWN THERE TO DO BEFORE MIDNIGHT TONIGHT, WHEN THE MEETING STARTS AND I'LL BE FORCED TO ORDER ALL OUR PEACEKEEPING FORCES IN BARRANQUILLA TO STAND DOWN?
STALL THEM AS LONG AS YOU CAN. YOU GET ME THE EXTRA TIME, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT REGIME CHANGE.
DREDD OUT.
EL HUERTO DOS HUESOS -- 'THE BONE ORCHARD'.
...NEED A STRAIGHT ANSWER, MORTINA-- CAN YOU DO IT?
BEFORE MIDNIGHT TONIGHT? GRUD, YOU DON'T ASK MUCH, DO YOU, DREDD?
WE'VE EXHUMED AND IDENTIFIED TWELVE OF THE FOURTEEN, WITH POSITIVE FORENSICS ON THE CAUSE OF DEATH ON EIGHT OF THEM.
CORSON'S LITTLE PETS HAVE FOUND THE LAST TWO, BUT THEY'RE BURIED DEEP DOWN. IT'LL TAKE A WHILE TO RECOVER THEM INTACT FOR A FULL AUTOPSY.
REQUISITION WHATEVER YOU NEED. I'VE CONTACTED PSI-DIV--A TEAM OF THEIR BEST TELEPATHS ARE FLYING IN TO HELP RECOVER MORE EVIDENCE ON HOW THOSE FOURTEEN CITS DIED.
MIDNIGHT TONIGHT, MORTINA-- YES OR NO?
WITH MORE RESOURCES AND THE PSI-DIVISION ASSIST? YES, DREDD, WE'LL GET IT DONE.
KEEP AT IT. WE GET THIS WRONG, WE LOSE OUR ONLY CHANCE TO SAVE THIS CITY FROM ITSELF.
TERRIFIC. NO PRESSURE THERE AT ALL, THEN...

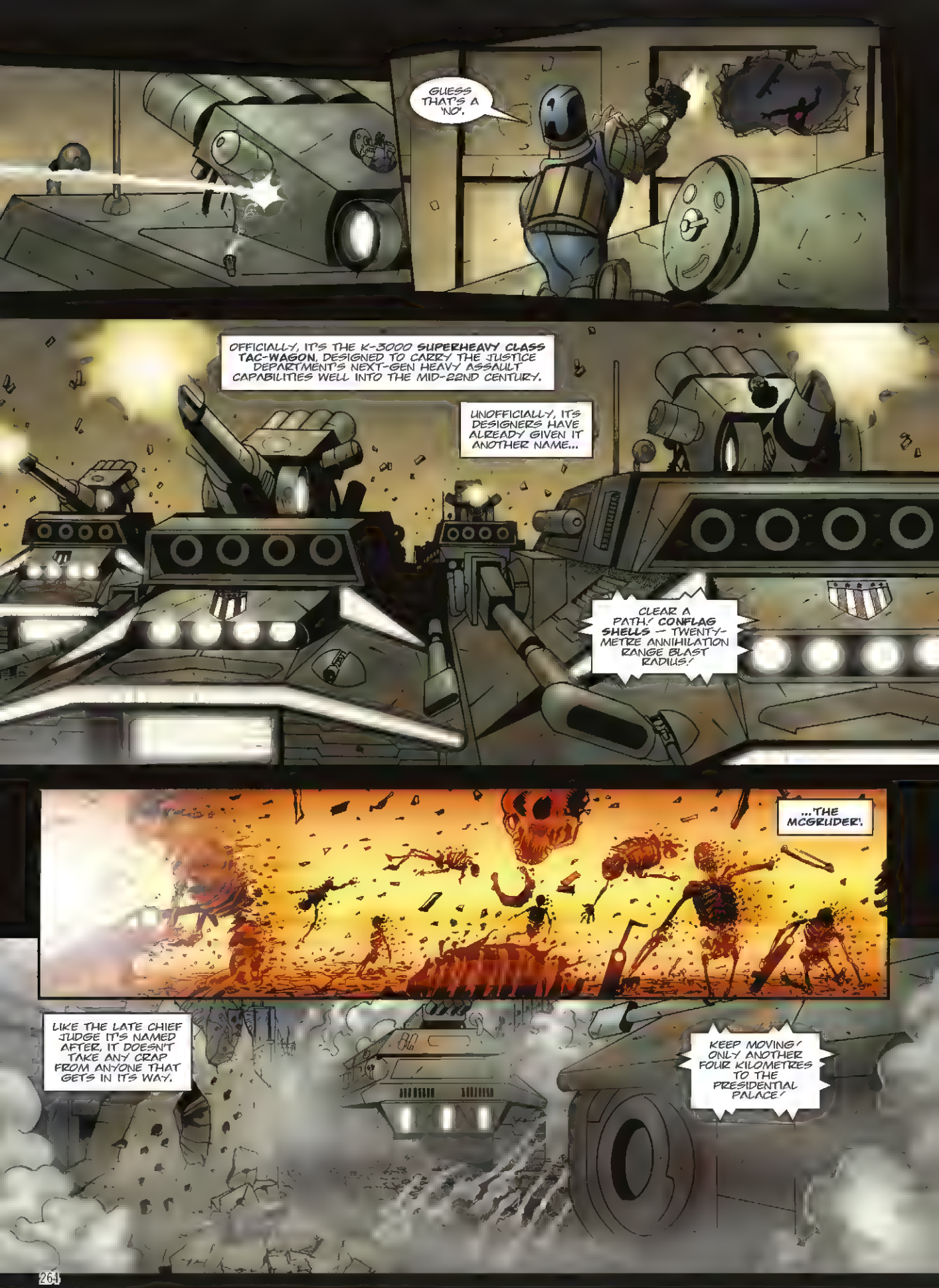
AT DREDD'S COMMAND CENTRE, MORE BAD NEWS AWAITS--
SOMETHING HERE YOU SHOULD SEE, DREDD.
WE AMBUSHED A CONTRANISTA RECON PATROL THAT HAD WANDERED OVER THE GREEN LINE. THEY WERE ALL ARMED WITH THESE.
MARK II PUSHKIN-NAGSKI BLASTER. STANDARD ISSUE EAST-MEG TWO MILITARY HARDWARE. THE SONS ARE SMUGGLING ARMS TO THE CONTRANISTAS.
WAIT. IT GETS BETTER.
SEE THESE TWO BEAUTIES? WE CAPTURED THEM ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE PATROL.
EITHER OF THEM LOOK SOUTH-AM TO YOU?
EAST-MEG COMBAT ADVISORS?
NO I.D. OR UNIFORM INSIGNIA, AND WE CAN'T EVEN GET THEM TO SPEAK, BUT THAT WOULD BE MY GUESS TOO.
LOCK 'EM UP. EAST MEG WANTS THEM BACK, FIRST THEY'LL HAVE TO ADMIT THEY'RE RUNNING ILLEGAL COMBAT OPS HERE IN SUPPORT OF THE CONTRANISTAS.
WHAT ELSE IS HAPPENING?
THE CONTRANISTAS ARE MASSING ON ALL FRONTS, AND WE'RE GETTING REPORTS OF SANGRENEGRA LOYALIST FORCES DESERTING IN DROVES.
IF THE REGIME'S GOING TO FALL, IT'S GOING TO FALL TONIGHT.
QUESTION IS, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
NOTHING. WE'RE PEACEKEEPERS, REMEMBER?
THAT CHOLO CREEP. FIND OUT WHERE HE IS AND GET ME A COMM-LINE THROUGH TO HIM-- TOP PRIORITY.

YOU WANTED TO SAY GOODBYE, SENOR, BEFORE YOU ARE FORCED TO END YOUR INVASION AND LEAVE MY CITY FOR GOOD?
LISTEN CAREFULLY, CREEP. I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF DEAL THE SOVS OFFERED YOU, BUT HERE'S THE COUNTER-OFFER..
AS THE DEADLINE APPROACHES, BARRANQUILLA PREPARES FOR THE WORST—
KEEP THEM MOVING! DREDD WANTS THIS WHOLE SECTOR EVACUATED BEFORE THE BATTLE COMES THROUGH HERE AT MIDNIGHT!
ONWARDS! FOR VICTORY! FOR BARRANQUILLA! FOR COMMANDANTE CONTRANISTA!
DEATH TO SANGRENEGRA!
WE FIGHT ON TO THE LAST MAN AND LAST BULLET! DESERTERS AND COWARDS WILL BE SHOT!
VIVA SANGRENEGRA!
..MINUTE GROOVES CUT INTO THE NECK VERTEBRAE. POSSIBLE DEATH BY GARROTING WITH A RAZOR-SHARP METAL WIRE.
THAT TALLIES WITH WHAT THE PSIS ARE TELLING US.
CONTACT DREDD. TELL HIM TWELVE DOWN, TWO MORE TO GO.

IT'S TIME, CHIEF JUDGE. THE CONGRESS OF MEGA-CITIES IS WAITING IN HOLO-CONFERENCE.
PATCH ME THROUGH TO THEM.
MY FELLOW MEGA-CITY HEADS OF STATE, BEFORE WE BEGIN, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT I'VE NOW ORDERED ALL PEACEKEEPING FORCES IN CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA TO STAND DOWN FROM ACTIVE DUTY...
ONE MINUTE AFTER MIDNIGHT, BARRANQUILLA TIME--
...ATTACKING WITH OVERWHELMING FORCE, SMASHING A PATH RIGHT THROUGH THE CENTRAL SECTORS TOWARDS THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE.
WE EVACUATED AS MANY AS WE COULD, BUT CIVILIAN CASUALTIES ARE STILL GOING TO BE SEVERE.
MAINTAIN STAND-DOWN POSITIONS. THAT'S AN ORDER.
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, WE DON'T GIVE THE SOVS THE EXCUSE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR.
MORTINA-- DREDD. I NEED THAT LAST AUTOPSY I.D.

HESTA PATTULO, NINETEEN YEARS OLD, FROM THE MEG-NORTH SECTORS. SHE WAS HERE DOING VOLUNTARY WORK FOR THE MEDS WITHOUT WALLS CHARITY.
THE PSIS SAY SHE WAS TORTURED FOR DAYS BEFORE SOMEONE PUT A BARRANQUILLA JUSTICE DEPARTMENT-ISSUE BULLET THROUGH THE BACK OF HER SKULL.
THESE PEOPLE AREN'T JUDGES, DREDD. THEY'RE ANIMALS.
GET SOME REST, MORTINA, AND THEN REPORT TO THE NEAREST CASUALTY STATION. GOING TO BE A BUSY NIGHT TONIGHT.
AS OF NOW, WE'RE OUT OF THE PEACEKEEPING BUSINESS.
LET'S ROLL!

CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA, WHERE BATTLE RAGES FOR CONTROL OF THE CITY. NOW A NEW PLAYER ENTERS THE ARENA —
YOU ARE HINDERING THE PROGRESS OF A MEGA-CITY ONE LAW-ENFORCEMENT OPERATION! CEASE FIRE NOW AND LET US PASS!
MUERTE A LOS INVASORES! BARRANQUILLA PARA LOS BARRANQUILLEROS!


GUESS THAT'S A 'NO'.
OFFICIALLY, IT'S THE K-3000 SUPERHEAVY CLASS TAC-WAGON, DESIGNED TO CARRY THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S NEXT-GEN HEAVY ASSAULT CAPABILITIES WELL INTO THE MID-22ND CENTURY.
UNOFFICIALLY, IT'S DESIGNERS HAVE ALREADY GIVEN IT ANOTHER NAME...
CLEAR A PATH! CONFLAG SHELLS — TWENTY-METRE ANNIHILATION RANGE BLAST RADIUS!
...THE MCGRUDER!
LIKE THE LATE CHIEF JUDGE IT'S NAMED AFTER, IT DOESN'T TAKE ANY CRAP FROM ANYONE THAT GETS IN ITS WAY.
KEEP MOVING! ONLY ANOTHER FOUR KILOMETRES TO THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE!

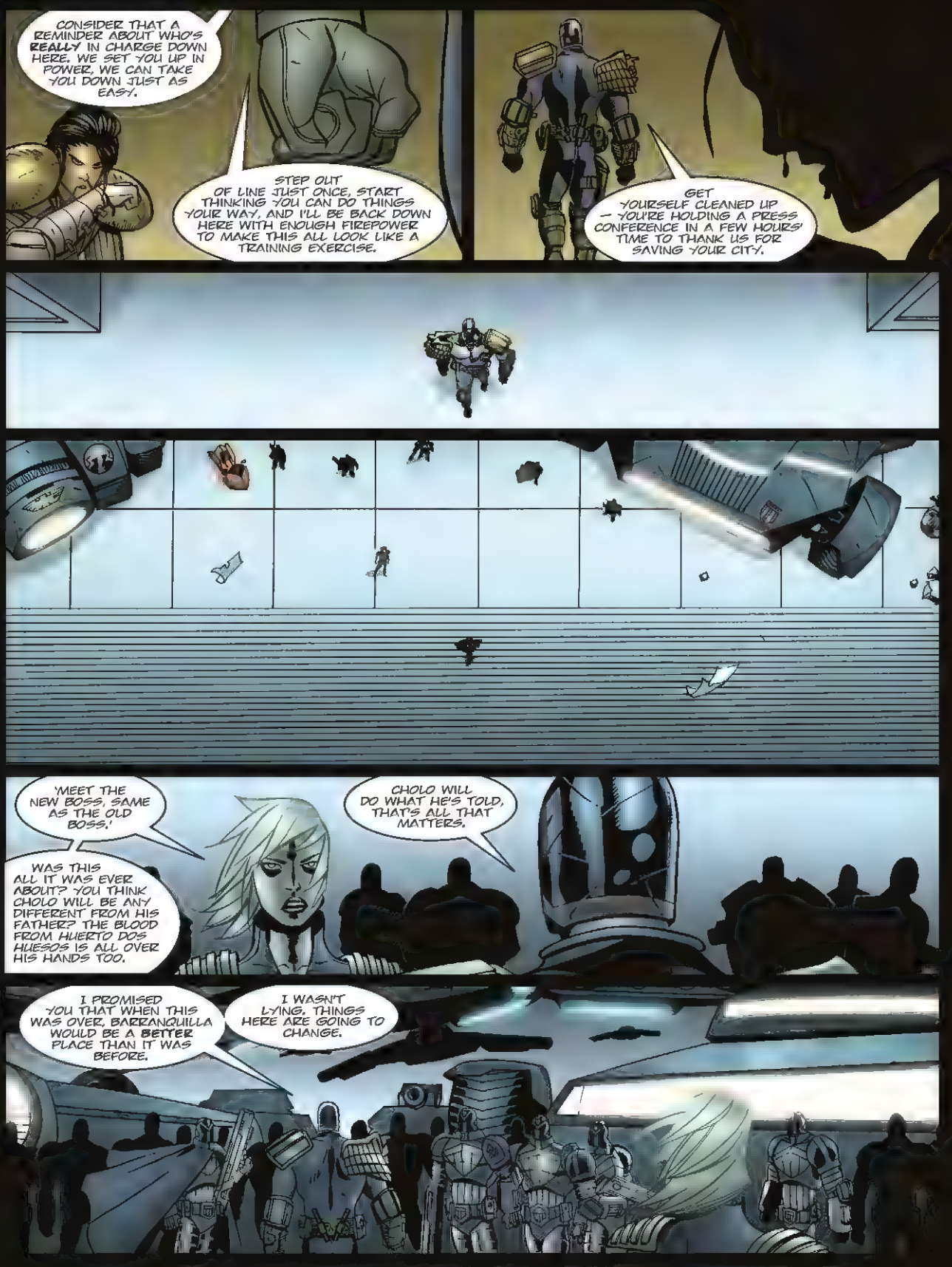
MEGA-CITY ONE:
...MUST REITERATE ONCE MORE THAT WE HAVE ALREADY PROVIDED THE CONGRESS WITH AMPLE EVIDENCE THAT OUR INTERVENTION IN BARRANQUILLA HAS BEEN PURELY FOR HUMANITARIAN REASONS.
AS THE LARGEST OF THE MEGA-CITIES, IT IS NO LONGER OUR POLICY TO STAND IDLY BY AND WATCH MILLIONS DIE.
IF ANY OF OUR ACCUSERS HAVE PROOF TO THE CONTRARY, THEN LET THEM PRESENT IT TO THE CONGRESS.
PROOF? THEN CAN THE MEGA-CITY CHIEF JUDGE EXPLAIN THE CURRENT ACTIONS OF HER PET EXECUTIONER, THE WAR CRIMINAL DREDD?
ACCORDING TO INFORMATION I HAVE JUST RECEIVED, DREDD IS EVEN AT THIS MOMENT LEADING AN ARMOURED ASSAULT AGAINST BARRANQUILLA SECURITY FORCES, IN FLAGRANT BREACH OF THE WILL FROM THIS CONGRESS!
CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY, IS THIS TRUE? HAS DREDD VIOLATED THE DIRECTIVE SUSPENDING ALL PEACEKEEPING ACTIVITIES IN BARRANQUILLA?
DREDD RESIGNED COMMAND OF THE PEACEKEEPING EFFORT EARLIER TONIGHT. JUDGE GIANT IS NOW ACTING TASK-FORCE COMMANDER AND IS MAINTAINING STAND-DOWN POSITIONS, AS PER THE CONGRESS DIRECTIVE.
MY APOLOGIES FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO INFORM THE CONGRESS OF THIS BEFORE THIS MEETING BEGAN.
DREDD AND THE UNATTACHED UNITS UNDER HIS COMMAND ARE CARRYING OUT A PUNITIVE OPERATION RELATING TO CRIMES COMMITTED AGAINST MEGA-CITY CITIZENS.
CRIMES? WHAT CRIMES?
MY APOLOGIES, CHIEF JUDGE BUSHKOV, BUT IT'S NOT MY DEPARTMENT'S POLICY TO GIVE OUT OPERATIONAL INFO ON ONGOING INVESTIGATIONS...

'...FULL EVIDENCE DOSSIERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE, AS SOON AS THE OPERATION IS CONCLUDED.'
MAC-FOUR'S HIT! THEY FINALLY GOT SOMETHING THAT CAN DO US SOME DAMAGE!
UP THERE! WEAPONS EMPLACEMENT, FIFTY-EIGHTH FLOOR OF THE PROPAGANDA MINISTRY!
TAKE NO CHANCES — VAPORIZER SHELL!
BACHMAN — SECURE THE PERIMETER. I'M GOING IN.
ON YOUR OWN?
FIGURE THE ODDS ARE ABOUT EVEN.

STOP! IT IS NOT PERMITTED!
WAR'S OVER. I'M HERE FOR SANGRENEGRA, NOT YOU. LET ME PASS, OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES.
YOU THINK I'M BLUFFING, THINK AGAIN.
COMMANDANTE?
THE GRINGO IS RIGHT. LOWER YOUR WEAPONS. WE WILL NOT DIE FOR SANGRENEGRA.

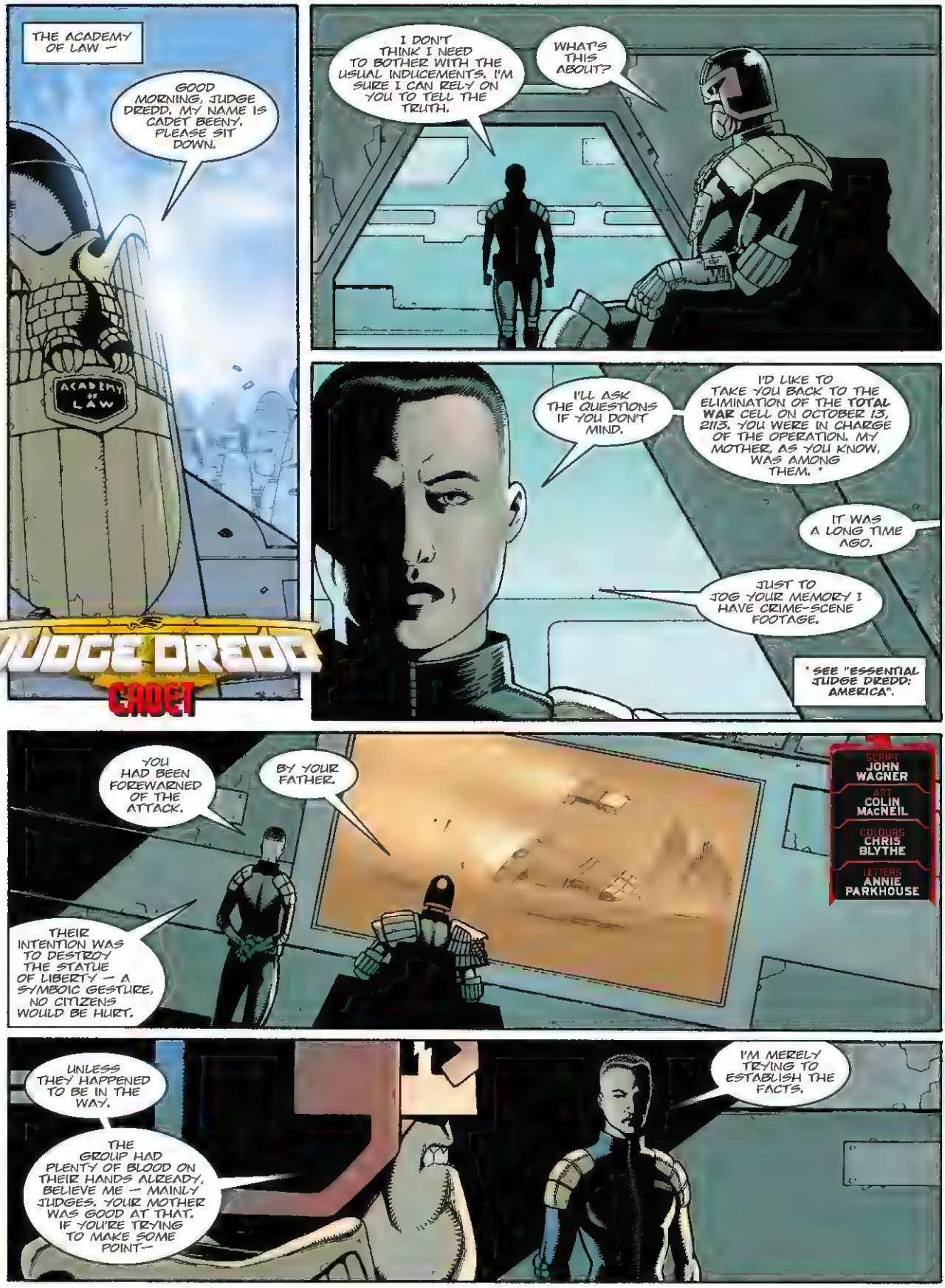
< ...THIS WAY, FATHER. I HAVE A PRIVATE SHUTTLE READY. YOU WILL BE OUT OF THE CITY BEFORE DAWN. >
< YES, TO NEW PACIFICA OR SINO-CITY. WE STILL HAVE ALLIES AND CERTAIN HIDDEN BANK ACCOUNTS THERE. >
< WE WILL NEED BOTH, IF WE ARE TO RECLAIM WHAT THE INVADERS HAVE STOLEN FROM — >
SANTIAGO SANGRENEGRA. I'VE COME FOR YOU.
< KILL HIM! PROTECT YOUR CHIEF JUSTICE! >
< I AM SORRY, FATHER. I CANNOT PERMIT THAT. >
< TRAITOR! WHAT DID THEY PROMISE YOU? THE THRONE OF CHIEF JUSTICE? >
< IT IS BETTER THIS WAY. EVERYTHING I DO, I ONLY DO FOR BARRANQUILLA. >

ARREST ME, THEN. I DEMAND MY RIGHT AS A HEAD OF STATE TO BE TRIED BY THE CONGRESS OF MEGA-CITIES. THEY WILL DETERMINE WHICH OF US IS THE CRIMINAL AGGRESSOR!
READING FROM THE WRONG RULEBOOK, CREEP.
I'M HERE STRICTLY ON MEGA-CITY BUSINESS. FOURTEEN OF MY CITIZENS ARE DEAD, MURDERED BY THE BARRANQUILLA JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
AS HEAD OF THAT ORGANISATION, YOU BEAR THE FINAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THOSE CRIMES.
NO...THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! I AM A HEAD OF STATE! I DEMAND MY RIGHTS!
THE SAME RIGHTS YOU GAVE TO ALL THE POOR CREEPS BURIED OUT AT HUERTO DOS HUESOS?
SANTIAGO SANGRENEGRA, I JUDGE YOU GUILTY OF THE MASS MURDER OF MEGA-CITIZENS AND OF GENOCIDAL CRIMES AGAINST YOUR OWN PEOPLE.
SENTENCE WILL NOW BE CARRIED OUT.
A GREAT PITY. BUT AS I SAID, I MUST THINK OF THE FUTURE OF MY CITY.
YOU'LL BE SWORN IN AS CHIEF JUSTICE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING. GLAD TO SAY, I'LL BE LONG GONE FROM YOUR DUMP-CUBE OF A CITY BY THEN.
YES, AND NEXT TIME, YOU WILL SHOW ME RESPECT, AS A NEW ALLY OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
RIGHT...
...BUT NOT JUST YET.


CONSIDER THAT A REMINDER ABOUT WHO'S **REALLY** IN CHARGE DOWN HERE. WE SET YOU UP IN POWER, WE CAN TAKE YOU DOWN JUST AS EASY.
STEP OUT OF LINE JUST ONCE, START THINKING YOU CAN DO THINGS YOUR WAY, AND I'LL BE BACK DOWN HERE WITH ENOUGH FIREPOWER TO MAKE THIS ALL LOOK LIKE A TRAINING EXERCISE.
GET YOURSELF CLEANED UP — YOU'RE HOLDING A PRESS CONFERENCE IN A FEW HOURS' TIME TO THANK US FOR SAVING YOUR CITY.
'MEET THE NEW BOSS, SAME AS THE OLD BOSS.'
CHOLO WILL DO WHAT HE'S TOLD, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.
WAS THIS ALL IT WAS EVER ABOUT? YOU THINK CHOLO WILL BE ANY DIFFERENT FROM HIS FATHER? THE BLOOD FROM HUERTO DOS HUESOS IS ALL OVER HIS HANDS TOO.
I PROMISED YOU THAT WHEN THIS WAS OVER, BARRANQUILLA WOULD BE A **BETTER** PLACE THAN IT WAS BEFORE.
I WASN'T LYING. THINGS HERE ARE GOING TO CHANGE.

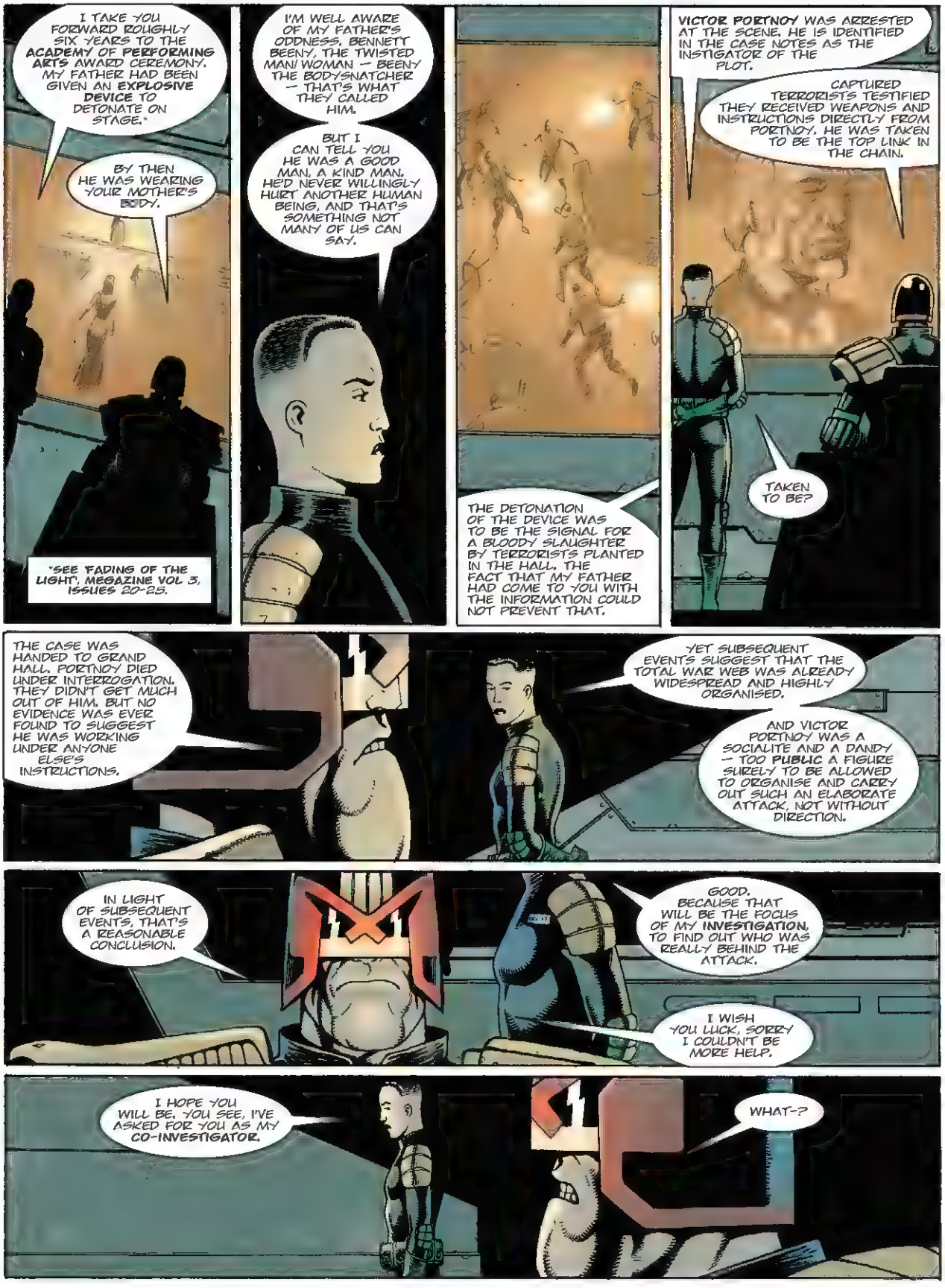
MEGA CITY ONE, THREE DAYS LATER:
— BARRANQUILLA SECURITY FORCES AND ALLIED PEACEKEEPERS WORKING TOGETHER TO MOP UP THE LAST POCKETS OF REBEL RESISTANCE —
— A MULTINATIONAL PEACEKEEPER FORCE TO REMAIN IN THE CITY FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE —
— 'A GIANT LIE PERPETRATED BY THE MEGA-CITY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT', ACCORDING TO JUSTICE-WATCH INTERNATIONAL SPOKESPERSON CLAIRE LASALLE, FORMERLY OF THE PEACE RANGERS —
— STATEMENT FROM CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY WELCOMING CHIEF JUSTICE CHOLO'S PROMISE TO SET UP A TRUTH COMMISSION TO INVESTIGATE CRIMES COMMITTED BY THE PREVIOUS REGIME —
— CONGRESS OF MEGA-CITIES' APPROVAL OF THE HERSHEY INITIATIVE ROADPLAN TO STABILITY IN THE REGION, DESPITE CONTINUING PROTESTS FROM THE EAST-MEG BLOCK —
A VERY SATISFYING OUTCOME, I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE, AND I WANT TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK THE DEFENCE DIVISION, AND THOSE ELEMENTS OF STREET, TEK, MED AND PSI THAT MADE THE INTERVENTION IN BARRANQUILLA AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS.
AS WELL AS OUR INCREASED INFLUENCE IN SOUTH-AM AND THE MESSAGE THAT HAS SENT OUT TO OUR ENEMIES, CHIEF VOTTEN REPORTS THAT THE EXPERIENCE HIS TROOPS HAVE GAINED IN HIGH-DENSITY URBAN PACIFICATION HAS BEEN CONSIDERABLE.
ALL OF WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION...

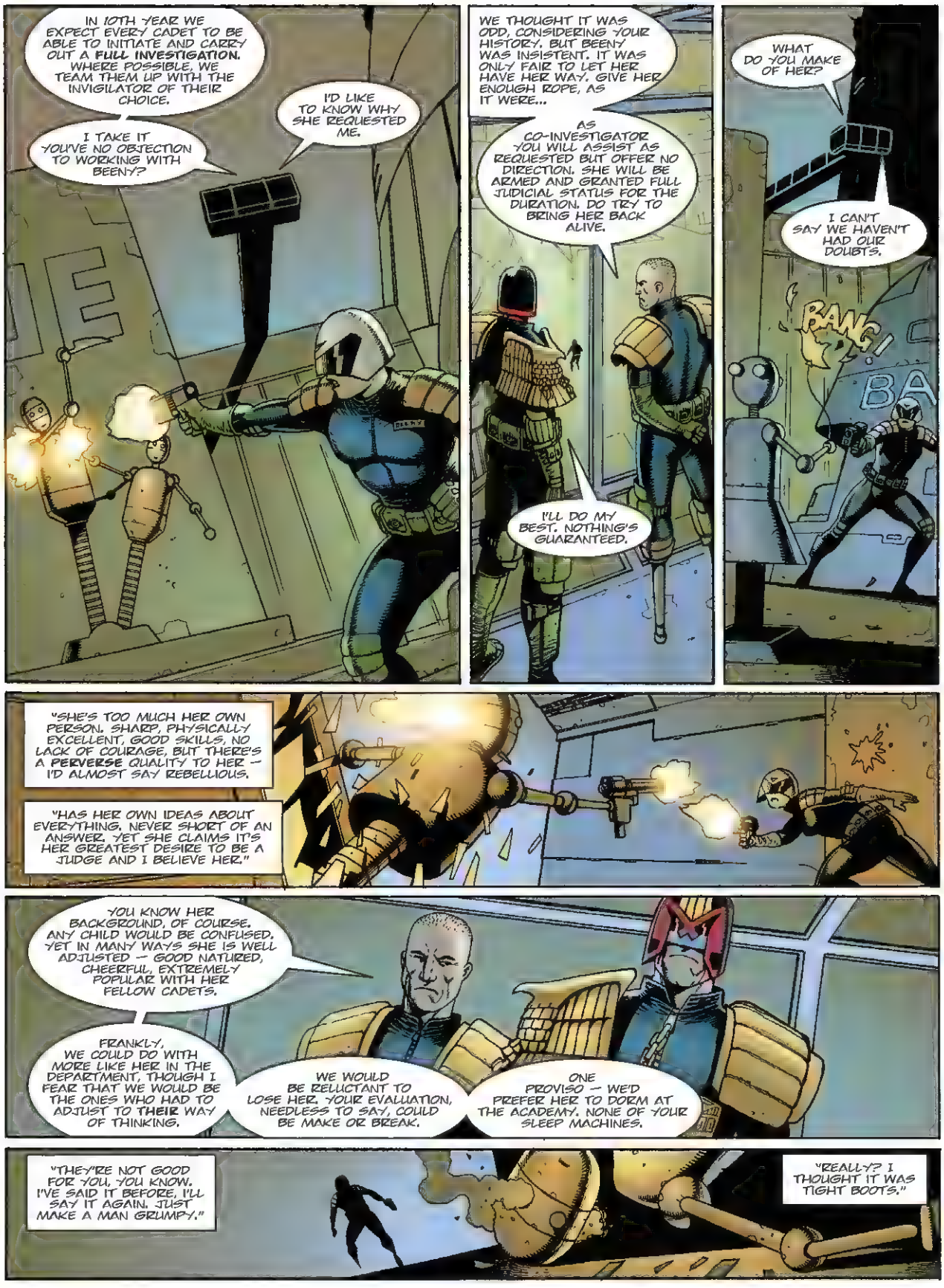
THE END


THE ACADEMY OF LAW —
GOOD MORNING, JUDGE DREDD. MY NAME IS CADET BEENY. PLEASE SIT DOWN.
ACADEMY OF LAW
JUDGE DREDD
CADET
I DON'T THINK I NEED TO BOTHER WITH THE USUAL INDUCEMENTS. I'M SURE I CAN RELY ON YOU TO TELL THE TRUTH.
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?
I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS IF YOU DON'T MIND.
I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO THE ELIMINATION OF THE TOTAL WAR CELL ON OCTOBER 13, 2113. YOU WERE IN CHARGE OF THE OPERATION. MY MOTHER, AS YOU KNOW, WAS AMONG THEM. *
IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.
JUST TO JOG YOUR MEMORY I HAVE CRIME-SCENE FOOTAGE.
* SEE "ESSENTIAL JUDGE DREDD: AMERICA".
YOU HAD BEEN FOREWARNED OF THE ATTACK.
BY YOUR FATHER.
THEIR INTENTION WAS TO DESTROY THE STATUE OF LIBERTY — A SYMBOIC GESTURE, NO CITIZENS WOULD BE HURT.
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART COLIN MacNEIL
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE
UNLESS THEY HAPPENED TO BE IN THE WAY.
THE GROUP HAD PLENTY OF BLOOD ON THEIR HANDS ALREADY, BELIEVE ME — MAINLY JUDGES. YOUR MOTHER WAS GOOD AT THAT. IF YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE SOME POINT—
I'M MERELY TRYING TO ESTABLISH THE FACTS.

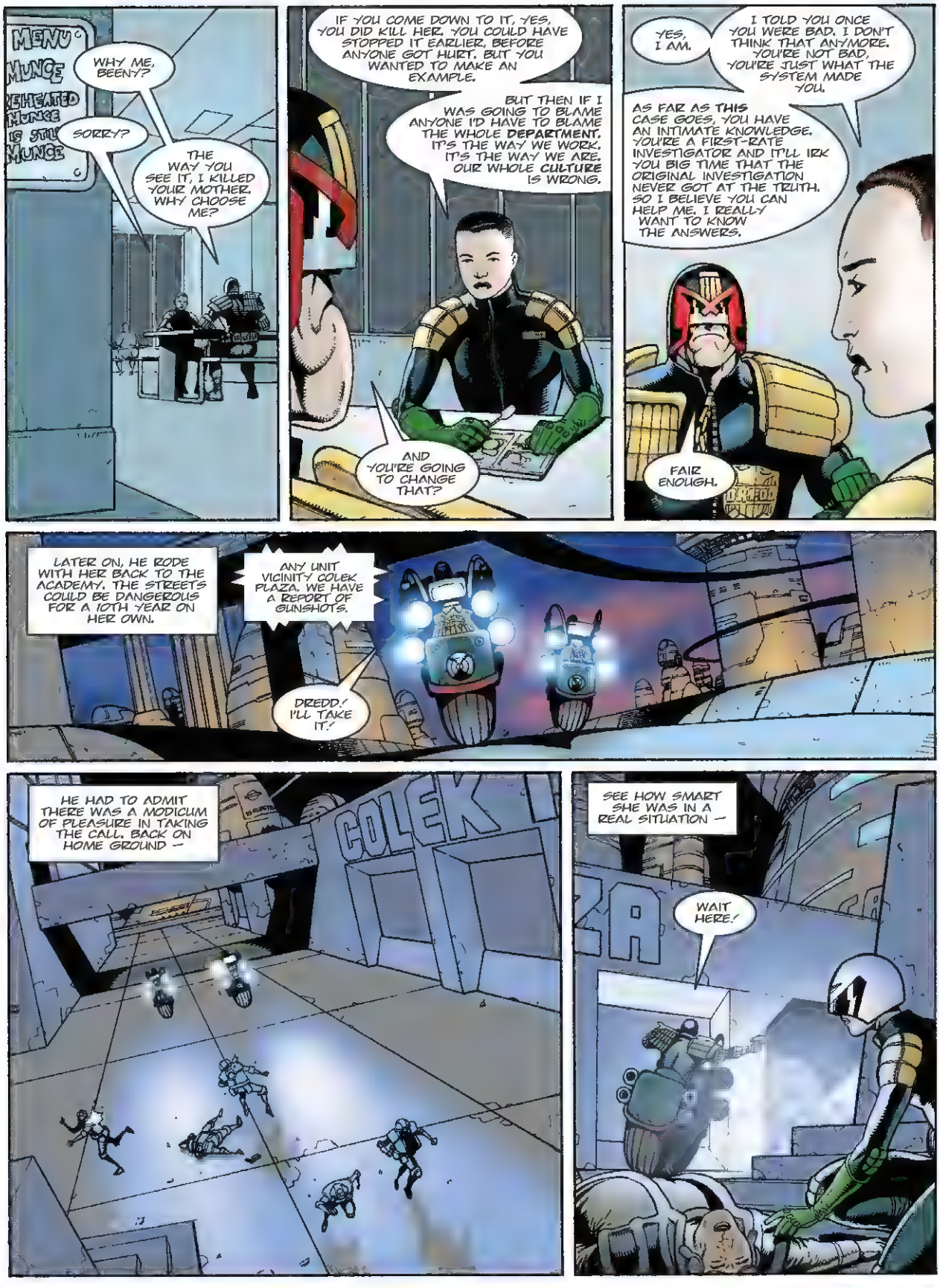
YOU HAD JUDGES STATIONED CLOSE BY AND IN THE STATUE. YOU FORCED THEIR PODS DOWN IN THE SQUARE.
IT IS CLEAR FROM THE FOOTAGE THAT AT LEAST ONE OF THE TERRORISTS ATTEMPTED TO SURRENDER.
IT'S A SET-UP!
NO CONTEST.! NO CONTEST.!
BEENY
FIRE AT WILL!
IT WAS, IN EFFECT, AN EXECUTION.
BEENY

THEY BROKE THE LAW, THEY PAID THE PRICE. WHAT POINT ARE YOU MAKING?
YOU WANTED TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THEM — TO DEMONSTRATE THAT ARMED RESISTANCE WAS POINTLESS AND, ULTIMATELY, FATAL.
WHAT DID YOU ACHIEVE? YEARS LATER **TOTAL WAR** HAD GROWN STRONG ENOUGH TO LAUNCH A NUCLEAR ATTACK ON THE CITY.
SO YOU DIDN'T STOP ANYTHING. INDEED, YOU MAY EVEN HAVE **ENCOURAGED** THAT GROWTH BY DEMONSTRATING NOT THE **FUTILITY** OF RESISTANCE BUT ITS **NECESSITY** IN THE FACE OF A BRUTAL AND REPRESSIVE JUDICIAL SYSTEM.
IT'S A POINT OF VIEW.
I DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FOURTH TERRORIST. BADLY WOUNDED, NO DOUBT CONFUSED, SHE COULD HAVE PRESENTED LITTLE DANGER TO YOU.
SHE WAS STILL ARMED.
YOUR EXAMPLE HAD BEEN MADE, SURELY. YOU HAD AN AGREEMENT WITH MY FATHER THAT SHE WOULD NOT BE KILLED.
YOU LET HER GET TO THE VERY FOOT OF THE STATUE BEFORE YOU HAD HER SHOT DOWN.
IF YOU READ THE CASE NOTES, YOU'LL KNOW A CEASEFIRE HAD BEEN ORDERED. THE JUDGE WHO FIRED THE SHOT WAS DISCIPLINED.
YES, I HAVE THE REPORT HERE. JUDGE BASIL NOTT — SUBSEQUENTLY ISSUED A VERBAL REPRIMAND.
A VERBAL REPRIMAND FOR A WOMAN'S LIFE — DOESN'T SEEM QUITE BALANCED SOMEHOW.
I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF WE DID THE RIGHT THING LETTING YOU ENLIST IN THE ACADEMY, BEENY. IS THIS THE LINE OF QUESTIONING PERTINENT TO YOUR INVESTIGATION?
NOT DIRECTLY. I JUST THOUGHT IT OUGHT TO BE SAID. BESIDES, NEVER LET YOUR PERP GET TOO COMFORTABLE IN THE CHAIR — THAT'S HOW WE TEACH IT, ISN'T IT?
YOU'VE GOT SOME GRIT, KID, COMING AT ME LIKE THIS. GET TO THE POINT. MY TIME'S LIMITED.


I TAKE YOU FORWARD ROUGHLY SIX YEARS TO THE ACADEMY OF PERFORMING ARTS AWARD CEREMONY. MY FATHER HAD BEEN GIVEN AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE TO DETONATE ON STAGE.*
BY THEN HE WAS WEARING YOUR MOTHER'S BODY.
*SEE 'FADING OF THE LIGHT', MEGAZINE VOL 3, ISSUES 20-25.
I'M WELL AWARE OF MY FATHER'S ODDNESS, BENNETT BEENY, THE TWISTED MAN/WOMAN — BEENY THE BODYSNATCHER — THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED HIM.
BUT I CAN TELL YOU HE WAS A GOOD MAN, A KIND MAN. HE'D NEVER WILLINGLY HURT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING, AND THAT'S SOMETHING NOT MANY OF US CAN SAY.
THE DETONATION OF THE DEVICE WAS TO BE THE SIGNAL FOR A BLOODY SLAUGHTER BY TERRORISTS PLANTED IN THE HALL. THE FACT THAT MY FATHER HAD COME TO YOU WITH THE INFORMATION COULD NOT PREVENT THAT.
VICTOR PORTNOY WAS ARRESTED AT THE SCENE. HE IS IDENTIFIED IN THE CASE NOTES AS THE INSTIGATOR OF THE PLOT.
CAPTURED TERRORISTS TESTIFIED THEY RECEIVED WEAPONS AND INSTRUCTIONS DIRECTLY FROM PORTNOY. HE WAS TAKEN TO BE THE TOP LINK IN THE CHAIN.
TAKEN TO BE?
THE CASE WAS HANDED TO GRAND HALL. PORTNOY DIED UNDER INTERROGATION. THEY DIDN'T GET MUCH OUT OF HIM. BUT NO EVIDENCE WAS EVER FOUND TO SUGGEST HE WAS WORKING UNDER ANYONE ELSE'S INSTRUCTIONS.
YET SUBSEQUENT EVENTS SUGGEST THAT THE TOTAL WAR WEB WAS ALREADY WIDESPREAD AND HIGHLY ORGANISED.
AND VICTOR PORTNOY WAS A SOCIALITE AND A DANDY — TOO PUBLIC A FIGURE SURELY TO BE ALLOWED TO ORGANISE AND CARRY OUT SUCH AN ELABORATE ATTACK, NOT WITHOUT DIRECTION.
IN LIGHT OF SUBSEQUENT EVENTS, THAT'S A REASONABLE CONCLUSION.
GOOD. BECAUSE THAT WILL BE THE FOCUS OF MY INVESTIGATION, TO FIND OUT WHO WAS REALLY BEHIND THE ATTACK.
I WISH YOU LUCK, SORRY I COULDN'T BE MORE HELP.
I HOPE YOU WILL BE. YOU SEE, I'VE ASKED FOR YOU AS MY CO-INVESTIGATOR.
WHAT-?


IN 10TH YEAR WE EXPECT EVERY CADET TO BE ABLE TO INITIATE AND CARRY OUT A FULL INVESTIGATION. WHERE POSSIBLE, WE TEAM THEM UP WITH THE INVIGILATOR OF THEIR CHOICE.
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY SHE REQUESTED ME.
I TAKE IT YOU'VE NO OBJECTION TO WORKING WITH BEENY?
WE THOUGHT IT WAS ODD, CONSIDERING YOUR HISTORY. BUT BEENY WAS INSISTENT. IT WAS ONLY FAIR TO LET HER HAVE HER WAY. GIVE HER ENOUGH ROPE, AS IT WERE...
AS CO-INVESTIGATOR YOU WILL ASSIST AS REQUESTED BUT OFFER NO DIRECTION. SHE WILL BE ARMED AND GRANTED FULL JUDICIAL STATUS FOR THE DURATION. DO TRY TO BRING HER BACK ALIVE.
I'LL DO MY BEST. NOTHING'S GUARANTEED.
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF HER?
I CAN'T SAY WE HAVEN'T HAD OUR DOUBTS.
BANG!
"SHE'S TOO MUCH HER OWN PERSON. SHARP, PHYSICALLY EXCELLENT, GOOD SKILLS, NO LACK OF COURAGE, BUT THERE'S A PERVERSE QUALITY TO HER — I'D ALMOST SAY REBELLIOUS.
"HAS HER OWN IDEAS ABOUT EVERYTHING. NEVER SHORT OF AN ANSWER. YET SHE CLAIMS IT'S HER GREATEST DESIRE TO BE A JUDGE AND I BELIEVE HER."
YOU KNOW HER BACKGROUND, OF COURSE. ANY CHILD WOULD BE CONFUSED. YET IN MANY WAYS SHE IS WELL ADJUSTED — GOOD NATURED, CHEERFUL, EXTREMELY POPULAR WITH HER FELLOW CADETS.
FRANKLY, WE COULD DO WITH MORE LIKE HER IN THE DEPARTMENT, THOUGH I FEAR THAT WE WOULD BE THE ONES WHO HAD TO ADJUST TO THEIR WAY OF THINKING.
WE WOULD BE RELUCTANT TO LOSE HER. YOUR EVALUATION, NEEDLESS TO SAY, COULD BE MAKE OR BREAK.
ONE PROVISO — WE'D PREFER HER TO DORM AT THE ACADEMY. NONE OF YOUR SLEEP MACHINES.
"THEY'RE NOT GOOD FOR YOU, YOU KNOW. I'VE SAID IT BEFORE, I'LL SAY IT AGAIN. JUST MAKE A MAN GRUMPY."
"REALLY? I THOUGHT IT WAS TIGHT BOOTS."

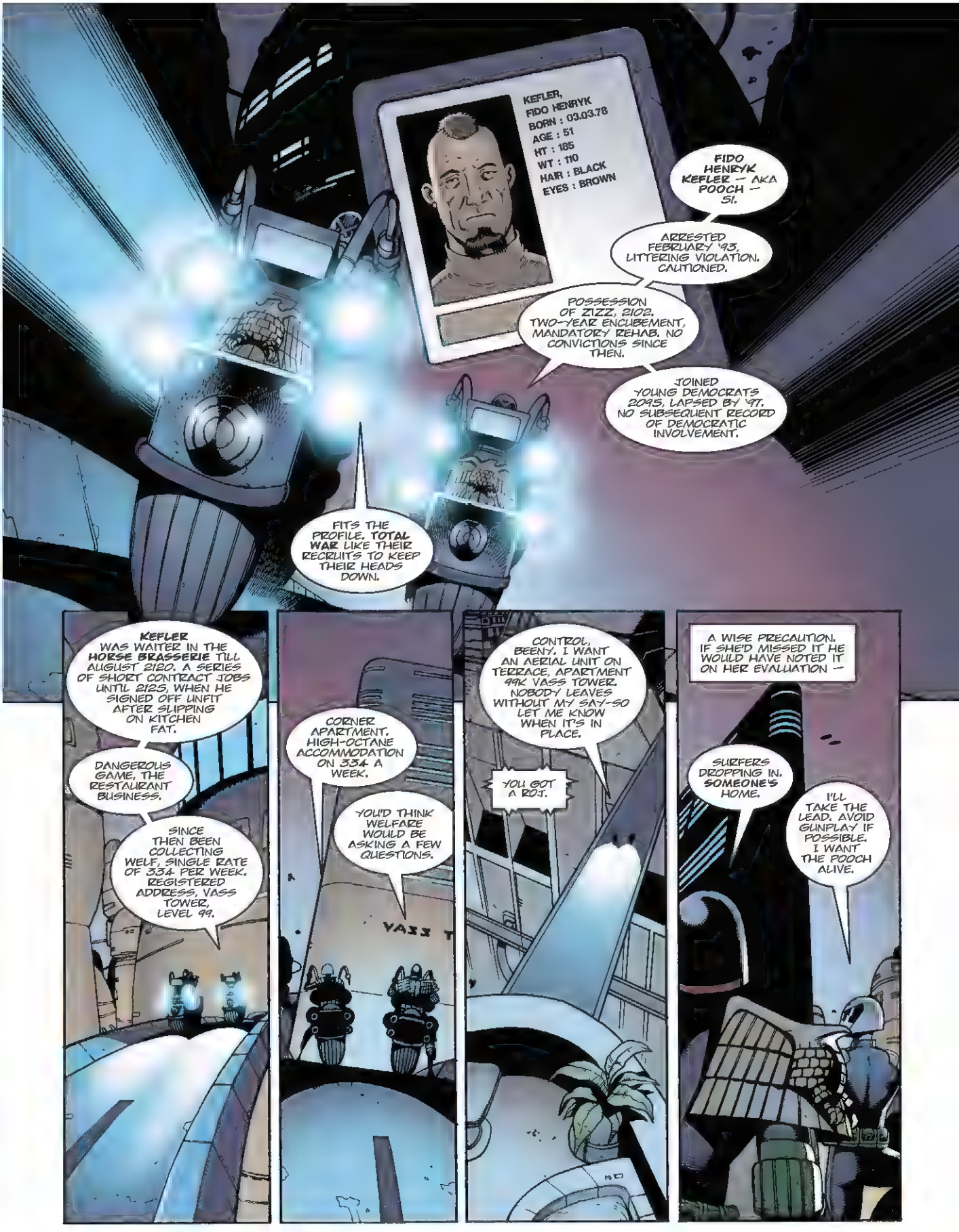
THE STREETS AREN'T A CITY SIMULATION. THE PEOPLE ARE REAL. THE JUDGEMENTS YOU MAKE COULD MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH — THEIRS OR YOURS.
IF WE SEE A CRIME WE CAN'T IGNORE IT. IT MAY BE DANGEROUS. STAY ALERT, LOOK TO YOUR OWN SAFETY AT ALL TIMES.
YES, SIR.
BUT IT WAS PAPERWORK AT FIRST.
PILE UPON PILE, A SEEMINGLY LIMITLESS STREAM, LOOKING INTO EVERY FACET OF VICTOR PORTNOY'S LIFE.
PHONE RECORDS FROM HIS PLACE IN CANADIA.
THEY ALREADY WENT THROUGH THESE.
AND THEY GOT IT WRONG. LET'S GET IT RIGHT.
GETTING STIFF. LET'S TAKE AN HOUR ON THE STREETS, SHOW YOU WHAT REAL JUDGING'S ABOUT.
I'D PREFER IT IF WE JUST KEPT AT IT. IF YOU DON'T MIND, SIR.
HE WONDERED IF SHE WAS DOING IT TO GET AT HIM. HIS DISLIKE OF PAPERWORK WAS A RUNNING JOKE IN THE DEPARTMENT.
IF SHE WAS, IT WAS WORKING.


MENU
MUNCE
REHEATED MUNCE IS STILL MUNCE
WHY ME, BEENY?
SORRY?
THE WAY YOU SEE IT, I KILLED YOUR MOTHER. WHY CHOOSE ME?
IF YOU COME DOWN TO IT, YES, YOU DID KILL HER. YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED IT EARLIER, BEFORE ANYONE GOT HURT. BUT YOU WANTED TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE.
BUT THEN IF I WAS GOING TO BLAME ANYONE I'D HAVE TO BLAME THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT. IT'S THE WAY WE WORK. IT'S THE WAY WE ARE. OUR WHOLE CULTURE IS WRONG.
AND YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE THAT?
YES, I AM.
I TOLD YOU ONCE YOU WERE BAD. I DON'T THINK THAT ANYMORE. YOU'RE NOT BAD, YOU'RE JUST WHAT THE SYSTEM MADE YOU.
AS FAR AS THIS CASE GOES, YOU HAVE AN INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE. YOU'RE A FIRST-RATE INVESTIGATOR AND IT'LL IRK YOU BIG TIME THAT THE ORIGINAL INVESTIGATION NEVER GOT AT THE TRUTH. SO I BELIEVE YOU CAN HELP ME. I REALLY WANT TO KNOW THE ANSWERS.
FAIR ENOUGH.
LATER ON, HE RODE WITH HER BACK TO THE ACADEMY. THE STREETS COULD BE DANGEROUS FOR A 10TH YEAR ON HER OWN.
ANY UNIT VICINITY COLEK PLAZA. WE HAVE A REPORT OF GUNSHOTS.
DREDD! I'LL TAKE IT.
HE HAD TO ADMIT THERE WAS A MODICUM OF PLEASURE IN TAKING THE CALL. BACK ON HOME GROUND —
COLEK
SEE HOW SMART SHE WAS IN A REAL SITUATION —
WAIT HERE!

I'LL GET TO YOU, BUSTER!
BDAM
SPANGG
BUT SHE HANDLED HERSELF WELL, WHAT LITTLE SHE HAD TO DO. HE SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT SHE WOULD.
HE'S TAKEN THREE HITS, TWO IN THE GUT. CAN'T STOP THE BLEEDING. I'VE CALLED IN THE MED WAGON.
THIS ONE'S GONE. NICE TRY, CADET.
DRUG FEUD. TWO LESS OF THE SCUM TO WORRY ABOUT. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, ENRIQUE?
SHUT YOUR STINKIN' MOUTH!
DON'T TELL ME — I WAS TOO HARD ON THOSE DIRTWADS. THEY'RE VICTIMS OF AN UNCARING SOCIETY. ALL THEY NEEDED WAS A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING.
WON'T GET ANY FROM ME.
THEY'RE PEDDLERS OF POISON, THEY RUIN PEOPLE'S LIVES. THEY GOT WHAT THEY DESERVED.
HMMPH.
GET SOME SLEEP. I NEED YOU SHARP IN THE MORNING.
CRIME DOESN'T HAVE A BEDTIME. I'LL GRAB TEN IN THE MACHINE IF I NEED IT.
HE HAD TO HAND IT TO HER, SHE HAD SOME NERVE.
ACADEMY OF LAW

I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE...
WHAT?
PORTNOY'S CARD RECEIPTS. FIRST MONDAY IN EVERY MONTH HE EATS IN THE HORSE BRASSERIE, SECTOR 94. THAT GOES BACK ALMOST FIVE YEARS.
THEN LOOK AT THIS — IN THE WEEKS LEADING UP TO THE ATTACK HE EATS THERE FREQUENTLY, THREE TIMES ALONE IN THE WEEK BEFORE THE CEREMONY.
THE BRASSERIE'S WAY OUT OF HIS WAY. NO BIG REPUTATION FOR FOOD EITHER — AND PORTNOY, REMEMBER, IS RESTAURANT CRITIC FOR THE ARK.
HE EVER REVIEW IT?
NEGATIVE. THE GOURMAND DID — GAVE IT TWO OUT OF TEN. SAID IT WAS PROBABLY FIT FOR A HORSE.
SO WHY DOES PORTNOY REGULARLY EAT IN A PLACE HE'D HATE...UNLESS HE'S MEETING SOMEBODY.! BRILLIANT.!
TEN YEARS AGO. WON'T BE ANY SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE. AND THE BRASSERIE'S BEEN CLOSED SINCE '20.
THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY, BEENY. WHAT'S YOUR MOVE?
YOU WERE MANAGER AT THE HORSE BRASSERIE BETWEEN 2115 AND 2119.
THEM FLIX.! TRYIN' TA SAY I KILLED THE BUSINESS.! THEY GET A COOK WHO KNOWS HOW TA COOK, THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM.
WELL, I SHOWED 'EM.! I GOT OUT.! I BUILT THE TAHITI LOUNGE INTA EAST SECTOR 115'S PREMIER EATERIE, AN' WHERE ARE THEY? DOWN THE DRAIN WHERE THEIR FOOD OUGHTA GONE.! THEM FLIX.!
DO YOU RECOGNISE THIS MAN?
SURE. THAT'S VICTOR PORTNOY. HE USED TO BE A HORSE REGULAR — BEATS ME WHY. I MEAN, HE'S SUPPOSED TO KNOW SOMETHIN' — I COULDA TOLD HIM, DON'T EAT HERE.
WHO DID HE MEET WITH WHEN HE WENT THERE?
HIM? NOBODY. ALWAYS ATE ALONE. SAT THERE MAKIN' NOTES, LIKE HE WAS WRITIN' A REVIEW OR SOMETHIN'. I NEVER HEARD NO REVIEW, THOUGH. ANYWAY, I COULDA TOLD HIM WHAT TO WRITE. ONE WORD — HORSESHIT.
AND NOBODY JOINED HIM? SAT AT THE NEXT TABLE, SAY?
NAH. WE WASN'T, LIKE, BUSY. SOMETIMES HE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN. ALWAYS SAT IN THE CORNER BOOTH, ON HIS OWN.
WHAT ABOUT STAFF? ANYONE PARTICULARLY FRIENDLY WITH HIM?
THERE WAS POOCH. SURE, POOCH. I SEEN 'EM LAUGHIN' AN' JOKIN' OFTEN ENOUGH. 'COURSE HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME ON HIS HANDS. LIKE I SAID, WE WASN'T BUSY.
POOCH?
THE WAITER. HE WAS THERE WHEN I STARTED, STAYED RIGHT TILL THE DUMP CLOSED.

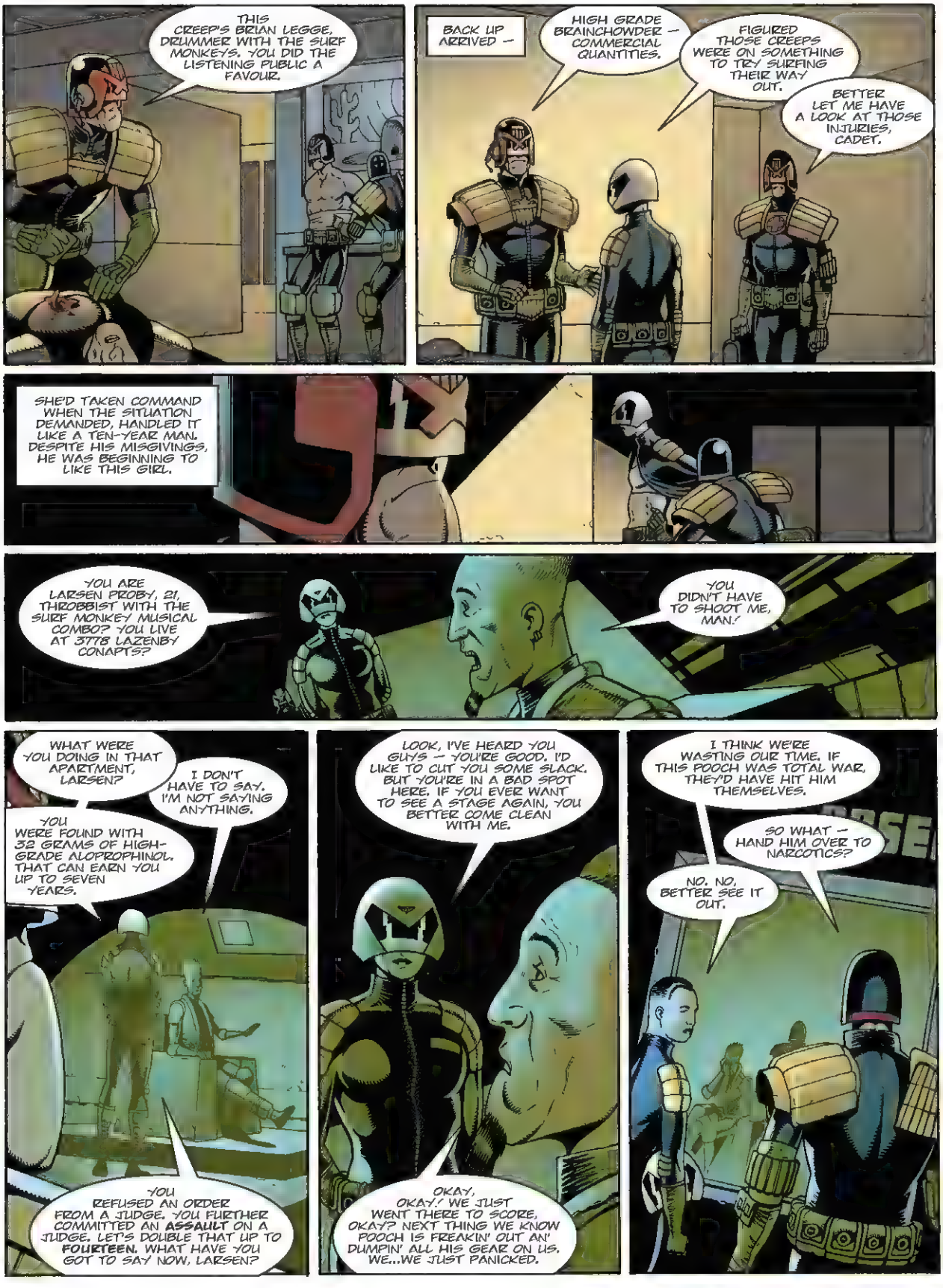
HEY, JOBEY, OL' POOCH FROM THE HORSE — WHAT WAS HIS LAST NAME?
HUNNH?
THIS IS JOBEY, MY BROTHER. GOTTA EXCUSE HIM. HE AIN'T ALL THERE — FREAKIN' COOK WENT BUGFUX WITH A CLEAVER BACK IN '11, WHEN WE HAD THE HOTTIE BAR.
HEY, GO ON, YA BIG LUNK, GET THAT INNA FREEZER BEFORE IT SPOILS.
FIDO.! THAT'S IT.! FIDO KEFLER. FIDO — POOCH — GET IT? DON'T ASK ME WHERE HE IS NOW.
WE'LL FIND HIM.
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, MR DELONG — YOU HAVE OCCASION TO TALK WITH FORTNOY? DISCUSS BUSINESS, MAYBE?
ME? NO.! PERSONALLY I COULDN'T STAND THE GUY — FREAKIN' FRUITBALL.! AN' YOU CAN CHECK ALL THE LIE DETECTORS YA LIKE.
WELL, IT'S SOMETHING. LET'S FIND THE POOCH.
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? WHADDA YOU GOT THERE — ?
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' WITH THAT?


KEFLER, FIDO HENRYK
BORN : 03.03.78
AGE : 51
HT : 185
WT : 110
HAIR : BLACK
EYES : BROWN
FIDO HENRYK KEFLER — AKA POOCH — 51.
ARRESTED FEBRUARY '93, LITTERING VIOLATION. CAUTIONED.
POSSESSION OF ZIZZ, 2102. TWO-YEAR ENCUBEMENT, MANDATORY REHAB. NO CONVICTIONS SINCE THEN.
JOINED YOUNG DEMOCRATS 2095, LAPSED BY '97. NO SUBSEQUENT RECORD OF DEMOCRATIC INVOLVEMENT.
FITS THE PROFILE. TOTAL WAR LIKE THEIR RECRUITS TO KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN.
KEFLER WAS WAITER IN THE HORSE BRASSERIE TILL AUGUST 2120. A SERIES OF SHORT CONTRACT JOBS UNTIL 2125, WHEN HE SIGNED OFF UNFIT AFTER SLIPPING ON KITCHEN FAT.
DANGEROUS GAME, THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS.
SINCE THEN BEEN COLLECTING WELF, SINGLE RATE OF 334 PER WEEK. REGISTERED ADDRESS, VASS TOWER, LEVEL 99.
CORNER APARTMENT. HIGH-OCTANE ACCOMMODATION ON 334 A WEEK.
YOU'D THINK WELFARE WOULD BE ASKING A FEW QUESTIONS.
CONTROL, BEENY. I WANT AN AERIAL UNIT ON TERRACE, APARTMENT 99K VASS TOWER. NOBODY LEAVES WITHOUT MY SAY-SO LET ME KNOW WHEN IT'S IN PLACE.
YOU GOT A ROT.
A WISE PRECAUTION. IF SHE'D MISSED IT HE WOULD HAVE NOTED IT ON HER EVALUATION —
SURFERS DROPPING IN. SOMEONE'S HOME.
I'LL TAKE THE LEAD. AVOID GUNPLAY IF POSSIBLE. I WANT THE POOCH ALIVE.

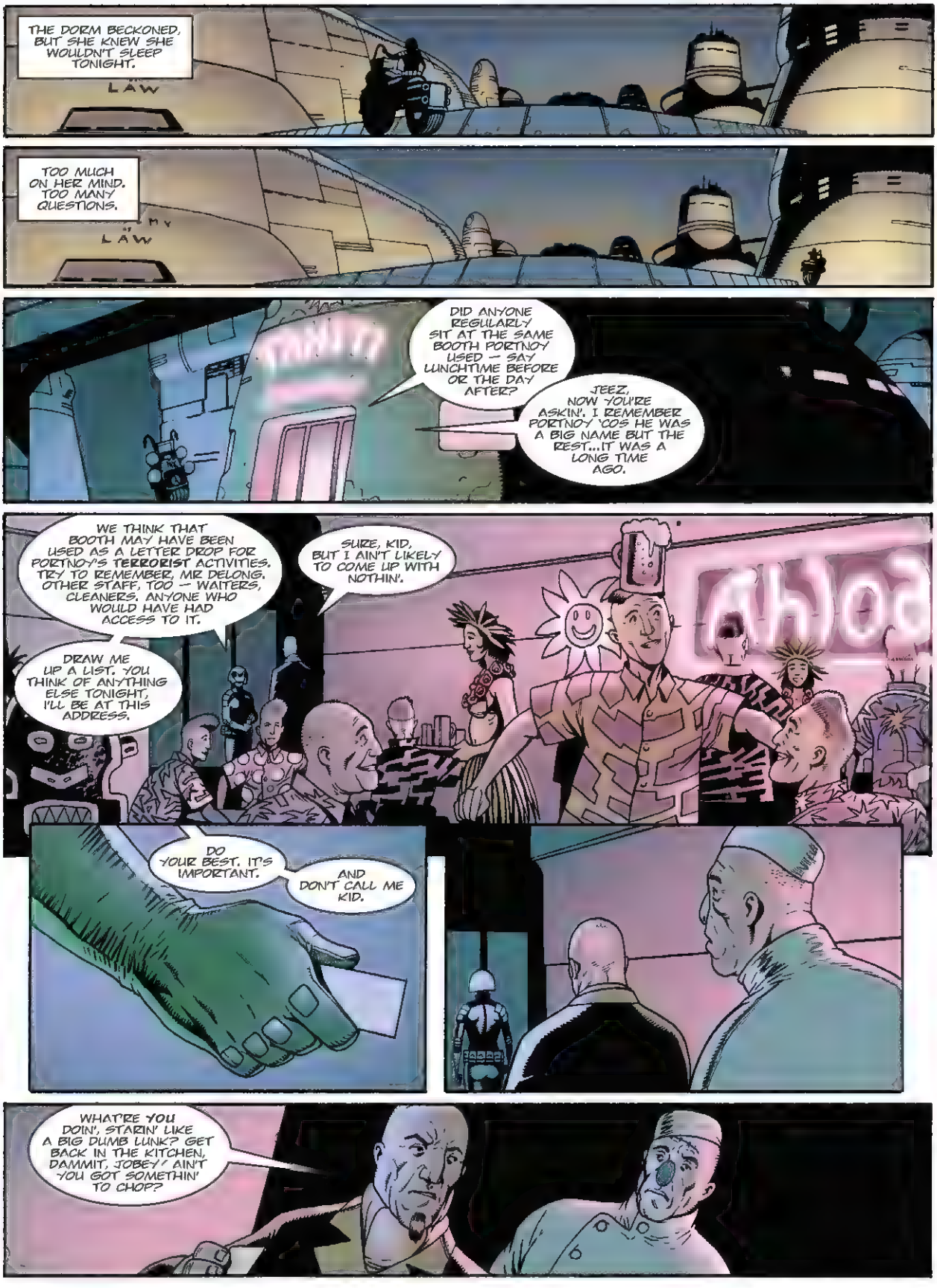
HEY, POOCH! YOU GOT TWO JAYS COMIN' THIS WAY.
JOVIS H!
YUP! COMIN' RIGHT FOR THE DOOR! IT'S YOU THEY WANT, MAN!
HERE, TAKE THIS! TAKE IT ALL! GET OUTA HERE! I'LL CALL YOU!
FREAKIN' H! STALL 'EM, FER CRISSAKE!
I REGRET THE OCCUPANT IS NOT HOME AT PRESENT. MAY I TAKE A MESSAGE?
TELL MR KEFLER I WANT TO SPEAK TO HIM — NOW. TELL HIM TO OPEN THE DOOR OR I'LL OPEN IT.
PERHAPS I DIDN'T MAKE MYSELF CLEAR —
PERHAPS I DIDN'T MAKE MYSELF CLEAR!
STOP! JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ORDERS! RETURN TO THE APARTMENT!
HOLY—!
HE'S GOT IT SECURITY LOCKED!
SETTING CHARGES! STAND BACK!
I LEAD FROM HERE.
BUT—
NO BUTS! YOU'RE STILL A CADET, BEENY — I'M PULLING RANK! YOU STAY BEHIND ME!

PKOW
PKOW
PKOW
BDAM
UNHHH!
WUMP!
STOP IN THE NAME OF — UNGGG!
ZUNK!
THUDD

STOP! STOP OR I SHOOT!
BDAM!
AHHHHH!
SPATT!
CONTROL, WE NEED A MED UNIT AT 99K, VASS. THAT'S IMMEDIATE!
IT HURTSSS—!
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE.
YOU ALL RIGHT?
FEELS LIKE I BROKE A RIB. HOW ABOUT YOU?
JUST BRUISED, I THINK.
KEFLER! THIS IS THE LAW! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS RAISED!
ARE... ARE THOSE BAD GUYS GONE YET?
NICE TRY, POOCH, BUT I'M NOT BUYING.


THIS CREEP'S BRIAN LEGGE, DRUMMER WITH THE SURF MONKEYS. YOU DID THE LISTENING PUBLIC A FAVOUR.
BACK UP ARRIVED —
HIGH GRADE BRAINCHOWDER — COMMERCIAL QUANTITIES.
FIGURED THOSE CREEPS WERE ON SOMETHING TO TRY SURFING THEIR WAY OUT.
BETTER LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE INJURIES, CADET.
SHE'D TAKEN COMMAND WHEN THE SITUATION DEMANDED, HANDLED IT LIKE A TEN-YEAR MAN. DESPITE HIS MISGIVINGS, HE WAS BEGINNING TO LIKE THIS GIRL.
YOU ARE LARSEN PROBY, 21, THROBBIST WITH THE SURF MONKEY MUSICAL COMBO? YOU LIVE AT 3778 LAZENBY CONAPTS?
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SHOOT ME, MAN!
WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THAT APARTMENT, LARSEN?
I DON'T HAVE TO SAY. I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING.
YOU WERE FOUND WITH 32 GRAMS OF HIGH-GRADE ALOPROPHINOL. THAT CAN EARN YOU UP TO SEVEN YEARS.
YOU REFUSED AN ORDER FROM A JUDGE. YOU FURTHER COMMITTED AN **ASSAULT** ON A JUDGE. LET'S DOUBLE THAT UP TO **FOURTEEN.** WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY NOW, LARSEN?
LOOK, I'VE HEARD YOU GUYS — YOU'RE GOOD. I'D LIKE TO CUT YOU SOME SLACK. BUT YOU'RE IN A BAD SPOT HERE. IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE A STAGE AGAIN, YOU BETTER COME CLEAN WITH ME.
OKAY, OKAY! WE JUST WENT THERE TO SCORE, OKAY? NEXT THING WE KNOW POOCH IS FREAKIN' OUT AN' DUMPIN' ALL HIS GEAR ON US. WE...WE JUST PANICKED.
I THINK WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME. IF THIS POOCH WAS TOTAL WAR, THEY'D HAVE HIT HIM THEMSELVES.
SO WHAT — HAND HIM OVER TO NARCOTICS?
NO. NO, BETTER SEE IT OUT.

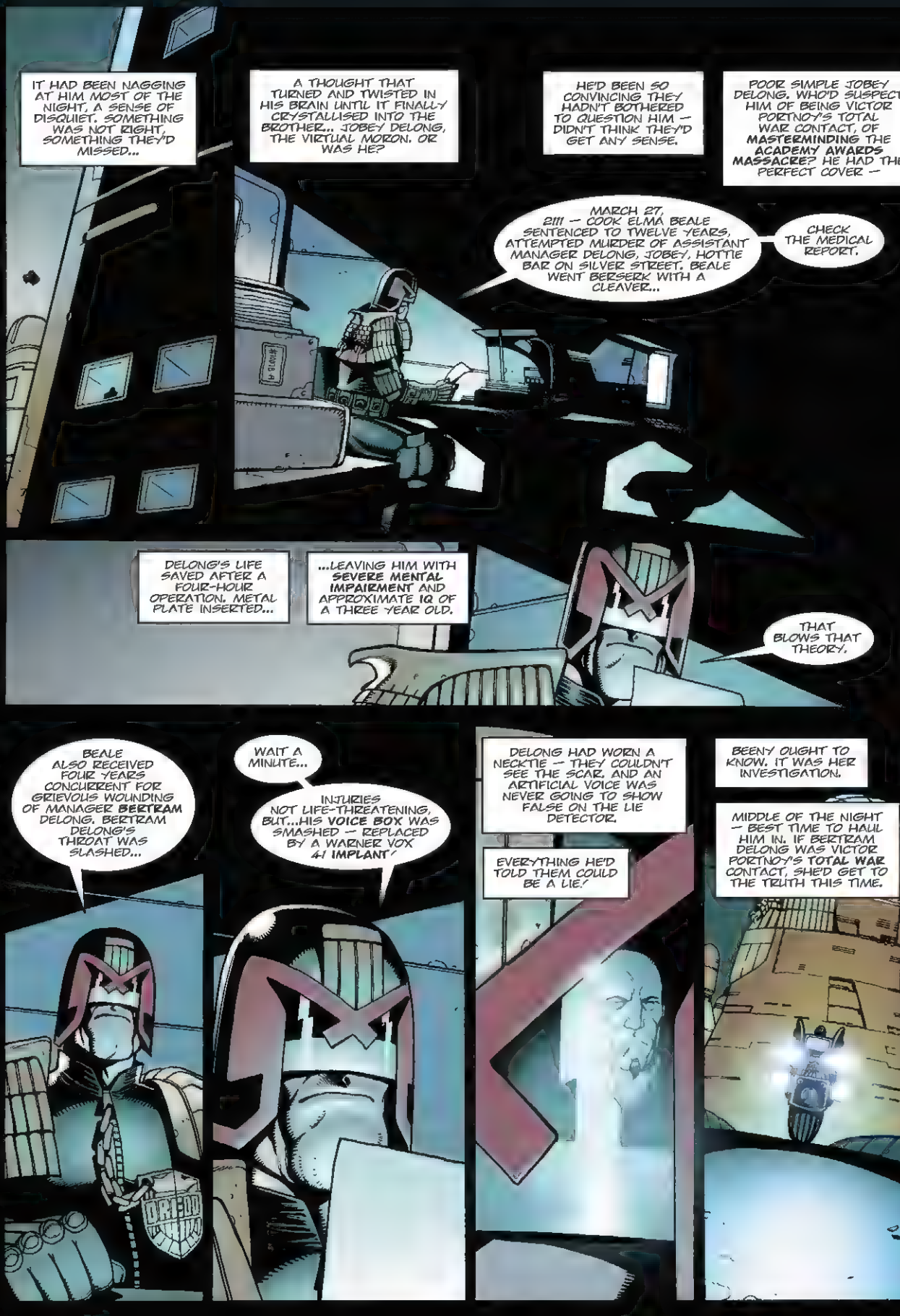
SHE GRILLED KEFLER RELENTLESSLY, GOING BACK OVER THE SAME GROUND TIME AND AGAIN, PROBING FOR A CHINK IN HIS STORY —
THE BRASSERIE HAD A POOR REPUTATION. WHAT DID YOU THINK BROUGHT A RESTAURANT CRITIC LIKE VICTOR PORTNOY THERE SO OFTEN —
— UNLESS YOU WERE GIVING HIM HIS INSTRUCTIONS. A BOMB HERE, AN ASSASSINATION THERE — WHATEVER TOTAL WAR NEEDED.
STICK THIS STUFF ABOUT TOTAL WAR! I'M NO TERRORIST!
AND MR BERT DELONG, THE MANAGER — WHAT DID HE SPEAK TO PORTNOY ABOUT?
I DUNNO, NOTHIN' MUCH. I TOLD YOU, BERT COULDN'T STAND THE GUY. HE WAS ALWAYS SAYIN' IT.
IN THE END ALL THEY HAD WAS A SORDID LITTLE DRUG OPERATION AND A LONG-RUNNING WELFARE CON...
THE HORSE BRASSERIE COULD HAVE BEEN A DEAD LETTER DROP, YOU THOUGHT OF THAT?
YES, OF COURSE.
IF SO, YOU'LL NEED TO CHECK ON OTHER CUSTOMERS, CLEANING STAFF — A WHOLE LIST OF PEOPLE YOU MAY NEVER BE ABLE TO TRACE. ANYONE COULD HAVE LEFT SOMETHING AT THAT TABLE FOR VICTOR PORTNOY.
IF EVERY CASE WORKED OUT THE WAY WE WANTED, BEENY, THIS JOB WOULD BE A LOT EASIER. MAYBE IT'S TIME TO GIVE UP. SOME TRAILS JUST GROW TOO COLD.
IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, I'LL BE PUTTING IN A POSITIVE EVALUATION.
THANKS. BUT I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT THIS TOO LONG. I CAN'T GIVE UP NOW.
THE LINK IS THE HORSE BRASSERIE — I'M SURE YOU WERE RIGHT. WE'VE JUST GOT TO FIGURE OUT HOW. THE ANSWER'S THERE — SOMETHING WE MISSED, SOMETHING WE'RE JUST NOT SEEING.
FINE. 6 AM THEN.
STRANGE, TO BE WORKING WITH HIM — THE MAN WHO, IF HE HADN'T PULLED THE TRIGGER, HAD STILL BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR HER MOTHER'S DEATH. STRANGER STILL NOT TO HATE HIM...
BUT TEN YEARS IN THE ACADEMY HAD GIVEN HER A DIFFERENT UNDERSTANDING. IN MANY WAYS SHE'D COME TO SEE THE WORLD THROUGH HIS EYES. "GIVE ME THE CHILD AT FIVE"...

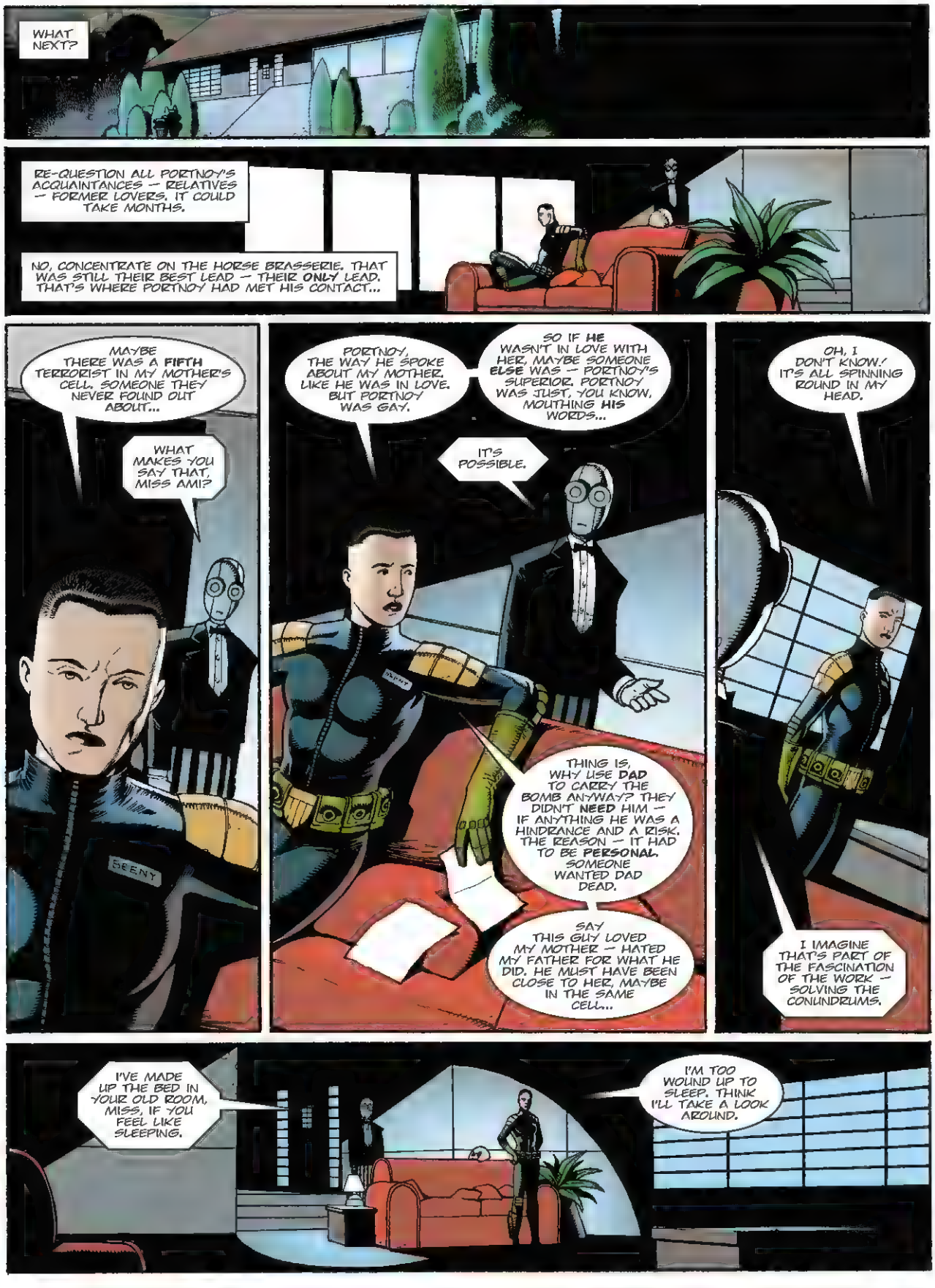

THE DORM BECKONED, BUT SHE KNEW SHE WOULDN'T SLEEP TONIGHT.
LÄW
TOO MUCH ON HER MIND. TOO MANY QUESTIONS.
LÄW
DID ANYONE REGULARLY SIT AT THE SAME BOOTH PORTNOY USED — SAY LUNCHTIME BEFORE OR THE DAY AFTER?
JEEZ, NOW YOU'RE ASKIN'. I REMEMBER PORTNOY 'COS HE WAS A BIG NAME BUT THE REST...IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.
WE THINK THAT BOOTH MAY HAVE BEEN USED AS A LETTER DROP FOR PORTNOY'S TERRORIST ACTIVITIES. TRY TO REMEMBER, MR DELONG. OTHER STAFF, TOO — WAITERS, CLEANERS, ANYONE WHO WOULD HAVE HAD ACCESS TO IT.
SURE, KID. BUT I AIN'T LIKELY TO COME UP WITH NOTHIN'.
DRAW ME UP A LIST. YOU THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TONIGHT, I'LL BE AT THIS ADDRESS.
DO YOUR BEST. IT'S IMPORTANT.
AND DON'T CALL ME KID.
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN', STARIN' LIKE A BIG DUMB LUNK? GET BACK IN THE KITCHEN, DAMMIT, JOBEY! AIN'T YOU GOT SOMETHIN' TO CHOP?

MISS AMI.
HELLO, ROBERT.
GOT A LOT OF THINKING TO DO. FIGURED I'D DO IT BETTER HERE THAN IN THE DORM.
NICE TO SEE THE OLD PLACE.
I'VE KEPT IT JUST AS YOUR FATHER LEFT IT.
SCALEY! SCALEY'S STILL ALIVE! OH WOW!
THAT ONE WILL PROBABLY OUTLIVE ALL OF US, MISS.
My darling America,
Soon I'll be gone, but I promise I'll always be watching you. The love that I feel for you can never die.
Soon I'll be gone, but I promise I'll always be watching you The love that I feel for you can never die
Can it be an act of love to consign you to the future I have chosen for you -- the Academy of Law? Your mother, I know, would have despised me It is everything she hated.
But believe me, my darling, it's the only place I know you will be safe. There are terrible forces at work
HOT MALT AND BISCUITS, JUST LIKE YOU USED TO HAVE.
THANKS, ROBERT. JUST THE THING TO GET THE OLD BRAIN CELLS WORKING.
Why did I agree to carry a bomb to the awards ceremony? It was madness. But I was hurt, angry. Your mother had been right -- the Judges were an evil we had to fight in any way we could.
That anger blinded me to the truth -- that the real evil was men like Victor Portnoy.

VICTOR PORTNOY WAS BITTER ABOUT WHAT DAD DID — TO MY MOTHER. HIS WHOLE TONE — THE WORDS HE USED — IT WAS ALMOST LIKE HE'D BEEN IN LOVE WITH HER.
THAT WAS THE IMPRESSION HE GAVE, MISS.
BUT PORTNOY WAS GAY... UNLESS THAT WAS JUST SOMETHING HE PUT ON FOR PROFESSIONAL REASONS.
NO, THAT DOESN'T PLAY. PORTNOY WAS ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF MAN PLUS — AND HE HAD THAT BIG AFFAIR WITH WITH ROCK LOSLEY. AND WE HAVE STATEMENTS FROM SIX OTHER FORMER LOVERS, ALL MALE.
STRANGE, THEN, THAT ANGER IN HIS TONE...
DAD THOUGHT THEY'D TARGET ME BECAUSE OF HIM. THAT'S WHY HE ENLISTED ME IN THE ACADEMY. HE THOUGHT I COULD SUBVERT THE WHOLE SYSTEM FROM WITHIN —
— AND YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THE TROUBLE THAT'S CAUSED ME. NOTHING'S PRIVATE THERE, YOU KNOW.
IF YOUR FATHER HAD KNOWN, I'M SURE HE WOULD HAVE OMITTED THOSE SENTIMENTS.
And I believe, I truly believe, that one good Judge is worth a thousand protest marches.
I believe in you, my darling.
HE DIDN'T WRITE THIS, DID HE, ROBERT?
I'M SORRY, MISS?
DAD WAS TOO FAR GONE BY THEN. THE DEGENERATION HAD EATEN AWAY HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM. HE WAS INCAPABLE OF USING THE MACHINE.
YOU WROTE IT, DIDN'T YOU?
I MERELY PUT INTO WORDS WHAT HE WANTED TO SAY. I'M SURE HE WOULD HAVE APPROVED.
AND FOR THE RECORD, I BELIEVE IN YOU TOO, MISS.
THANK YOU, ROBERT.

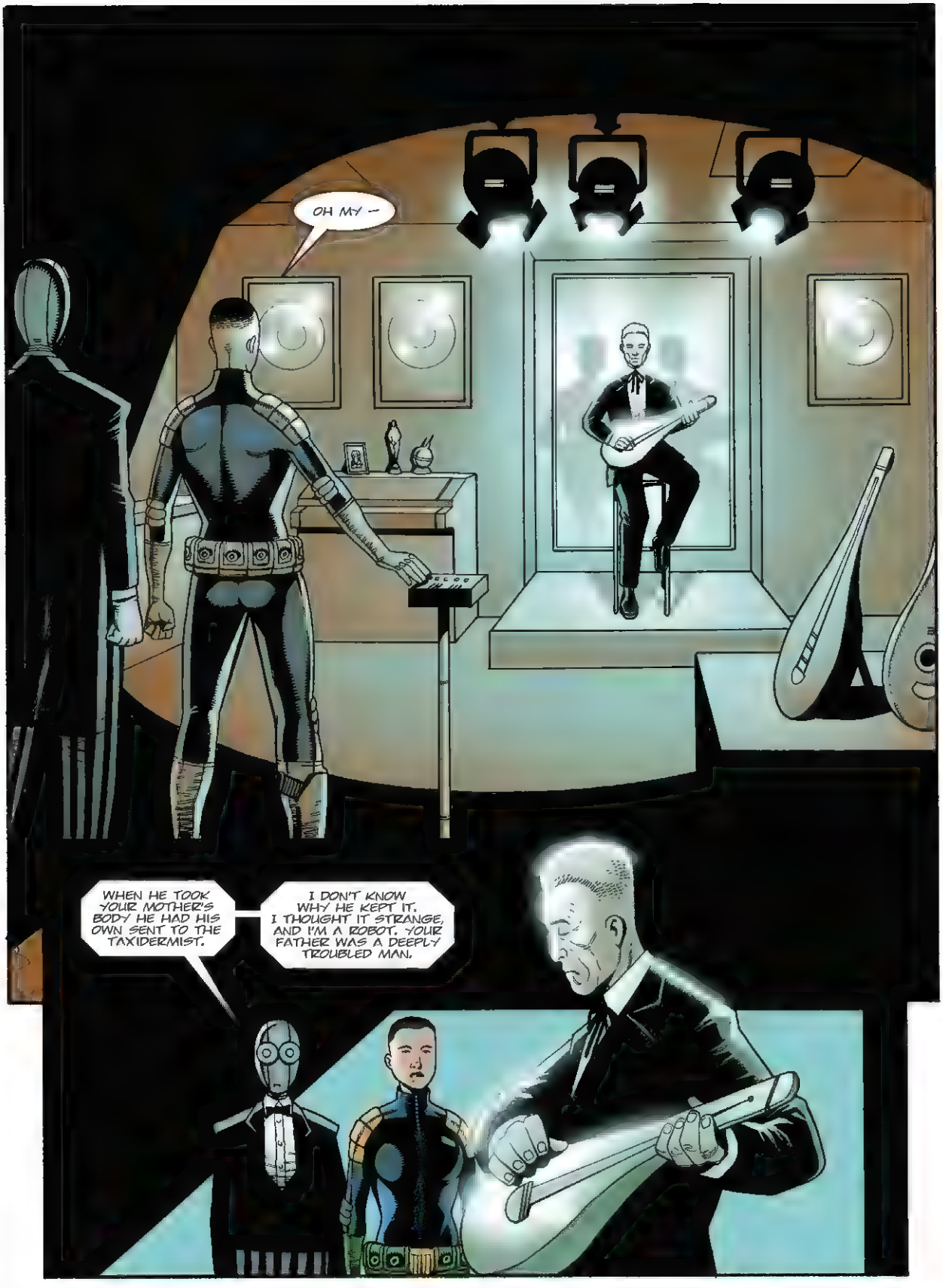
PUG
PUG
TAHITI
LOUNGE
NIGHT, SAM.
LATER, BOSS.
HEY, YOU WANT TO CHECK ON THAT BROTHER OF YOURS. HE'S ACTIN' REAL FUNNY IN THERE.
YOU CRAZY FOOL! STANDING THERE WATCHIN' HER — DROOLIN' LIKE A DOG IN HEAT! YOU WANT TO GIVE THE WHOLE GAME AWAY?
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THERE! THAT PICTURE AGAIN!
PUT IT DOWN!
WANNNN ERRR!
THAT'S ALL OVER! FINISHED! YOU CAN'T HAVE HER! NOBODY'S GOING TO HAVE HER!
WANNNN ERRR!
CHUKKK


IT HAD BEEN NAGGING AT HIM MOST OF THE NIGHT, A SENSE OF DISQUIET. SOMETHING WAS NOT RIGHT, SOMETHING THEY'D MISSED...
A THOUGHT THAT TURNED AND TWISTED IN HIS BRAIN UNTIL IT FINALLY CRYSTALLISED INTO THE BROTHER... JOBEY DELONG, THE VIRTUAL MORON. OR WAS HE?
HE'D BEEN SO CONVINCING THEY HADN'T BOTHERED TO QUESTION HIM — DIDN'T THINK THEY'D GET ANY SENSE.
POOR SIMPLE JOBEY DELONG. WHO'D SUSPECT HIM OF BEING VICTOR PORTNOY'S TOTAL WAR CONTACT, OF **MASTERMINDING** THE **ACADEMY AWARDS MASSACRE**? HE HAD THE PERFECT COVER —
MARCH 27, 2111 — COOK ELMA BEALE SENTENCED TO TWELVE YEARS, ATTEMPTED MURDER OF ASSISTANT MANAGER DELONG, JOBEY, HOTTIE BAR ON SILVER STREET. BEALE WENT BERSERK WITH A CLEAVER...
CHECK THE MEDICAL REPORT.
DELONG'S LIFE SAVED AFTER A FOUR-HOUR OPERATION. METAL PLATE INSERTED...
...LEAVING HIM WITH **SEVERE MENTAL IMPAIRMENT** AND APPROXIMATE **IQ** OF A THREE YEAR OLD.
THAT BLOWS THAT THEORY.
BEALE ALSO RECEIVED FOUR YEARS CONCURRENT FOR GRIEVOUS WOUNDING OF MANAGER **BERTRAM** DELONG. BERTRAM DELONG'S THROAT WAS SLASHED...
WAIT A MINUTE...
INJURIES NOT LIFE-THREATENING, BUT...HIS **VOICE BOX** WAS SMASHED — REPLACED BY A WARNER VOX **41 IMPLANT**!
DELONG HAD WORN A NECKTIE — THEY COULDN'T SEE THE SCAR. AND AN ARTIFICIAL VOICE WAS NEVER GOING TO SHOW FALSE ON THE LIE DETECTOR.
EVERYTHING HE'D TOLD THEM COULD BE A LIE!
BEENY OUGHT TO KNOW. IT WAS HER INVESTIGATION.
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT — BEST TIME TO HAUL HIM IN. IF BERTRAM DELONG WAS VICTOR PORTNOY'S **TOTAL WAR** CONTACT, SHE'D GET TO THE TRUTH THIS TIME.


WHAT NEXT?
RE-QUESTION ALL PORTNOY'S ACQUAINTANCES — RELATIVES — FORMER LOVERS. IT COULD TAKE MONTHS.
NO, CONCENTRATE ON THE HORSE BRASSERIE. THAT WAS STILL THEIR BEST LEAD — THEIR ONLY LEAD. THAT'S WHERE PORTNOY HAD MET HIS CONTACT...
MAYBE THERE WAS A FIFTH TERRORIST IN MY MOTHER'S CELL. SOMEONE THEY NEVER FOUND OUT ABOUT...
WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT, MISS AMI?
BEENY
PORTNOY, THE WAY HE SPOKE ABOUT MY MOTHER. LIKE HE WAS IN LOVE. BUT PORTNOY WAS GAY.
SO IF HE WASN'T IN LOVE WITH HER, MAYBE SOMEONE ELSE WAS — PORTNOY'S SUPERIOR. PORTNOY WAS JUST, YOU KNOW, MOUTHING HIS WORDS...
IT'S POSSIBLE.
THING IS, WHY USE DAD TO CARRY THE BOMB ANYWAY? THEY DIDN'T NEED HIM — IF ANYTHING HE WAS A HINDRANCE AND A RISK. THE REASON — IT HAD TO BE PERSONAL. SOMEONE WANTED DAD DEAD.
SAY THIS GUY LOVED MY MOTHER — HATED MY FATHER FOR WHAT HE DID. HE MUST HAVE BEEN CLOSE TO HER, MAYBE IN THE SAME CELL...
OH, I DON'T KNOW. IT'S ALL SPINNING ROUND IN MY HEAD.
I IMAGINE THAT'S PART OF THE FASCINATION OF THE WORK — SOLVING THE CONUNDRUMS.
I'VE MADE UP THE BED IN YOUR OLD ROOM, MISS, IF YOU FEEL LIKE SLEEPING.
I'M TOO WOUND UP TO SLEEP. THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND.

BEENY... NO, SHE HASN'T CHECKED IN.
ACADEMY OF LAW PARK 12C
I DROPPED HER OFF AT 23.50 APPROX.
SHE NEVER ENTERED THE BUILDING. WE ASSUMED SHE WAS WITH YOU.
ACADEMY OF LAW ALL VISITORS CHECK IN HERE
DID SHE LEAVE A MESSAGE?
NO... NOTHING HERE.
DAMN!
CONTROL, PUT OUT A CALL FOR CADET AMERICA BEENY! SHE'S TO CONTACT ME IMMEDIATELY!
CONTROL TO BEENY, RESPOND.
POOR MRS WILSON. THEY NEVER FOUND THE REST OF HER?
JUST THE TORSO. I DID WARN HER NOT TO WALK TO THE HYMART.
HER SISTER COLLECTED HER POSSESSIONS AFTER THE FUNERAL. APPEARED TO BLAME ME FOR EVERYTHING. QUITE AN UNPLEASANT WOMAN, I THOUGHT.
THIS WHOLE FAMILY SEEMS BLIGHTED BY TRAGEDY. EVERY ONE WE TOUCH...

HIS MUSIC ROOM. DAD ALWAYS KEPT IT LOCKED. I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK.
ALL THE SAME, I'D LIKE TO LOOK.
THERE'S NOTHING THAT WOULD INTEREST YOU, MISS.
EXCUSE ME, MISS AMI, BUT IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU DIDN'T GO IN THERE.
YOU'RE INTRIGUING ME. WHAT IS IT YOU DON'T WANT ME TO SEE?
PLEASE, MISS, LEAVE YOUR FATHER HIS SECRETS. HE WOULDN'T WANT THIS, HE REALLY WOULDN'T.
THE KEY, ROBERT.
PLEASE, MISS AMI —
STOP
LOOKING FOR BEENY.
AT THIS TIME? WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?


OH MY --
WHEN HE TOOK YOUR MOTHER'S BODY HE HAD HIS OWN SENT TO THE TAXIDERMIST.
I DON'T KNOW WHY HE KEPT IT. I THOUGHT IT STRANGE, AND I'M A ROBOT. YOUR FATHER WAS A DEEPLY TROUBLED MAN.

BRINGGGGGGGG
DELONG! THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!
HE'S FULLY ANIMATED. HE SINGS — IN HIS OWN VOICE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR HIM?
NO, I DON'T THINK SO, ROBERT.
HE HAD A VOICE BOX FITTED.
YOUR MOTHER'S TERRORIST FRIENDS SHOT HIM. IRONICALLY, IT ENABLED HIM TO PROTECT HER LATER. THEIR LIE DETECTORS COULDN'T CATCH HIM OUT. HE WAS VERY PROUD OF THAT.
A VOICE BOX... HOLD ON — THE MANAGER AT THE HORSE BRASSERIE, HE KEPT HIS THROAT COVERED.
COULD IT BE...? NO, I'M JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS. ALL THE SAME —
SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO CHECK, ROBERT.
KASHHH

SHHUNKKK
DROP IT, JOBEY!
SPAP
DROKK!
AMERICA BEENY — No. 4 RIDLEY ESTATE 39957 889 3441
MR DELONG, I TAKE IT YOU'VE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING YOU HAD TO TELL ME.
I WOULDN'T RAISE THAT GUN. I ASSURE YOU I'M A BETTER SHOT THAN YOU, AND QUICKER TOO.
I'LL DEAL WITH THIS, MISS.
CONTROL TO CADET AMERICA BEENY, ADVISE WHEREABOUTS. REPEAT —
ROBERT, GET OUT OF THE WAY-!
ZANGGGGG
UHHH-!

NO ANSWER FROM BEENY.!
CONTROL! GET UNITS TO NO 4 RIDLEY ESTATE!
BLEE BLEE BLEE BLEE BLEE BLEE
YOU'RE SO LIKE HER. SO LIKE HER...
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, MR DELONG.
I LOVED HER — WE LOVED HER, ME AND THAT IDIOT BROTHER OF MINE. BUT WHO WOULDN'T? SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL.
THEN HE — DAMN! I STILL CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO SAY HIS NAME —
SHE TRUSTED HIM AND HE TURNED HER IN! AND WHEN SHE WAS DEAD HE BOUGHT HER AND PUT HER BODY ON LIKE A COAT!
SO YOU WERE THE FIFTH MEMBER?
AND BEFORE HE DID THAT HE VIOLATED HER! THAT SICK MOTHER SONOVABITCH! I SWORE THEN THAT I'D PAY HIM BACK!
YOU LOOK SO LIKE HER! BUT YOU'RE NOT! HE'S IN YOU! HIS VILE SEED!
NO, YOU DON'T!
THAT'S WHY YOU HAVE TO DIE!

DO YOUR KNEEPADS KEEP YOUR ANKLES WARM WHEN THAT COLD DECEMBER BLOWS?
WHAT-?
DO YOU WEAR 'EM WHEN YOU'RE NAKED SO YOUR NOBBLES NEVER SHOW?
GRUDDAMN-!
AHHHHHHHH
OH GOD OH GOD! WHAT'VE YOU DONE TO ME - ?
TRY NOT TO MOVE. I'LL CALL THE MEDS.
YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF, DELONG.
SKASHHH!

ROBERT MUST HAVE ACCIDENTALLY TRIPPED SOME TIME DELAY THAT SWITCHED HIM ON. HOW HE CAME TO WALK IN HERE I DON'T KNOW —
HE PROMISED HE'D LOOK AFTER ME. I GUESS HE DID.
I WOULDN'T TRY PUTTING THAT IN YOUR CASE SUMMARY, BEENY.
THE INVESTIGATION WILL BE HANDED OVER TO THE ANTI-TERROR UNIT. I SUSPECT DELONG IS NO LONGER HEAVILY INVOLVED WITH TOTAL WAR, BUT HE CAN STILL TELL US A LOT. YOU'LL BE KEPT INFORMED, OF COURSE.
GET THIS FREAKIN' THING OUT, YOU FUX!
YOU SHOULD HAVE INFORMED THE ACADEMY WHERE YOU WERE GOING, BEENY. THAT'S A BLACK MARK AGAINST YOU.
JUST DIDN'T THINK. TOO WRAPPED UP IN THE CASE.
I'M PLEASED TO SAY THE REST OF MY EVALUATION WILL BE ENTIRELY POSITIVE. I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU ON THE STREETS — IF THAT'S WHAT YOU DECIDE YOU WANT.
THAT'S WHAT I WANT. I HAVE TO MAKE IT. THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO.
MAYBE WE DO NEED CHANGE. I DON'T KNOW. YOU GET SO CLOSE TO IT.
JUST DON'T TRY TO DO IT ALL TOO FAST.
YOUR DROID'S A WRITE OFF.
POOR ROBERT. HARD NOT TO THINK OF HIM AS HUMAN.
HE WAS THE LAST LINK WITH MY FAMILY, AS MUCH AS IT EVER WAS A FAMILY. ALL GONE NOW...
WE'RE YOUR FAMILY NOW.
THE END

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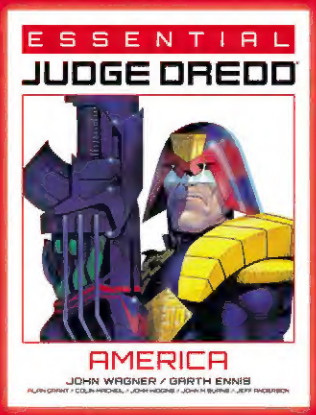

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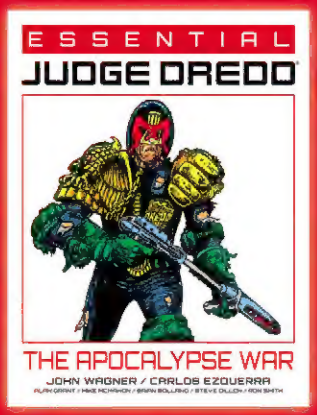

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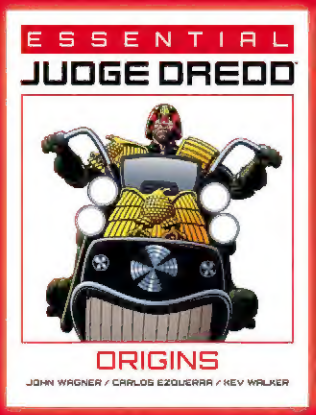

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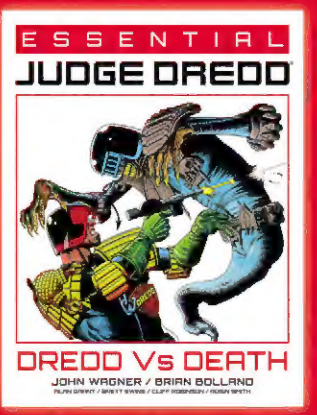

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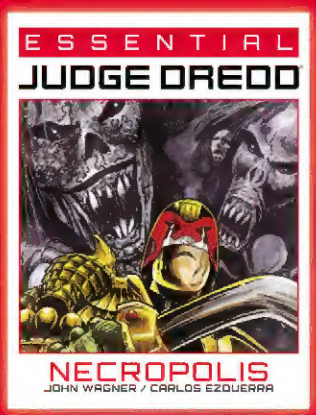

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